

AMERICA'S MAG FOR THE MACHO MALE

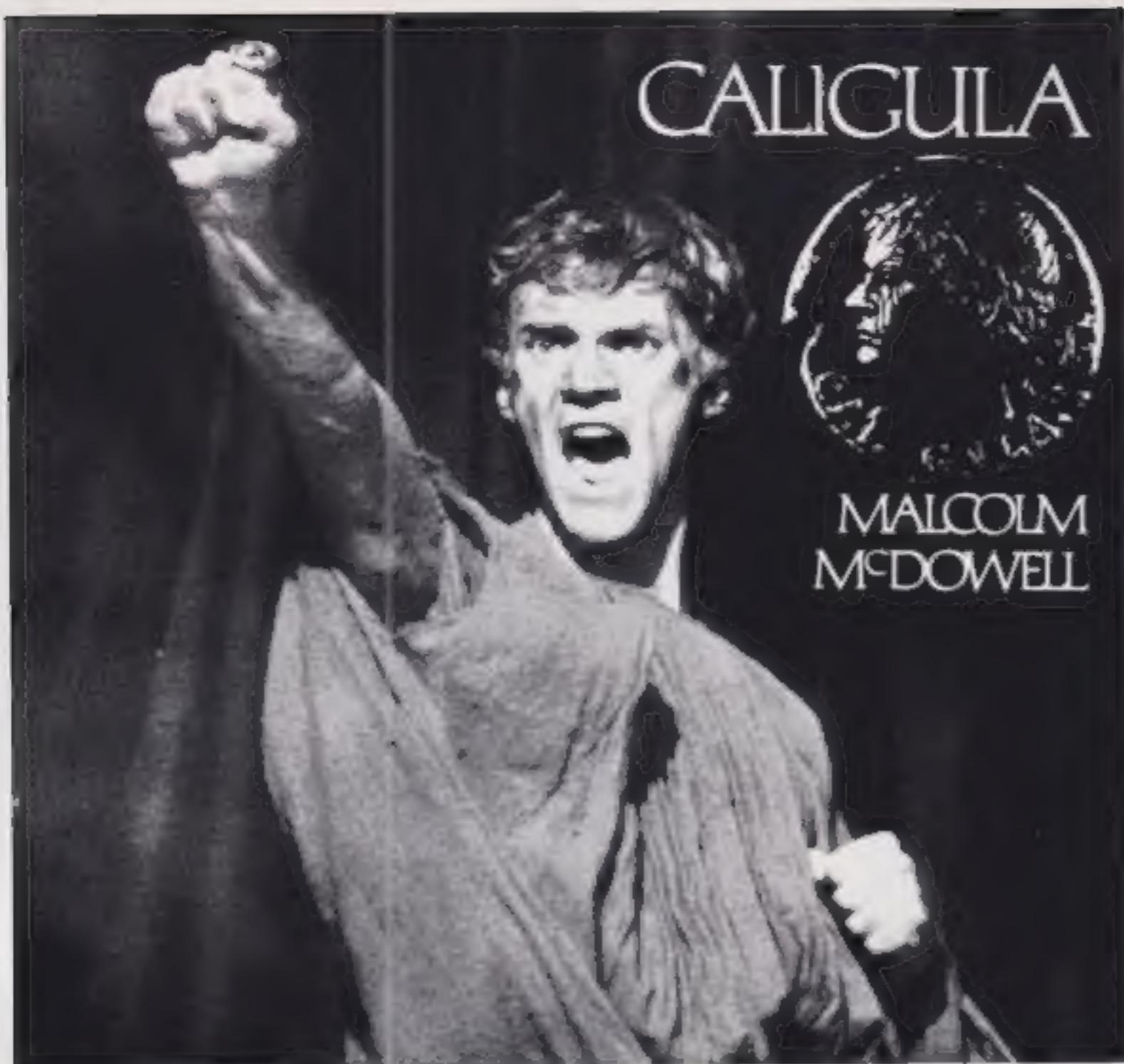
DRUMMER

3⁹⁵

BLUE COLLAR SEX ISSUE

OF PASSION AND POONTANG AMONG THE WORKING CLASSES!
Along with ALL THE GREAT DRUMMER FEATURES YOU KNOW AND LOVE!

ISSUE 73



CALIGULA

At last, the most famous adult film ever made is available on video! Malcolm McDowell stars as the perverse emperor who shocked even the decadent Roman citizens of his time. This lavish, controversial epic was recently declared "not obscene" by the Supreme Court. This is the original 2½-hour uncut version.

VHS/BETA **89⁹⁵**



BEST OF TROPHY I

An hour of highlights from *Ebony Love*, *Cop in the Park*, *Challenger*, *Mark*, *Eureka Bound*, *Erection Set*, *Don't Fight It Kid*, *Truckstop*, and *Marine Furlough*.

VHS/BETA **39⁹⁵**



BEST OF TROPHY II

An hour of highlights from *J. Brian's Flashback*, *Winner's Circle*, *Hungry Hole*, *Blue Streak*, *Small Town Boy*, and *Breakdown*.

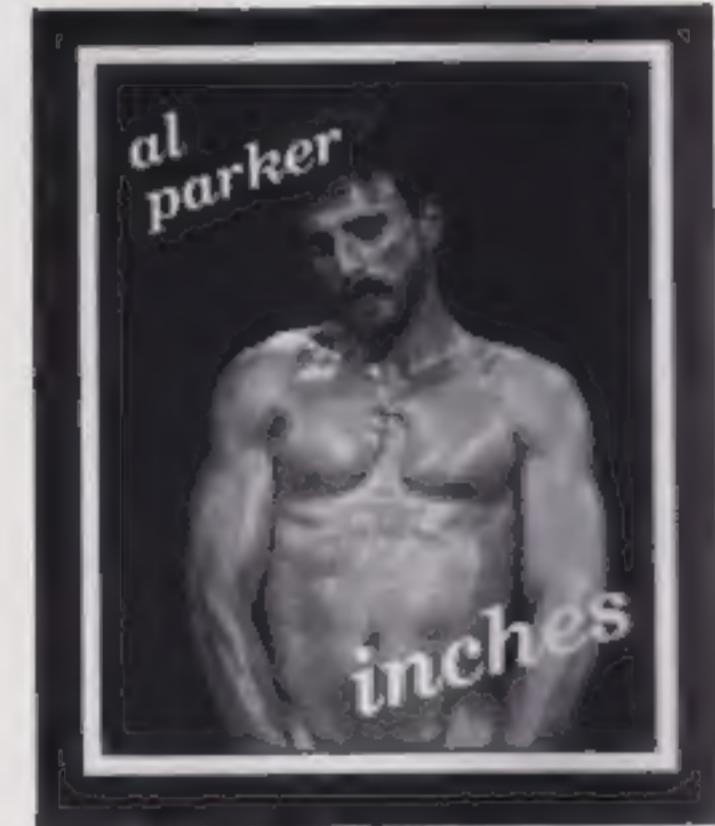
VHS/BETA **39⁹⁵**



BORN TO RAISE HELL

The complete full-length version of one of the most infamous gay films in history. See for yourself the hole-raising action that made Val Martin a star! Not for the squeamish; if you want hard, relentless, uncensored action, you want *Born To Raise Hell*!

VHS/BETA **79⁹⁵**



AL PARKER — INCHES

Inches features the legendary Al Parker in one of his meatiest roles, as an up-and-coming photographer who falls in and out of love with a parade of hot and hung young models. Teamed with Bob Blount, Steve Taylor and Buck Stevens in a story of nonstop naked action, Parker shows the stuff that's made him a superstar.

Lusty and sexual, *Inches* is already a classic among contemporary gay films. This is the memorable production that set the standard for Al Parker's extraordinary career.

VHS/BETA **69⁹⁵**



PLEASURE BEACH

Arthur J. Bressan Jr.'s first erotic gay film since *Forbidden Letters* is a torrid, romantic, steamy look at the world of lifeguards and surfers. Michael Christopher, Johnny Dawes, and Chris Burns head a hot, talented cast that know no limits in their search for satisfaction...and love.

VHS/BETA **6995**

TROPHY seamen



THE ADVENTURE BEGINS

SEAMEN

If you like your meat in a navy wrapper, you'll have a field day with *Seamen*, four separate adventures in regulation whites. A cast of exciting unknowns fills out the bellbottom trousers in this hour of hard, driving, explosive action! From the people who brought you *Marine Furlough*.

VHS/BETA **6995**

JOIN THE VIDEO

EXPLOSION EXPLOSION EXPLOSION



A Rock Bottom Film/Cosmopolitan presentation

MUSCLE MOTION

There is nothing like the Chippendale Men, and there has never been an experience like *MUSCLE MOTION*, a unique video cassette created by the most famous male strippers in America. Structured as a series of aerobic exercises featuring one or more of the hot Chippendale Men, *MUSCLE MOTION* will put you through your paces as you watch these handsome, muscular, athletic guys work up one sweat after another. The single most erotic look at exercise ever filmed, *MUSCLE MOTION* will become the most watched cassette in your video library.

VHS/BETA **3995**

STUDSTORE™

If it turns you on,
we've got it!

960 Folsom Street, San Francisco, CA 94107

Send me the following immediately:

- | | |
|--|--|
| <input type="checkbox"/> CAUGULA \$6995 | <input type="checkbox"/> INCHES \$6995 |
| <input type="checkbox"/> BEST OF TROPHY 1 \$3995 | <input type="checkbox"/> PLEASURE BEACH \$6995 |
| <input type="checkbox"/> BEST OF TROPHY 2 \$3995 | <input type="checkbox"/> SEAMEN \$6995 |
| <input type="checkbox"/> BORN TO RAISE HELL \$7995 | <input type="checkbox"/> MUSCLE MOTION \$3995 |

I want these in BETA VHS

(Add \$1 postage/handling per order; California residents add 6 1/2% Sales Tax.)

Enclosed is \$ _____ Check, Money Order, or Charge it to my:

VISA MASTERCARD No. _____ Expires _____

NAME _____

ADDRESS _____

CITY, STATE, ZIP _____

Signature _____

(I am over 21 years of age)



330

375

"If a man does not keep pace with his companions, perhaps it is because he hears a different drummer. Let him step to the music which he hears, however measured or far away."

Henry David Thoreau



6 MALECALL/DEAR SIR

8 BLUE COLLAR BLUES by Robert Payne

A slow day at the warehouse turns into a hot man-to-man encounter. Heavy equipment? These guys need a forklift to handle it!

18 LOOKING FOR BLUE COLLAR BUDDIES

Is your idea of a perfect afternoon hanging around a construction site, staring at the sweat and steel? Ever wish somebody would start a club where you could meet those working men? Well...

22 YOU ASKED FOR IT!

And we've got it...

24 DRUMSTICKS

26 AFTER CLOSING TIME by Dink Rivers

In which a young hitchhiker pays for his lift the hard way—strung up in a garage in the dead of night. Fill 'er up!

32 EDUCATING RUDY by Jay Joyce

A tall tale from the land of tall timber. This lumberjack knew every trick in the book, except one—but he was a fast learner.

39 PRESSMEN by Roger Tuveson

Hot off the press: A long night's work calls for a hot shower, a bike ride down country roads, and an old-fashioned buddyfuck.

43 LEATHER NOTEBOOK

S&M advice from our Q&A man.

45 SNEAK PREVIEWS

An exclusive advance look at the hottest stuff scheduled to come down the pike in '84!

53 DRUMBEATS If every personal ad tells a story, then we've got Gone With the Wind!

73 DRUM by Bill Ward

Our hero looks great in basic black—or vice versa...

76 INTERNATIONAL LEATHER SCENE

The search for Mr. Drummer 1984 begins!

81 TOUGH CUSTOMERS

More mug shots from readers who like to show their stuff.

83 TOUGH SHIT!

The curious case of the NATO leader: Was he wasn't he?

85 DRUMMEDIA VIDEO

A second look at independent videomakers.

90 DRUMMEDIA FILM

The screen's most famous Samurai returns in a "lost" classic.

91 DRUMMEDIA BOOKS

Is sex getting less interesting, or just books with Sex in the title?

94 IN PASSING

Cover and Opposite Page: There's more than one way to work up a good, healthy sweat. Photos by Close Up.

CHIPPING OFF

I believe that if someone else has said it as well or better than I would have, let them say it. Here, with permission, is a condensed editorial from the California Voice:

When a bad reporter lands a job with a big city daily newspaper because he happens to be gay, he can carelessly and viciously turn on his community. Randy Shilts is a perfect example. His article in the S.F. Chronicle headlined "Sheriff Recruits in a Leather Bar" is his most irresponsible story to date—and Shilts is no stranger to irresponsible journalism.

S.F. Sheriff Mike Hennessey is making a courageous and commendable attempt to get more Asians, blacks and gays into the department. As part of this effort he decided to recruit at Chaps, a popular South of Market bar and chose Sunday afternoon because he was advised, correctly, that he could reach a large number of gays at that time.

The gay press gave the meeting at Chaps front page publicity and a large crowd showed up to meet the Sheriff and some of his gay deputies.

Shilts unfortunately also showed up to cover the event. Rather than describe the positive aspects it promoted, he decided to write his hostile point of view about what kind of men go to South of Market bars.

To describe Chaps as drawing patrons who "know a lot about punishment, if not about crime" and who "may have already seen their fair share of uniforms, restraints and dungeons," may strike Shilts and his editor as being frightfully clever.

Govenor Deukmejian's veto of AB-1 may be directly attributed to his impression of the gay stereotype perpetuated by sloppy, unthinking reporters like Shilts. His article was printed the day before the veto.

While Shilts deserves little less than to be run out of town on a rail, Sheriff Hennessey is to be commended for not repudiating his recruitment effort at Chaps.

San Francisco is a first class town with a world class Sheriff. It deserves better than a third rate reporter covering gay events for a second rate daily newspaper.

PUBLISHER	JOHN H. EMBRY
CO-PUBLISHER	MARIO SIMONE
ASSOCIATE PUBLISHER	JOHN W. ROWBERRY
EDITOR	ROBERT PAYNE
ASSOCIATE EDITOR	STEVEN SAYLOR
ART DIRECTOR	DAVID MARCUS
ASSOCIATE ART DIRECTOR	BOB BARTH
PHOTOGRAPHER	JIM WIGLER
TYPESETTING	FRANK CLARK
ADVERTISING DIRECTOR	ROD VICTOR
CIRCULATION	JERRY LASLEY
ACCOUNTING	DENIS GEOFFREY
READER SERVICES	TOM GANGER
SHIPPING	BOB TAUB
LEGAL	JEFF BARBOUR
	BROWN & FALK

Copyright 1984 by ALTERNATE PUBLISHING. All rights reserved. No part of this magazine may be reproduced without prior written permission from the publisher. Published monthly by Alternate Publishing, 964 Folsom Street, San Francisco, California 94107. A stamped, self-addressed return envelope must accompany all manuscripts, photos and artwork that are to be returned. Alternate Publishing can assume no responsibility for material damaged or lost through the mail. Any similarity between characters appearing in DRUMMER and real persons is coincidental. The representation or appearance of any person in DRUMMER is not to be taken as representative of his or her sexual preference. All inquiries concerning the Leather Fraternity should be addressed to Alternate Publishing at the above stated address.

MALECALL/Dear Sir:

GAY FIRST

Bravo for "Getting Off: Tell It To The Marines" in *Drummer 71!* Gay people must learn to "help their own first." As noble as it may be to donate to the many worthwhile mainstream charities, contribution-minded gays must remember that straights aren't exactly racing to their checkbooks to give money to organizations dedicated to AIDS research or to groups providing help to AIDS patients. And what about the Gay Games? You're not going to find Miller Beer, Snickers, and AT&T sponsoring them!

T.R. Witomski
Toms River, NJ

ON FIRE

The guy on the cover of *Drummer 71* is exactly my type—but I'd like a look at him with his sunglasses off and his ass shown, and I wish there'd been a centerfold of him. What's his goddamned name? Age? He's so hot I can't keep my eyes off the page! Soooo Hot!!

Is he German? His cock is so beautiful!
P.S. I love Drummer!

Hal B.

Sacramento, CA

(Editor's note: Calm down. Take a deep breath. His age is his business, but we can tell you that his name (as noted on the contents page of issue 71—sometimes it pays to read the fine print) is Elias, and his heritage is Lebanese. He'll soon be seen shaving a slave in *Pierced, Shaved and Tattooed*, and right now you can catch him in the Armed Forces salute that opens *MACH 7*.)

CANADIAN TRAINER

Greetings from the North. I received my copy of *Drummer 71* today—it looks like another hot issue. I look forward to receiving my copies of *Drummer* as this part of the world can get boring at times. There certainly isn't much leather and heavy scenes around here, although I am doing my part to train a few laggots to serve a good man.

Keep up the good work. *Drummer* has certainly won a place in my heart and hand.

Name Withheld
Saskatoon, Saskatchewan
Canada

SHOW SOME EMOTION

Since issue 2, I've seen cocks given full expression in *Drummer*; however, I'd like to see less blank expressions on the faces of Tops in action. They either look passive with their bottoms or as though they're working too hard to become excited as



You asked for it. Elias, *Drummer 71* coverman, takes off his dark glasses. Photo by Jim Wigler.

men giving/taking sexual pleasure.

And can you give us more photos of leathermen with their motorcycles? Not bikes brought indoors for photo sessions. Leather bikers look great in high boots and their full leathers—when you can find them. They sure look sexier than the men who wear leather to lure and pose in bars. A real leather-lover fetishist can detect a real leatherman a mile off. A real good photo article from the past was about the Foot Fraternity, also the rubbermen of NWRM. Those guys looked like they were fully involved with their boots and rubber.

All of *Drummer* is important to us. What would we do without it?!

Name and Address
Withheld by Request

LEBANESE INVASION

I am not the type to write letters to the editor, but your current issue (*Drummer 71*) leaves me no choice. Your cover model, Elias, is one of the hottest things I have ever seen in print. The cover alone was worth the purchase price. If this is the way they make their men in Lebanon, I hope they send their army over to patrol our streets. Mr. Elias can stuff my grape-leaves anytime he wants to.

R. Anderson
Washington, D.C.

BLACK DADDIES

Where have all the hunky, black models and leather daddies gone?

I am a white guy who finds black men as attractive and desirable as white men. In all the gay magazines and studio brochures I have received and read, I have seen few, if any, black men. Even in the phonesex business, the selection of black men is scanty at best and sometimes non-existent. Why is this so? I can't help but believe that there are many sexy black studs out there that would make for delicious viewing and fantasizing.

For example, in one past issue of *Drummer* there was a picture of Daddy Doug from Los Angeles. I enjoy your magazine thoroughly, and this black leather daddy's picture was so hot, it sizzled! And I believe that leather sex with him would be so incredibly intense and deeply satisfying that you would remember him all your life. Surely there are many more like him.

I would appreciate it if you could tell me which past issues of *Drummer* feature or contain black leather daddies. And is there a studio that specializes in black men?

D.B.

Michigan

(Editor's note: Most recently, we featured a hot black daddy in *Drummer Daddies 2*—and you'll probably want to take a look at the brand-new explicit photo magazine, *Down White Boy!*, which features not one, but two black stallions in leather. As for studios which specialize in this area, check out *Sierra Domino*.)

GIMME BONDAGE

About a year ago (*Drummer 61*) your centerfold portfolio was a number of photos from what was billed as Richard Jorasch's forthcoming book, *San Francisco Bound*. According to my Webster's Seventh New Collegiate, "forthcoming" means "being about to appear." As far as I can tell, it never appeared. Did I miss it? Did he forbid it being sold in Los Angeles? What's the story?

Also, about Mark I. Chester—this man's visions are hot! Has he published any books, portfolios, are his prints available by mail?

And while we're on the subject, to belabor the obvious, here's another vote for more bondage art and photos in your pages. Why the hell is there so little of this stuff available for gays? It's damn frustrating to walk into a porno shop and see a wall full of "straight" bondage mags and in the gay section, zip. You guys have been terrific, particularly the last year or so, and much thanks for that, but I'd like to see more. What can I say—I'm greedy.

D.H.

Los Angeles, CA

(Editor's note: Hope you were around last issue, when we ran out of clothesline and rope. Unfortunately, we've lost track of Richard Jorasch, but you can write to Mark I. Chester at PO Box 42501, San Francisco, CA 94101.)

HEALTH WARNING

Re: *Drummer 70*. I do not know what percentage of your readers are interested in "scat" or actually engage in "scat." It's a big turn-off to me; and in the age of deaths from AIDS and complications from intestinal organisms—very dangerous. Maybe a health warning should be included with such stories ("Getting Rid of Tim" by Tona DeRosa).

Drummer is expensive to buy but has great fiction (usually!), great photos, and great ads. I guess I didn't scrutinize the issue enough before I bought it. I bought issue 70 because of the cover photo (that guy has pecs to kill for—hope to see more of Brutus), John Preston's story (always good!), and the ads, and Rex's calendar. The drawings for Drum in issue 70 looked forged! Did Bill Ward really draw them? They weren't up to his usual standard.

Thanks for reading all this. Hope my comments make some sense to you. You lucky guys get to live in S.F. while we get pelted with cold rain and snow back here in the frigid Northeast. And Boston only has one real leather bar—wish I could move out there!

Charles Bedard
Cambridge, MA

ASS YOU LIKE IT

I congratulate you on your choice of Brutus as coverman and D.I. on the Compound tapes. He is superhot, and I'm sure has even your toughest topmen readers ready to grovel at his feet. But despite the great photos in *Drummer 70*, you left something out—not a single shot of his macho ass! How about doing a spread (pun intended) or at least printing a single



Brutus, the Compound D.I., shows a new angle. Photo by Jim Wigler.

good, clear photo, of Brutus's manly cheeks, for all of us who'd like to get down on our knees, kiss his ass, rim his hole, suck on his butt, and let him sit on our faces!

Other than this slight, easily rectifiable omission on your part, you're doing a great job. Keep up the good work, and let's see some of Brutus's hot ass!

Ron von Peregrin
Detroit, Michigan

SEEING DOUBLE

That issue number 69 must have been so hot that your staff got the pages stuck together! In issue 71 you published in *Malecall* a "never before published" photo. Well, dig out a fresh copy of issue 69 and look on page 14, and you will find the same shot of that hairy hunk. So I hope to see more hot bondage pix the next issue.

BR
Santa Monica, CA
(Editor's note: We plead no contest. You caught us with our pants down.)

THE PERFECT CIGAR

I am the local representative for Cigar Studs, a private membership organization for men who turn on to tobacco. The club is nationwide, with more than 50 members in San Francisco alone, and is comprised of gay and bisexual men who enjoy celebrating their masculinity with other macho men and good cigars.

The club has its own newsletter with contact ads, articles, fiction and erotica. We also have regular parties and outings for local members, visiting members and their guests.

We have advertised Cigar Studs in *Drummer*'s "Drumbeats" for quite some time and have been pleased with the audience we've reached over the years. I am writing you in the hope that we will see more coverage for cigar men in upcoming issues. In *Drummer 22*, "Cigar Blues" was an excellent article, not only interestingly written, but with some of the hottest photos we've seen. It is very refreshing to see photos of all types of hot men (gay/straight) rather than the very posed pretty-boy shots used in most other gay publications. We hope to see more articles about cigars and the men who smoke them; speaking for the membership of Cigar Studs, I know it will be greatly appreciated.

Ron Jenks
San Francisco

CONTRIBUTING EDITORS: Tom Rogers, Larry Townsend, Aaron Travis

PHOTOGRAPHERS: Mark I. Chester, Close Up, Roy Dean, Robert Pruzan, Runk, Jim Wigler, Zeus

ARTISTS: Harry Bush, Cavalo, Etienne, The Hun, Charles Musgrave, Olaf, Rex, Beauford Stowell, Tom of Finland, Bill Ward, Richard A. White

DRUMMER, DRUMSTICKS, DRUMBEATS, DRUM, TOUGH CUSTOMERS, TOUGH SHIT, DRUMMEDIA, LEATHER NOTEBOOK, DRUMMER GUIDE TO GUIDES, DRUMMERART, FOR MEMBERS ONLY, MAN TO MAN CLASSIFIEDS, GETTING OFF and IN PASSING are copyrighted names of departments appearing in DRUMMER. Copyright 1984 by Alternate Publishing.

**BLUE
COLLAR
BLUES**

"HELLO MAN. MEET YOUR NEW BOSS!"

Being a blue collar worker in a big warehouse isn't all coffee breaks and union benefits. Between paydays there is a lot of heavy work as well as getting in good with the foreman.

The new guy on the job can count on a breaking in period. If he isn't in a position to deal it out, he must prove he can take it.

In our little situation, the first thing to come off is the blue collar itself and the shirt that went with it. Then the Osgosh work pants so the boss can check their wearer out completely. It takes a little persuasion and a thinly-disguised threat or two, but in very little time and some electrifying sessions, the new punk is broken in, begins to know when to go down on his knees or on his back. All of which should make everyone concerned happy.

And the foreman isn't the only one who has to be satisfied, of course. If the new worker has had no prior experience, he may be somewhat surprised to find his new boss sitting on his face. Intimacy such as nose-to-pubic-hair should not lead to a lack of respect. After all, brown-nosing one's boss is not exactly new and it is practiced in every level, among truck drivers, forklift operators and even longshoremen.

It can take much more than a strong back and big biceps to make it in the blue collar world. A tight ass and a full crotch never hurt anyone's chances at the big time.

It is our particular opinion, to which you have to agree we are entitled, that Marlon Brando would never have had anywhere near all that trouble in "On The Waterfront"

PHOTOS BY
CLOSE UP
ARBITRATION BY
ROBERT PAYNE





He had been just a little more cooperative with his betters. Having that girl around was bad enough for one thing, and not everyone is turned on by mobster types, of course. Perhaps he was more into a good beating now and then, which, as we recall, he got more than his share of. Maybe yes, maybe no.

Our pair of clean cut, hunky and oversexed blue collar workers were happy to show you what can happen

the first day on the job. Usually after the initial breaking-in, such activities are limited to lunch hours, breaks, overtime, back-area afternooners, and special favors that carry their own reward.

But when you consider union scale, benefits, a friendly pat on the ass or a simple every-other-day rape seems less sexual harassment and more like rewards for good job performance.

So when your mother buttonholes you and takes you by your blue collar to throw you out the door, telling you to "get a job," forget the typing and computer programming. Go down to the warehouse district in your t-shirt and jeans.

Build up your muscles and your social security. Show your new foreman what you've got—and what you can do with it.

It will pay off, my son.













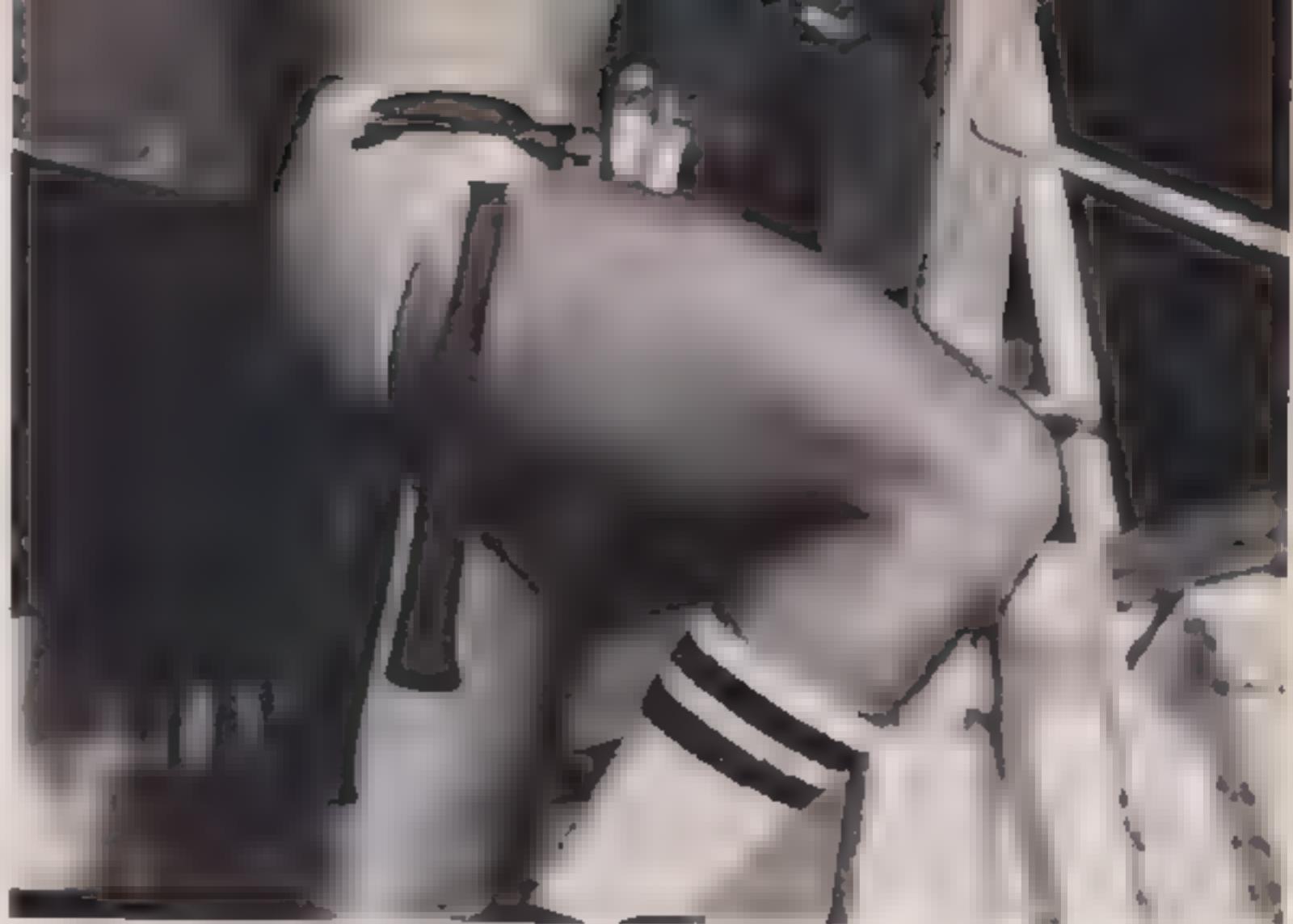
**LOOKING FOR
WHITE COLLAR
BODIES**

There's something about a hard working man—the sweat, the muscles, the attitude. Give us the real thing, any day. And we mean the *real* thing. Remember when the Village People were the hottest act in the country? The phony Indian, the would-be leatherman, the fake construction worker dressed up in levis, flannel shirt and hard hat? Sure, they served their purpose—innocent, pasteurized role models for teenagers, and all that—but who could get turned on by some dancer dressed up like a construction worker? No way.

So where do you meet these guys? If you're a blue collar worker yourself, you find them where your paycheck is, on the job, right beside you every day. The camaraderie, the dirty jokes, a shower in the company locker room, a beer after work. Maybe a couple more beers. Maybe come over to my place for a while, unwind, listen to some Willie Nelson. You horny? Yeah, me too.

Maybe you're not blue collar. Maybe you just like blue collar men. If you're into the scene, you probably know the places—the right bars (watch your step, though)...that truckstop out on Route 99...that dirty bookstore where the construction crew downtown hangs out looking to get their rocks off and knowing it's always a sure bet. "Shit, man, who gives a damn anyway? I'll do it with guys I've had some good fuckin' times with other guys. Don't make any difference to me either way."

Then there's this club. Every scene's got a club these days—men with interests in common like to get together. This one, Blue Collar Buddies, is fairly new, started up just last year. The man in charge is an expert on the subject at hand—got stories that'll burn your ears off. He was the inspiration, in fact, for this issue's special look at the mystique of the Blue Collar Men. We asked him for a statement. Here it is, straight from the source:



Terry Photo

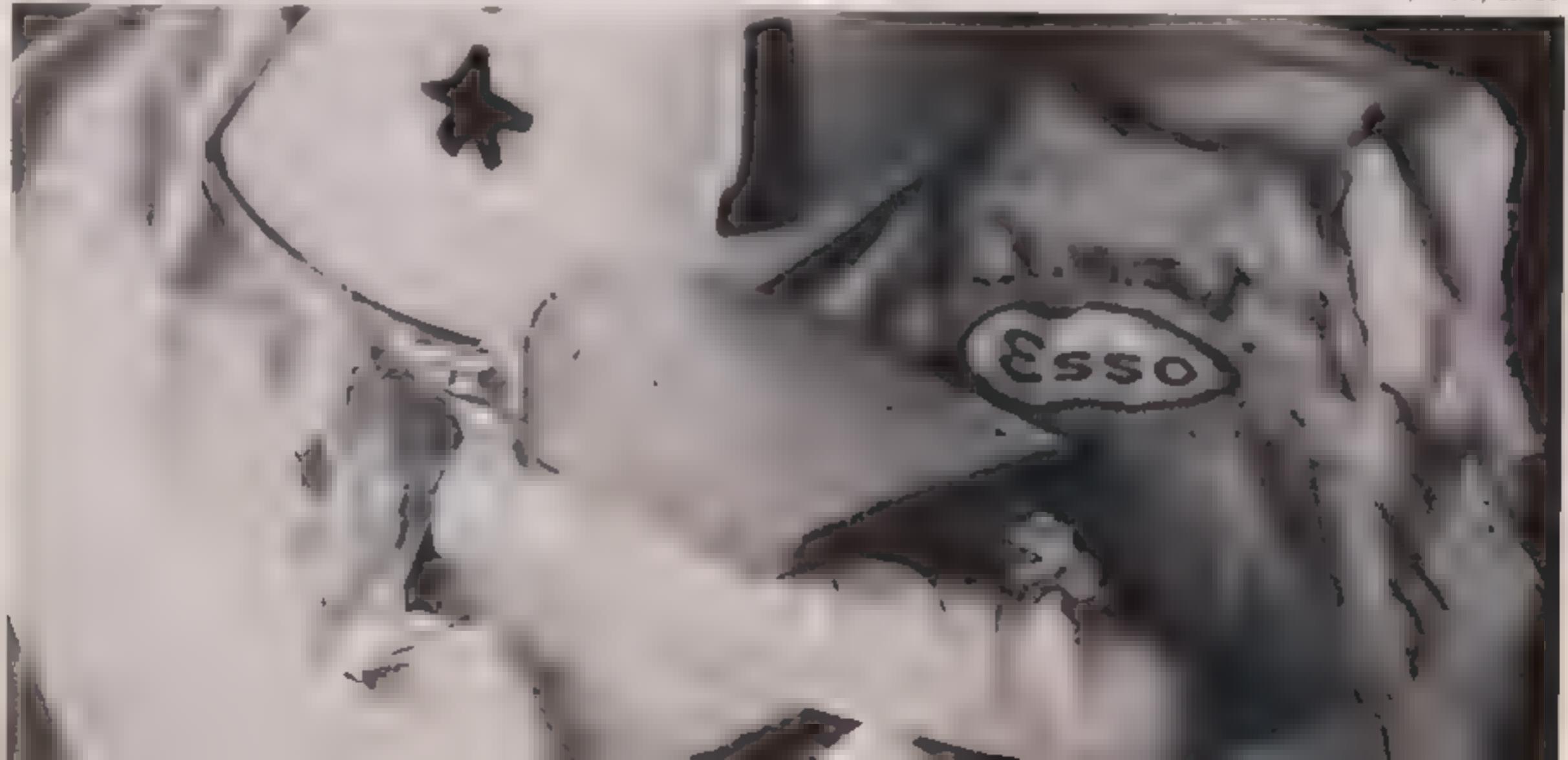
Who are blue collar workers?

- construction workers
- painters
- printers
- janitors
- plumbers
- farmers
- policemen
- firemen
- truck drivers
- bus drivers
- cowboys
- security guards
- lumberjacks
- fishermen
- carpenters
- bouncers
- autobody workers
- mechanics
- pilots
- service men
- mailmen
- gardeners
- electricians
- butchers
- race drivers
- telephone linemen
- garbage collectors
- foremen
- shipping clerks
- produce vendors
- park rangers
- maintenance men
- gas station attendants
- dock workers

or any of the various occupations that involve manual labor and do not require a conventional suit and tie.

I have always been more physically attracted to sexy, masculine, blue collar workers, as opposed to the perfumed executive type. There's nothing as exciting as watching a hot, handsome, well-tanned, hairy, muscular construction worker, shoulders propped up against a building, eating his lunch...or watching his massive arms and hands when he's

"Blue Collar Lunch," photo by Lembo





working the street with his drill, stopping now and then to wipe the beads of manly sweat off his brow

Blue collar workers, as a whole, are masculine and virile and exude sexuality. I find it much more erotic to make love with a trucker in the back of his truck, than with a businessman in a flashy, sterile hotel room. I also prefer soiled uniforms to Brooks Brothers suits!

Having noticed ads in various gay publications for different clubs, i.e hairy men, uncut men, leathermen, foot frat short men, etc., I thought it might be a good idea to start a national contact club for hot BLUE COLLAR BUDDIES. And it was no surprise when letters and ads began pouring in from all over the USA, especially from curious bi-guys, who all seem to agree that when it comes to getting good head—nothing satisfies a man like a man! Several gay blue collar workers wrote "It's about time someone started a club for non-professional gays."

I even began a hot correspondence with a French Canadian lumberjack who has nine tattoos, a thick 11" uncut cock and a hairy body, into wrestling, boxing and heavy man-to-man fucking.

Interested? Blue Collar Buddies is open to gay and bisexual men, twenty-one or older—blue collar men, or men who like blue collar men. The club publishes a quarterly newsletter, with original art and photos, hot stories (including true-life tales), personal ads, etc. Membership /subscription is ten bucks a year. Wanna know more? Drop a line to Live-Oak Press, PO Box 99444, San Francisco, CA 94109.

As the newsletter says, "Meet the MEN who work HARD and love HARD."



Photo by Robert Pruzan

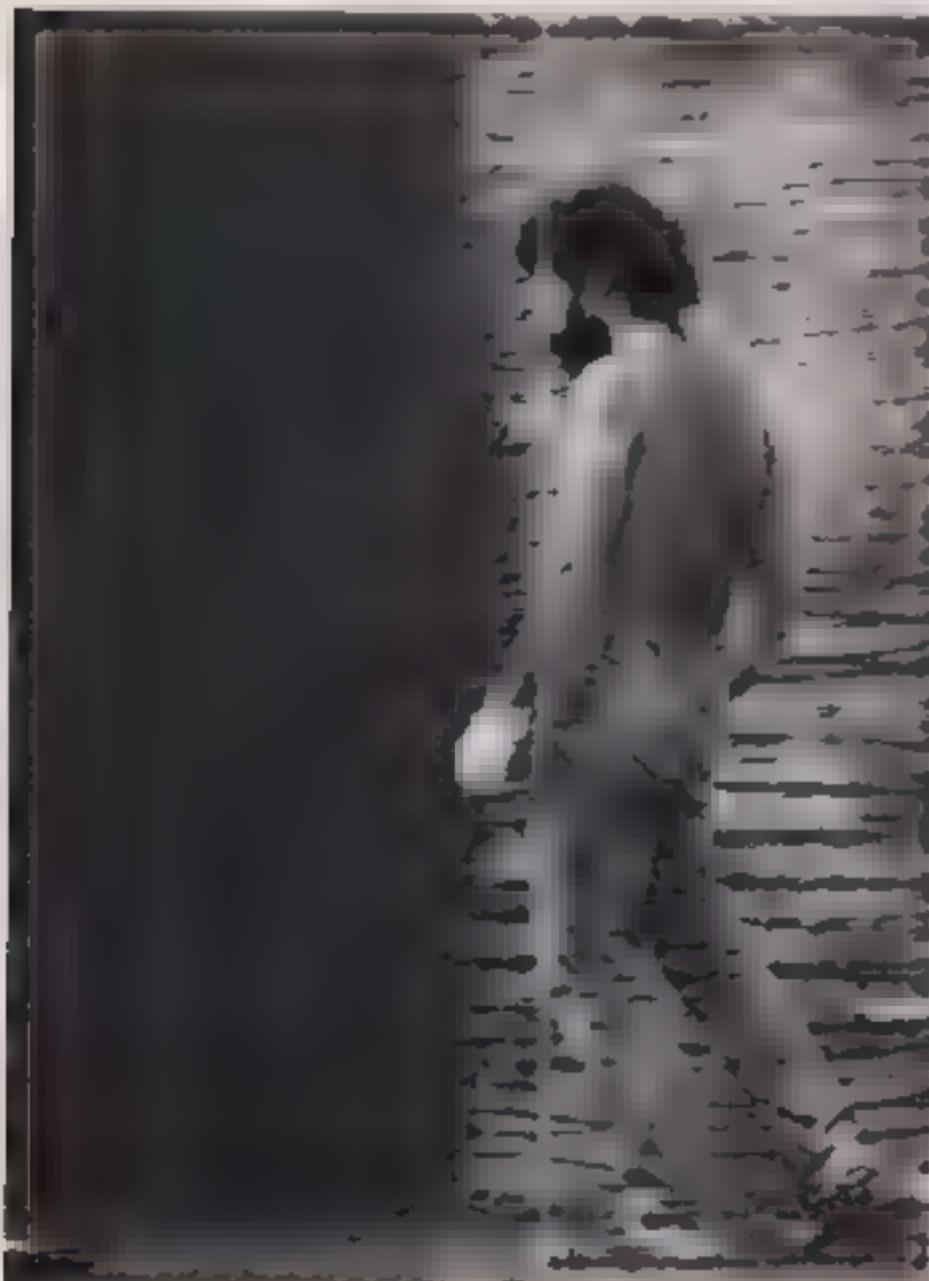


Photo by Robert Pruzan



YOU ASKED FOR IT.

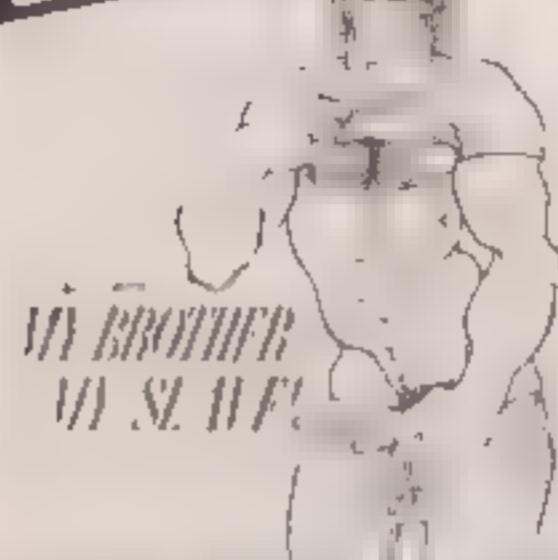
YOU GOT IT!

Would you settle an argument? I say the first issue of DRUMMER had a drawing that you used for some time as the magazine's symbol. I don't know the artist but he used to do centerfolds for you. My friend says I am crazy, DRUMMER has never run artwork on its covers. Who is right?

P.L. Milwaukee, Wisconsin

You are mostly. Issue one had a drawing by Bud which was used as The Leather Fraternity symbol until the present one by Bill Ward. DRUMMER ran artwork on covers of issues 5 (Chuck Arnett), 6 (Bill Ward), 10 (Rex), 15 (A. Jay), 16 (Ron Henry) and 49 (Vallejo). Bud indeed did considerable artwork for us but, to our knowledge, is seldom published.

Complete Edition
DRUMMER
DRUMMER



LEATHER / SLAVE / POSSES / LETTERS
250



You ran a magnificent hulk as a DRUMMER Daddy photographed at the Compound. We never saw him again. What are you going to do about it?

A.O. Seattle, Washington

What can we do but give him to you again in all his beefy beauty. He will appear again in DRUMMER DADDIES 3



"You ran a head mask made of steel on a cover one Christmas. It had a young slave I would like to see more of. Do you have any other shots of your man in the iron mask?"

G.W. Phoenix, Arizona

The mask was made by Fettters on loan from the Pleasure Chest. The slave was on loan from a friend of DRUMMER. We never knew his name.



"So you are going to do a Blue Collar issue. It's about time. My favorite DRUMMER blue collar man was the welder you ran in your Los Angeles issue. He was hot. I can't remember,

did you get him to take off all his clothes finally? Let's see him again."

R.L. Birmingham, Alabama
His name is Tony and yes, we got him to drop his pants finally



Who was the original Mr. DRUMMER and whatever became of him?

G.T. Chicago, Illinois
The original Mr. DRUMMER was Val

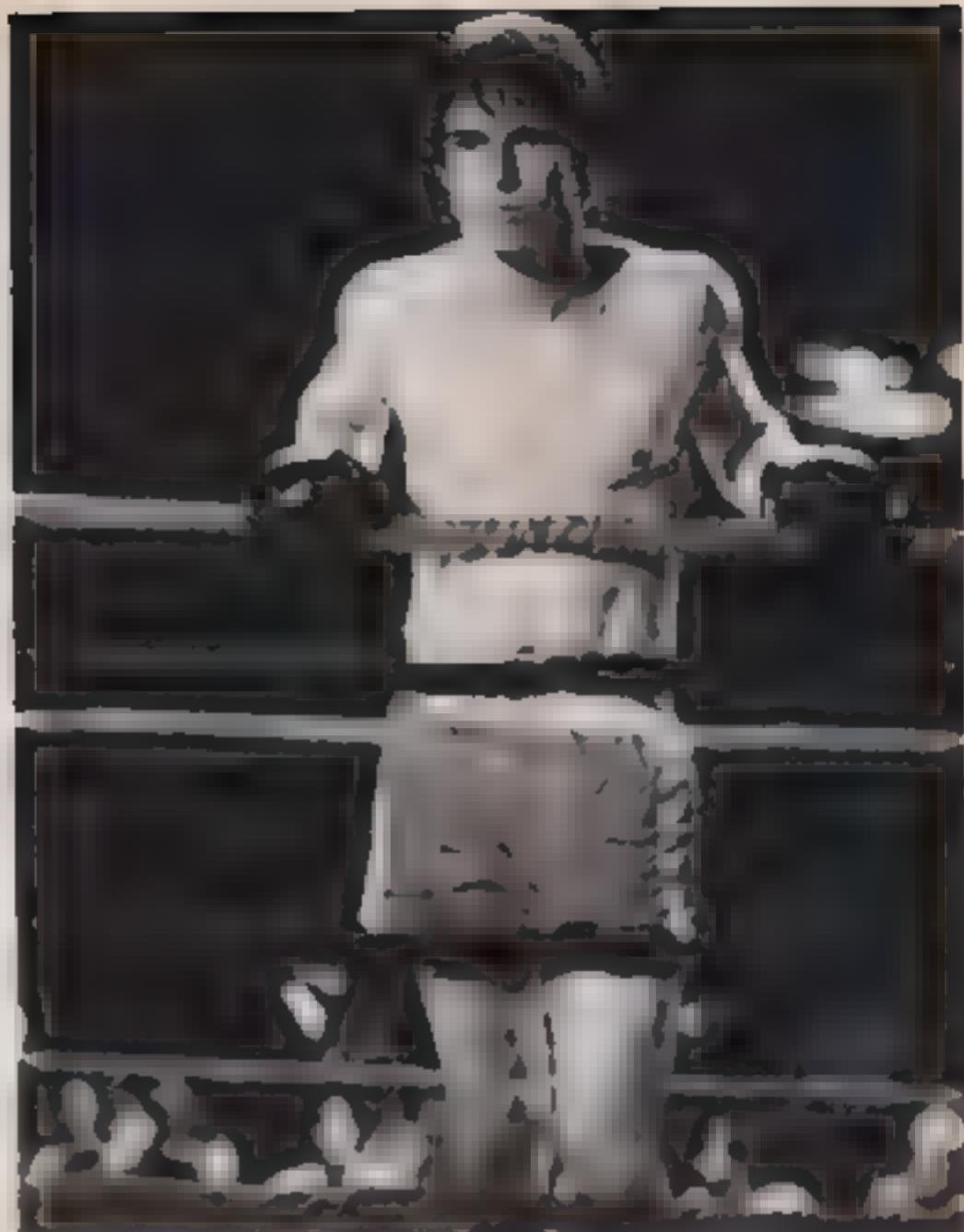
Martin who represented us at the C M C Carnival contest. On his first (of ten) appearances, he threw his jockstrap to the screaming audience. On his final

appearance, he forced the winner down to his knees and made him blow him. Val is very much around, lives in Los Angeles and is as outrageous as ever □

DRUMSTICKS



*I don't know him either, but he says he met you
at the baths last Friday."*



*Frankly, Mr. Cosell I got into this business because
I'm into wearing mittens and satin bloomers*



'Yes children, I know it's humiliating, but he is your real father'

The image shows a close-up view of a highly detailed wooden door or panel. The door is made of dark wood and features intricate carvings. A prominent feature is a central rectangular panel with a circular emblem or medallion in the middle. This panel is surrounded by a decorative border of scrollwork and geometric patterns. The door has several vertical panels and horizontal moldings. The lighting highlights the texture of the wood and the depth of the carvings.

DRUMMER FICTION



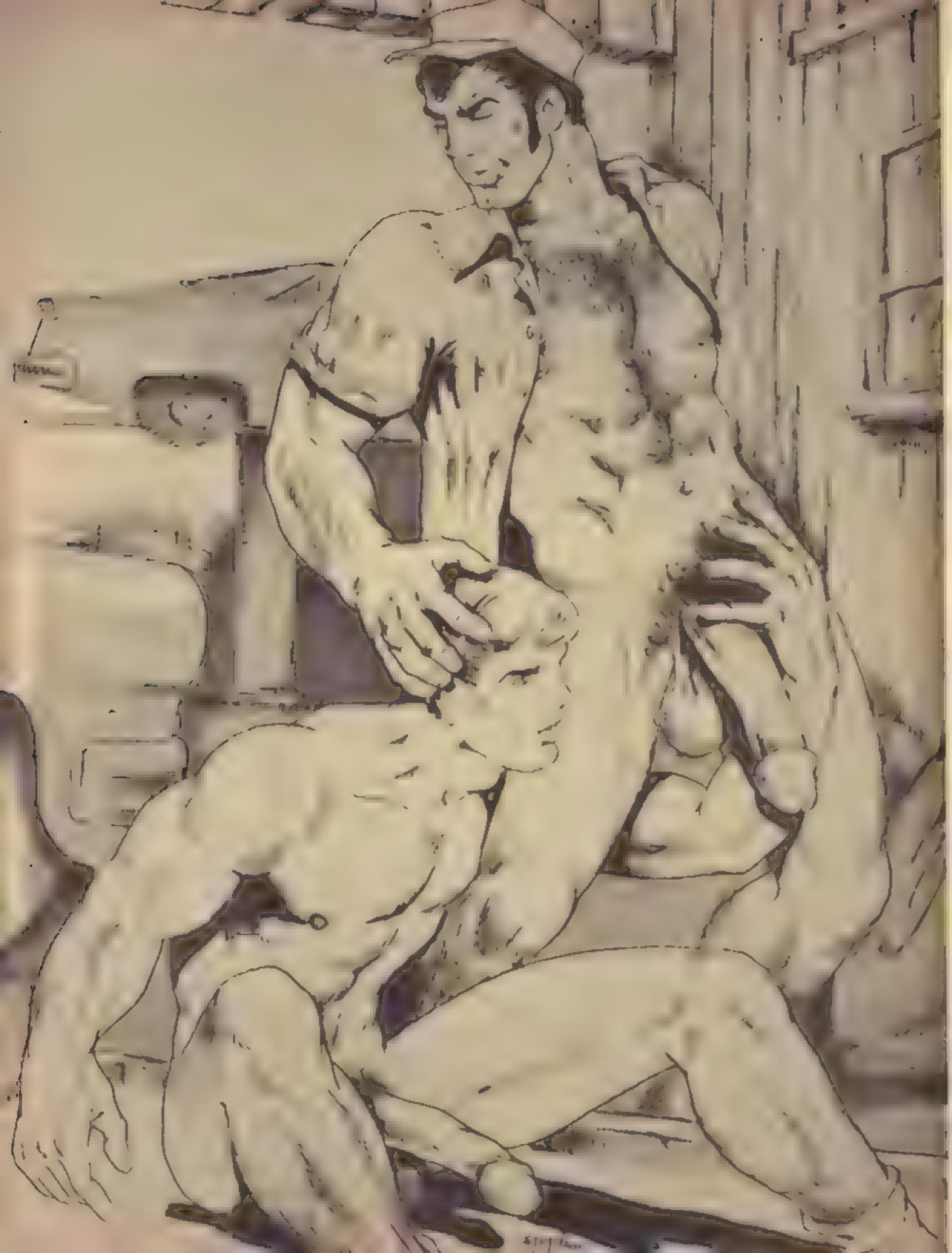
Hey buddy,
wanna hear some raunchy
stories?

Yeah, like the time a good buddy of mine got caught in a closed garage with this grease monkey named Gary—that guy turned out to be one mean fuckin' son of a bitch...

Or how about the one about Rudy, that crazy Armenian timberjack—didn't even know how to beat his meat till this other friend of mine...well, you'll find out.

And of course there's always my buddies the pressmen, those guys who put out the morning paper. One time they actually screwed on a chopper going down the highway! Well, work hard, play hard, that's what I always say.

So why don't you grab a Bud,
loosen your bootlaces, settle
back on the sofa...maybe
break open some axle grease
...then turn the page and get
started. Who knows? Maybe
something'll come up...



AFTER CLOSING TIME

by Dink Rivers

It was hot as all fuckin' hell that afternoon. I'd been trying to hitch my way out Route 80 without much luck. Spent most of the time just standing off the road shoulder and sweating a lot. My shirt got soaked, so I took it off. Even my jeans were turning dark blue with sweat, but I couldn't strip them down out in the open.

I finally had to give up standing there and started to walk. My thighs were so slick with sweat that I got a hard-on from the rubbing when I walked. It took my mind off things for a while, that is until I hit the bottom of this hill. Dead ahead lay the steepest damn climb I'd seen this highway take yet, and I knew I couldn't handle it.

I leaned back against this tree and started pullin' at my cock. It seemed like the only thing to do, and it felt great. I was about to whip it out and really start beating off when I heard this motorcycle coming up the hill behind me. Just my fuckin' luck, I thought, 'cause bikers almost never stop to give you a lift.

The engine roared louder, and the bike got closer, till finally I saw it crest the hill. It was a mother-fuckin' beautiful Harley. I couldn't see the rider too clearly, but I figured he was some kind of nut. It was about 100 degrees out and he had on this heavy black leather jacket. I stuck my thumb out for the hell of it, but just as I figured, he went right past me and about halfway up the hill. Then the bike stopped dead. The guy set his boots down on the highway and turned around.

"Come on, fucker," he yelled. So I ran like hell to catch up with him.

As I got closer, I could see him better. He was about 30, with one of the hardest, hottest faces I'd ever seen. It looked like he hadn't shaved in a while, and sweat was drippin' off his chin onto his tight bare pecs. Even his black leather jacket seemed to sweat. He turned around and eyed me up and down in the rearview mirror.

"You willin' to work for a ride, buddy?" he barked into the rearview without facing me. At that point, I would've shoveled cow shit in a hurricane for a ride.

"Sure," I said. "What kind of work?"

He didn't answer me, just kick-started the bike and yelled "Get on!" over the sound of the engine. I jumped and straddled the back of the wide leather seat, too tired to think twice.

He took off so fast I almost fell off, and had to grab around his waist to stay on. He didn't seem to mind, so I left my hands where they were even after I got my balance back. I was goin' out of my fuckin' mind, with my arms tight around this mean-assed biker stud. The wind whipping around my head couldn't block out the smell of hot sweat and leather. I tried hard to keep my cock under control. Fought hard not to let my crotch rub up against his ass, 'cause I knew that would be too much to handle. So I had to tighten my thighs against the seat to keep from slipping. I figured if he found out that I was gettin' off on him, he'd throw me the hell off without stopping.

Things were okay until we hit two huge potholes in a row. My crotch wedged in tighter and tighter against his blue-jeaned ass, and my cock, all lubed with sweat inside my jeans, popped a bone the size of the Harley's tail pipe. He'd have to have been dead not to notice it, and I figured that's what I'd be pretty soon—dead. Then I caught his eye in the rearview. He still looked mean as hell, but he was smiling.

"Grab it," he yelled. "Go ahead."

"Grab what?"

"My crotch."

I couldn't believe it. He knew I had popped a boner and he didn't care. In fact, he was ordering me to grab his. I moved my left hand down from his waist to his cock. It was already rock-hard and stretching to get out of his jeans. The jeans were all slick with grease—I couldn't figure out why. My hand slipped real easy all along his oiled, denim-covered dick. Then I saw that there was oil all over his levis, splattered all down his thighs and legs. Some had spilled onto his boots, making the dirty leather shine like it was spit-polished.

I got hotter and hotter. The sweat from my chest glued me to the back of his leather jacket. The grease on his ass was lubing up my crotch. He was calm the whole time, kept on riding like a pro. I was just about to shoot when he turned real sharp off the

highway and onto a darkened back road.

It was about 9 p.m. when we finally pulled into an Exxon station. I figured that my new buddy (I still didn't know his name) was just stoppin' for gas, but he drove over to the side of the station and parked the bike.

"Wait here," was all he said, getting off and walking inside. I got off too, lit a cigarette, and waited. Whatever this guy had in mind, I figured it was probably worth hanging around for.

Then I heard him yelling at somebody inside the garage: "Fuck you, Bobby. I'm only an hour late."

"I know, I'm only bustin' your balls," replied this guy Bobby as he walked out of the garage. Bobby stood about six-foot-two, with arms that clocked in at at least 17 inches, sticking out from the dirty guinea-T he was wearing.

"How ya doin'?" He nodded to me. I nodded back, taking him in. He had thick, straight black hair, slicked back '50s style. The dirty white undershirt was tucked into a pair of black slacks so tight that I could see the outline of his dick traveling down the inside of his left leg.

"Don't forget to lock up," he hollered back into the garage, "and not before 11 o'clock, shitface."

So that was it, my biker friend worked here pumpin' gas. I thought then that the work he told me I'd have to do might be helpin' out with the customers. I thought wrong.

Bobby strode over to a black '79 Camaro that gleamed in the sharp light of the gas station's arc lamp. He walked slowly, his legs swingin' wide. I could hear every click his cowboy boots made on the blacktop. He reached the car, opened the door and sat down sideways—half in, half out the Camaro. He reached into the back seat and pulled out a clean white shirt. I watched while he pulled the dirty undershirt up over his head and tossed it in the back. I couldn't help staring at his hairless pecs, smooth and hard as two rounded rocks. He must have been about 24 or 25, and he looked good.

After slipping the new shirt on, Bobby swung his legs into the car and shut the door. He started combing his hair back, looking in the rearview mirror. I was afraid he'd see me staring, but he was too fuckin' caught up in slicking his hair to notice anything. Throwing the comb down, he reached over and grabbed a cigar that was lying on the dashboard. I watched him unwrap it, twirl it slowly between his fingers and hold it up to his mouth. There's something about watching a cocky young guy enjoy a cigar that always makes my nuts bust. Something about the way a straight guy turns into a cocksucker before your eyes, licking the butt end carefully, savoring the bite of the tobacco on his tongue. Bobby lit the cigar and started the car. The biker who'd picked me up walked out of the garage.

Bobby rolled down the car window. "I'm going out fuckin' now," he yelled. The biker just laughed. "You wanna go for some beers later, Gar," Bobby said, "after you get off?" Gar—well at least now I knew the biker's name: Gary.

"Aren't you gonna be with Debbie?" the biker asked him.

"Sure," Bobby replied, "but that's not gonna take all night. You know her. So how about later?" Gary told him to forget it; after work he was just going to lock up and head home. Bobby called him an asshole and chomped down hard on his cigar as he peeled the Camaro out of the station.

When he was gone, Gary turned and stared at me. "Get the fuck over here," he barked. As I walked toward him, my stomach tensed up. This man was hot, but he also seemed dangerous. When I got to where he stood, he kicked my ass with his heavy black engineer boot—knocking me into the dark garage. Before I could get my balance, I felt him reach around my neck, putting me in a headlock. He slammed me up against a concrete wall and pinned my neck to it with one hand. I could feel his greasy thighs pressing into my crotch.

"What are you, boy?" he yelled in my face like some crazed drill instructor. I knew what he wanted to hear, and I knew what he wanted me to do.

"A cocksucker!" I yelled back at him. "A fuckin' cocksucker."

"Good," he growled. "That'll do for starters." He stared straight and hard into my eyes for a minute and then broke the silence. "You sure you're ready for this, cocksucker?"

I didn't say anything right away, and then I lost my chance. His free right fist swung into my gut and I fell to my knees. I was shaking like crazy now, but he saw that, and pressed his oil-soaked crotch into my face to calm me down. His crotch smelled of stale piss, motor oil, and sweat. I breathed it all in, deep. His cock was hard again, like it had been when we were on the bike earlier. I opened my mouth and started sucking at it right through the his levis. Gary stood there, over me. I couldn't see him, but I could hear him moan.

Suddenly he grabbed my hair and pulled me to my feet. Once again, I found myself staring into the steel blue of his eyes.

"I wanna toughen you up, kid." He spoke low and breathy, like at any time he could fuck me or kill me, and to him it wouldn't matter much which. "You want that?"

I was scared shitless, but I wanted his dick, wanted his greasy, sweaty crotch bad. "You know it, man."

"Good," he said. "Later we're gonna find out just how much you can take. But right now I've got to get to work." He grabbed me by the shoulders and turned me around to face the wall. I felt my hands pulled behind me. He tied them tightly together with something that felt like a rubber cord—I found out later it was an old fan belt.

"I don't want customers seeing you hanging around. There's not supposed to be anybody here when I'm on the job." He pushed me forward through a side door that led from the garage to the office.

The white neon office light was blinding. There was a big beat-up old desk shoved against the front wall. He pulled out the desk chair and shoved me down into the small space.

"I want you to stay down there till I'm through."

As I crouched against the dirty gray metal, Gary sat down in the swivel chair and swung his boots up on the desk. I had a bird's-eye view of the crack where his jeans split his ass cheeks. It was humiliating, but I got the biggest stinking hard-on of my life.

It wasn't long before I heard the bell that meant some car had pulled into the station. Gary took his time getting up to go out.

"Don't move," he said as he left, "and don't make any noise."

I couldn't see anything from under the desk, just a supply shelf with some Bardol cans, so I listened real hard. Couldn't hear much either. Some guy grunted, "Ten dollars regular." Gary didn't say a word. There was the sound of metal connecting with metal as the gas pump nozzle hit the car's tank. Then the pump dislodging. The car starting up. Gary's heavy boots heading back toward the office.

He came in and stood dead in front of where I was crouched. I noticed then that he had real bodybuilder's legs, sharp contours stretching the jeans tight around his thighs. He was rustling in his pocket. I heard him pull out a cigarette, light a match, and inhale deep. He sat down in the chair and pulled his left foot up on his right knee, putting his dirty black boot a couple of inches from my face...

Guys' boots have gotten me really hot ever since I was in high school. I remember, I was goin' out with this pretty wild girl for a while, Kathleen. She used to give me blow jobs in the local movie theatre, didn't give a shit who saw her. Kathleen had an older brother named Sean, who was about six feet of pure mick muscle. Sean was 24 then, and there was always a different 16 or 17-year-old girl sitting in his car waiting to get broken in. He never worked at any job that I knew about, but once when Kathy and I were hangin' around his apartment, I saw a gun.

Sean was a bastard to most people, but for some reason he liked me. One thing Sean knew was cars. He could've been a crack mechanic, if he'd felt like workin'. Sometimes he'd give me a hand fixing up my Mustang. This one time, my flywheel went and I didn't know shit about transmissions, so Sean came to the rescue. My folks didn't have a garage, so we had to work out in the open driveway. That wouldn't have been so bad, except as soon as we got the car jacked up, it started pourin' rain. "Fuck it," Sean said, "we'll work on it anyway."

We had to tear apart the whole transmission just to get at the damn flywheel. My part of the job was to hold the driveshaft and bellhousing steady, while Sean replaced the wheel. For almost two hours I was lyin' on my back with rain drippin' down, and

Sean's size-10 black Frye harness boots stuck in my face. The drive shaft was sitting right on my crotch and I was going crazy with the sweaty smell of his wet boots in my face, and the feel of my cock pressed beneath that hot metal rod.

I almost didn't hear him when he gave the order: "Hold on to my feet," he told me. I almost shit. Could he be reading my mind? If he could, I figured Kathy would be in for a surprise—BOYFRIEND SHOT WITH BROTHER'S GUN. "Hold onto my feet," he said again. "I need more leverage to pull this sucker out."

"Like this?" I asked as I took hold of both his boots in my hands.

"Yeah," he answered. "Grab my boots. You gotta hold on tight. If I slip, this thing could hurt us both pretty bad and the car won't be worth shit."

I thought I'd shoot the second I touched the smooth black leather of those boots I'd been sniffing for hours. But it was a couple of minutes later, while I was straining to hold them steady and he was kickin' around for a better grip, that my cock silently exploded into my jockey shorts. I had been fuckin' his sister for two years, but those two hours with Sean and his boots were worth a whole lot more.

All that thinking about Sean was gettin' me real boot-hungry and I moved my face a little closer to Gary's big black ones. He must have felt me move, 'cause he shouted, "What the fuck are you doin' down there?"

"It's your boots, man," I told him. "They're in my face." His foot immediately shot out and pinned my neck to the back of the desk.

"Listen asshole, I've seen you eyeballin' those shirkers all day. Now get over here and take a real close look at them." He withdrew his boot, and brought it back up across his other knee. I didn't need another order. I stuck my face out from under the desk. Gary laughed and grabbed the back of my head, shoving me down hard. The fuckin' boot was filthy. On top of the dirt motor oil, and old boot polish caked up on it, he must have spilled some gasoline from the last car. I breathed in and got

high off the combined smells. I felt him squeeze the toe of his boot right up against my mouth, and I guessed that that was his signal to start licking. I lapped at the dirty leather, and rubbed my face in it. Then I ran my tongue all around the welt.

Gary started gettin' real interested at this point. I sucked at the tops some more, pressing hard so I could feel his sweaty foot beneath the leather. That's when I noticed Gary pulling at his crotch. I was proud to be getting this hard guy's dick excited. I took the whole toe of the boot into my mouth, and gave it a blow-job, just like it was a cock. He was moaning and telling me to deepthroat his boot. With my hands tied behind me, it was gettin' hard to keep my balance, and I fell forward, driving the boot all the way into my mouth. Gary pulled the boot out when he saw me choking, and placed the bottom of it against my face.

"Now lick the fuckin' sole clean," he demanded. Starting with the heel, I licked every inch. When I finished, he put his foot down.

"Buddy, you are low, really low," he told me. From then until closing, I stayed under the desk, sniffing at his boots—and cleaning them off every time he came back from fixing up another car.

At about 10:30, Gary started packing the place up. Cash in the small safe, credit card receipts in the lock box—he did it all pretty fast. By 11 the pumps were closed and the outside lights off. I heard him roll down the two garage doors and that was it—just him and me, locked in the gas station.

He called for me to come into the garage. I managed to get out from under the desk, but standing up was a problem. I must've been taking too long, because Gary came into the office and hauled me up by the back of my shirt. I headed into the garage fast.

It was pretty dark with the garage doors closed. A single dim light hung in the back over the tool table. While I looked around, Gary unlined my hands. He spun me around and caught me off guard with a slap to the face.

"One rule, asshole." He slapped me again. "The minute you tell me to stop, I stop." He was switching off now, slapping me



first with his left hand, then with his right. "But if you tell me to stop, that's it. You're finished." He kept up the beating and I had to back off. He followed me and his goddamn hands kept hitting.

"You say stop—no more cock. You walk." By this time, he had me backed up against the wall. My face was red. It stung. My dick stung too, like it was on fire from his blows.

"One more thing," he said, slapping me again, "I like a man to take his punishment quietly." That brought the hardest slap yet. "No screamin', you got that?"

"Yes, Sir," I answered. I had been ducking, trying to avoid the slaps, but now I stood up straight and stuck my face out for more. I wanted him to see that I would go any distance. He was surprised but pleased, and let go with a final barrage that knocked me silly.

When he finished, he grabbed me and brought us nose to nose. "You're okay, buddy," he said, looking me straight in the eye. "You're tough and I appreciate that. We're gonna have a great time."

My chest was heaving from the beating. I was completely out of breath. Gary stepped back and hopped up on the hood of a car that was in for repairs. He unbuttoned his levis and hauled out an enormous cock. I wanted that cock so bad my mouth was aching, but I didn't move. Not until he finally said: "Go ahead, you earned it." I blew it slowly, moving it in and out of my mouth. It tasted good, it smelled good, and I knew that I'd do anything for the guy that was feeding it to me.

After only a couple of minutes, Gary pulled out and stuck his dick back into his levis.

"You need a break, buddy," he said. He was right. "You want a beer?"

"Yeah."

He went to a refrigerator on the far side of the garage. It was dingy white, with greasy handprints all over it. Gary pulled out two bottles of Bud and threw one over to me. I caught it, twisted off the cap, and drank about half the bottle in one gulp.

Across the garage, Gary pulled a joint from his jacket pocket, placed it between his lips, and lit it. I chugged the rest of my beer and watched him smoke.

"You scared?" he called out. I looked around at the locked doors, the heavy metal tools lying around, and Gary standing there in the almost-dark.

"Yeah," I answered, "a little."

"Good. Get over here."

I walked around the old Buick that stood between us. He offered me the joint.

"Finish it," he commanded. The dope took hold pretty fast. When I finished, he told me to take off my shirt. I threw it behind him, on the refrigerator.

"Lie down," he said, "on your belly."

I dropped to my hands and knees and then lowered myself slowly onto the concrete. There was motor oil and grease all over the place. Gary's boot stomped down on my back, knocking the wind out of me. He kept grinding down on my back, pinning my chest to the floor. It was like a tease and a torture. The pressure and the grease felt great on my pecs, but the grit and rough concrete rubbed them raw.

He told me to stand up. I did and he went right for my nipples. They were already sore, but he pinched and pulled at them till they ached like hell. I had to bite my lip to keep from yelling. He had told me to keep quiet, and I wasn't going to pussy out on him.

Finally, he let go and walked over to the workbench. He came back with a set of jumper cables and made sure that I got a good look at them. They had red and black rubber grips and saw-toothed clamps. This was gonna hurt like a motherfucker.

"I'm clamping these onto your pecs, asshole," he said. "You can take them off any time you want. But if they come off before I tell you to—that's it."

He opened both clamps and bit them into my chest at the same time. I gasped and bent forward with the pain.

"Stand up straight!" he ordered.

I did. And then I wanted to show him, to prove that I could

take it. So I flexed my pecs. The cables bounced and the jagged heads bit in even deeper.

"Yeah, man," Gary encouraged me, "flex 'em some more."

And I did. I even started grooving on the pain. Getting off on the feeling of that metal eating into the meat of my chest. My cock had been hard since I was down humping the floor. Now I just about shot in my jeans. Gary must have noticed, 'cause he told me I could pull it out.

It felt good to have my dick free. I stroked it and flexed my pecs at the same time.

"Yeah, man," Gary moaned, "beat your meat!"

He slipped off his leather jacket while he watched me. His chest was fuckin' massive. He grabbed the other end of the cables and clamped them down on his own pecs. Then he flexed, like some wild-ass bodybuilder going through a posmg routine. I dropped to my knees to watch. Here was one of the hottest studs I'd ever seen, showin' me that he could take exactly what he dished out. Like a football coach who puts himself through the team's program—just so you know he's for real. I got hypnotized watching Gary pop out his chest, so hypnotized that I nearly forgot the biting sensation in my own.

I stood up. I could see that his pecs were starting to bleed a little from the strain. I bent forward to lick his chest. First lappling up the trickle of blood, then lightly licking all around the clamp. Gary pulled out his cock and we both beat off like crazy. I lost control and shot—shot so high it splattered both our chests with come.

Then something hit me.

I went out cold.

When I woke up, my arms were secured high over my head. Tied together by a chain attached to a hoist in the ceiling. Gary was leaning against the Buick, smoking a cigarette.

"It's about fuckin' time you came to," he barked across the room. He threw down his cigarette, walked over and took my chin in his hand. "I didn't tell you to shoot, did I?"

"No, Sir."

"Then why did you do it?"

"I couldn't help..." Before I could finish, he drew back and sunk a right to my gut.

"For the next ten minutes, you're gonna be my punchin' bag, fucker."

He assumed a boxer's stance in front of me and started jabbing, lightly at first, at my chest and upper arms. The blows were completely unpredictable. There was no chance to avoid them, so I learned to like them. Waited to hear the sound of bare knuckle connecting with muscle. He stepped up the pace, dancing around. Hitting to the left, then to the right. Then eight rapid-fire punches to my right arm, directly on the bicep. I was getting out of breath, but he was just getting started.

A light suddenly came on in the outside office, and Gary stopped dead. I saw a tall, broad shadow in the doorway. It was Bobby.

"What the fuck's goin' on here, Gart?" Bobby asked. "I thought this guy was a friend of yours."

"He's a goddamn cocksucker," Gary replied. Bobby moved closer, but slowly, like he wasn't real sure if he should.

"So rough him up a little, I'll help ya, but don't string him up like that. It's weird, man."

"He likes it."

"What?"

"Yeah, he likes gettin' hit too," Gary told him, slamming into my side. "Tell him how much you like it, shithole."

"Yes, Sir," I shouted. "I love it, Sir."

"Holy shit," Bobby said.

"He'll do anything I tell him," Gary said, pausing, "and anything that you tell him." Bobby just stood there like he couldn't believe it.

"You want a piece of this?" Gary challenged him.

"I don't know, buddy," Bobby hesitated. "I'm a little too drunk to do much fighting."

"That's okay. Here, help me get him down." The two of them lowered the hoist and Gary unlocked the chain from around my

wrists. Bobby moved away a little. He looked kind of nervous.

Gary told him to relax, and told me to get them both some beer. I went to the refrigerator, got them each a Bud, and waited for instructions.

"Watch this," Gary laughed. "Get down and lick his boots." I knelt and buried my face deep in Bobby's shiny black Frye boots. The same ones I'd watch take every step across the station lot earlier that night. I heard Bobby say, "Don't make him do that."

"Man, don't be crazy. He loves it."

"Yeah?"

"He'll have wet dreams about your big stud boots for weeks."

Bobby laughed nervously. "No shit."

"You wanna get high?" Gary asked.

"I don't know, I'd better get going."

"Come on man, do a little dope. We can have some real fun with this cocksucker," Bobby didn't say anything, but I heard a match light and the sound of him drawing on a joint, so I figured he was gonna hang around. I did my part, making love to his boot with my tongue and my face. He must've gotten a boot-shine just before his date, 'cause they had the sharp smell of newly polished leather. Even if Bobby had tried to leave, he would've found me draggin' ass after him.

"You wanna see something?" Gary asked him after they finished the joint.

"Sure," Bobby answered, getting into the whole thing now. Gary had him jump up on the trunk of the Buick. That left Bobby with his boot propped up on the back bumper. Then Gary told me to repeat the boot trick that I'd shown him in the office. This time it was easier to get more of the boot in my mouth. The tapered toe slipped in real nice and soon I had swallowed it almost down to the instep. I could taste the sole and feel his foot squirming inside the boot in my mouth.

"Where did you find this guy?" Bobby asked, while I gave his boot a blow-job. "Where did you find this fuckin' pig?"

Gary laughed hard. "Man, this is nothing. Wait till you see some of the crazy shit I can make him do."

"Oh, yeah?" Bobby was really hooked now. "Like what?" I heard Gary whispering something, but I couldn't make anything out from down on the floor. Suddenly Bobby yelled. "Bullshit! No guy in the world would do that!"

"He'll do it, I tell ya."

"Fifty bucks says you're full of it."

"Deal," Gary took the bet, and I had a pretty good idea that he'd win. "Get up, asshole," he said to me. Bobby walked out of the garage and into the office. When we got to the door, Bobby had the phone in his hand.

"What are you doin'?" Gary asked him cautiously.

"I'm gonna call Haynes and invest that fifty bucks in some Thai stick."

"You fuck!" Gary punched the phone out of his hand and the two of them cracked up. "Come on," he said, "let's do this thing now." They led me outside and around to the back of the station. It had been air-conditioned inside, and the heat hit hard.

Bobby pulled out a key and unlocked the men's room door. He shoved me in, then told Gary he was going back to get some beer. Gary switched on the light. Everything was white, except for the grey-green doors on the two stalls that stood at the back of the room. There were two stand-up urinals to the right, and two sinks to the left.

Gary led me to the middle of the room and grabbed me by the neck.

"I want you to do me proud, cocksucker." I was concentrating so much on what he said that I didn't see him draw back his right fist. It connected, and I doubled over. "If you don't, you're dead meat."

Bobby came in carrying a six-pack and sat it on the sink. He handed a bottle to Gary and cracked one open for himself. The two of them were really high. I could tell by the clumsy way they downed their beers. Gary pushed me back up against the wall with the urinals. He started to say something to me, but stopped. He turned to Bobby.

"No," he said, "you tell him."

Bobby walked over to me. He didn't put a hand on me. Just stood about two inches from my face. I could smell the beer and pot on his breath. "My buddy says that you I drink piss I say he's full of shit." He belched and I got a blast of cigar fumes and Italian food in my face. "What do you say?"

I didn't say anything. I would've paid this guy a hundred bucks for the privilege of drinking his piss—but I wasn't gonna tell him that.

"See," he told Gary. "He won't do it." He chugged the rest of his Bud and went for another. Gary came over and punched me again. I fell into the cold, slick urinal.

"Open your mouth," he ordered me. I didn't. He slapped me. Hard. I kept it shut. He slapped me again, harder. He attacked with slap after slap, until I couldn't take it anymore and opened my mouth. Gary told Bobby to come closer. He took a swig of beer and unbuttoned the fly of his levis.

"Come on," he told Bobby, "pull yours out." Silently, Bobby unzipped his pants and hauled out a beautiful 8-incher. I sat back in the urinal and looked up at the two big dicks, and the two fuckin' hot men, and waited. Gary ordered me to pull out my own cock, so Bobby could see how much I was getting into things. Bobby was surprised when he saw my boner standing straight up.

"Hell, he can't wait for it," he said.

"Well give it to him." Gary let loose with a stream of piss that hit the back of the urinal, and then my face before he aimed it directly into my mouth. Bobby started out with a trickle that landed on my crotch, then exploded a jet of steaming piss dead center in the back of my throat. I opened my mouth as wide as I could.

"Look at him!" Bobby yelled, pissing harder. "He's really doin' it, he's really drinking my fuckin' dirty pisswater!"

The two of them had been drinking a lot, and the streams kept flying. I drank as much as I could, as fast as I could, but some of the stinking yellow liquid overflowed and cascaded down my chest and onto my cock. I couldn't hold out anymore and started beating off like crazy. Gary finished pissing and started beating his meal too. Bobby kept his water running, but looked over at Gary.

"What are you doin'?"

"Man, look at that pig, he's soaked with our piss. I'm gonna shoot my load all over his face."

Bobby stopped pissing and started pumping. The three of us were stroking our cocks like men possessed. Gary, who had started first, shot first. All over my face, just like he promised. Bobby must have been carrying a week's worth of load, 'cause when he shot it came in four huge spurts. One soaked my hair, another hit my face, and two of them landed on top of the pool of piss in my mouth. I couldn't hold out. I shot, and my come arched back and splattered my chest. I was soaked in come and I was breathing like I'd just run a marathon. I closed my eyes.

The rest of the night was more beer, more dope, and more loads of piss and come while the two of them traded me back and forth. Around four in the morning, Bobby started to sober up. He took off real quick, like he suddenly realized what he had gotten into.

That was okay with Gary. He told me that he'd been waiting to fuck me all night, but he didn't want to do that with his buddy around. So he tossed me over the hood of the Buick and raped the hell out of my ass...

It was dawn when I finally climbed back on Gary's bike.

I'd rinsed off as best I could using the bathroom sink. My ass was full of come. My belly full of piss. Gary drove me to a diner just off Route 80. He handed me fifty bucks when I stepped down off the bike.

"Here," he said, "it's yours." He kick-started the bike and peeled out of the parking lot.

I went inside the diner, where it was nice and cool. I ordered a breakfast special—two eggs scrambled, bacon, toast, fries, orange juice and coffee. I looked out the window a while, and then checked out the selections on the juke box... □



DRUMMER T-SHIRT

A special item exclusive yours which shows the world the kind of tough customer you are. Our famous Drummer logo is silkscreened in white on a macho, form-fitting, 100% cotton black t-shirt. This special item comes in small, medium or large. Please specify size when ordering.

9.95



LEATHER RUNNING SHORTS

Eureka Leather designed these form-fitting leathershorts with the jogger in mind. Slashed side pockets and thigh notch make for a smooth but serious fit. The waistband is leather covered elastic so comfort is a must.

59.95

STUDSTORE



LEATHER BASEBALL CAP

Our soft leather baseball cap gives sports a slight, more serious meaning and lets the team know you play very, very hard. One size, adjustable.

19.95



LEATHER JOCK STRAP

A pouch of soft leather and the traditional elastic waist band and egg straps make this sleek leather jock strap a perfect item for the gym as well as the dressing room, the perfect pouch for your workout equipment. Small, medium or large.

24.95

YOU'RE
ABOUT PLEASABLE

HERE'S A
LITTLE
SOMETHING
FOR YOU

LEATHER FRATERNITY
GREETING CARDS

Here's the chance to really get your message across! An assorted dozen different studio cards (with envelopes) created by the Leather Fraternity for any occasion that comes to mind. Messages that will really make his mouth water. Printed on heavy card stock in gold, silver or white finish, they come in three codes: PG (you could send them to your Aunt Beula, but she'd probably wonder about you!), R (hot and heavy, but still barely respectable), and X (for those no-holds-barred messages). One dozen different cards per packet. Please specify code when ordering.

12/9⁹⁵

for our 30th Anniversary

CHROME CLOTHESPINS

A Studstore exclusive. Our tiny but terrible chrome clothespins clamp are small enough to wear on the time but give a mean bite. By the pair or for heavyweights, a large, solid, everlasting version.

Pair (small) 7⁵⁰ Large (each) 8⁰⁰

STUDSTORE™

960 Folsom Street San Francisco, CA 94107

Name _____

Address _____

City, State, Zip _____

Method of Payment Check or M.O. VISA Mastercard

Account # _____

Exp _____

Leather Fraternity Cards: (PG), (R), (X); Drummer T Shirt: Small
 Medium, Large; Shower Shot; B&D Special Flesh; B&D Special Brown;
 Chrome Clothespins (pair small); Chrome Clothespins Large; Leather
Baseball Cap; Leather Running Shorts: Small, Medium, Large; Leather
Jock Strap: Small, Medium, Large
 Send me your new catalog. \$3 enclosed

Handling charges \$1 per order. California residents add 6 1/2% sales tax

Total Enclosed (including tax if applicable) \$ _____

B&D SPECIAL

The finest dildo ever made, firm but pliable, 10" long with a 2 1/2" diameter for penetrating pleasure in either flesh or leather. This is better than the real thing! Order by name and color

9⁹⁵

light and hairy with short curly ones that crept back under his balls and up his asscrack and just peeked out above his cheeks. He reminded me of my uncles in that way, and it was one of the things that turned me on to him, but my uncles were bigger men, and they had straight dicks. Rudy had a seven-inch that curved to the right. You had to be at right angles to him to swallow the fucker, and if I was getting fucked by it, I'd lie on my side, he'd lift one of my legs, straddle the other and poke it to me that way...that is, if I wanted to feel that fat rammer massaging my prostate, and I sure as shit did.

We used to cut together, and at noon break we'd throw each other a fuck. Knowing Rudy was a wham-bam-thank-you-asshole fucker, I had to do all the foreplay for both of us. I'd pull his drawers down, bend him over a fallen treetrunk, spread those round cheeks, and get my face in there. I'd lick and lap and suck and chew and fuck my tongue in that puckered Armenian hole till I wanted a rammer up my ass as bad as he did. Then I'd soak down his dick and my chute with spit and let him stick it to me. About twenty good pumps and I'd feel his hot load shooting up my butt. As soon as he caught his breath, I'd turn him back over the log, stuff my nine-inch into his wet, warm asshole and give him a nice leisurely fuck.

One Monday morning I was so fucking hot, I didn't think I'd last till noon without my dick shattering in my pants. I couldn't look at Rudy's bulging crotch or his round fuck-me ass without my rammer actually aching. I started telling Rudy about a heavy hour-long jack-off session I'd given myself Saturday night.

He said, "You know, I can't jerk off."

I didn't know what to say. I was shocked. It was like having a man you've been running marathons with turn to you suddenly and say, "You know, I can't walk."

I later figured out that the reason Rudy couldn't jack off was because he'd never had to. His older brothers were fucking him before he could come. And as soon as he could come, he was fucking his brothers. Unlike me who had a good six months of jerking off before I started gang-fucking with my dad and uncles, Rudy had no sexual memory of masturbation. To him, jacking off was sex by default rather than a legitimate sexual experience of its own. And apparently he'd never had to go too long without an accomodating asshole close at hand. Also, Rudy was lacking in imagination.

It was painful after that to look at Rudy. It was like looking at a man who was less than complete, who had been deprived of some vital organ or something. To me, living without being able to whack off was missing one of life's great glories.

I decided I had to remedy Rudy's handicap. I took him to my cabin for a long weekend and set up a series of lectures and training exercises. I explained that he had to think of his cock as a separate personality, like a stud who could give him pleasure. I told him he should make dates with it, talk to it, tease it, promise it a good time and, when it was ready, tell it to go fuck itself until it was begging to get off.

I tied him to a post with only one arm free and put on some 8mm stag sticks. I sucked his fat nuts and crooked dick to the point of coming, and then I quit.

"Beat that fucker, Rudy, beat that fucker off! Shoot that load all over your fist, you horny fuck, you!"

He blasted his first solo hand job all over my face and chest. His eyes lit up like he'd just solved his first algebra problem. I gave him a standing ovation, and we split a couple of beers.

But we had a whole weekend to really cement his transition to a solo artist. I kept his dick so hot and on the edge he couldn't keep his hands off it. I force-marched him with a butt-plug up his ass. I reamed his ass with dildos till his prostate was a pulp. I circled his shaft with cockrings. I spread his nuts with ball-stretchers. I strapped and wrapped his scrotum till the skin on his cock was so taut, all he had to do was stroke the underside of his dick with one finger to send a wad of come flying across the cabin. His tits and nipples were so sensitive from clips and clothespins, a fingernail across one would raise that crooked dick of his right up to his belly.

Rudy was a great student. By the end of the weekend, you'd

think he'd discovered America!

When people gravitate to each other, it's sometimes not until later that they realize they have a basic mutual characteristic. Now, as I said, I'm a bit of a loner, but it turns out Rudy was downright antisocial. It seems the only need he ever had of people was that they had warm, wet places for him to stick his dick. Now that I had taught him how to whack it off, he had no need of people whatsoever.

He was putting on that bent shaft every chance he got. There was no stopping him. At noon break I'd have to go looking for him. I'd find him spread out behind a tree with his shirt open and his pants down, pinching his nipples with one hand and pulling on his bent prong with the other.

One day he said, "Take your dick out, Manny. Let me whack it off for you."

I figured that was an improvement at least—including a second party in his whack sessions. But all he wanted was a fist full of my jism he could use to stroke his shaft. He didn't give a shit about me or my dick.

Rudy's wasn't the only piece of ass at the camp, and there were a couple of guys just waiting for the okay to stuff my butt, but to tell the truth, I'd grown accustomed to the taste of Rudy's ass and the feel of that Armenian boomerang sliding down my throat or jabbing into my prostate. I decided to read him out one noontime when I found him whacking it behind a tree.

"Listen, Rudy, you know I think whacking off is great. Otherwise I wouldn't have taught you how, right? But whacking off isn't ALL there is. In fact, ONLY whacking off just ain't healthy. It's bad for you." I got heavy. "Man is a social animal by nature, and sex is one of the great mediums of social interaction. People should get off TOGETHER...at least some of the time. So what do you say to cutting down on your jerking off to every other day, and every OTHER day you and I will get back to throwing each other a fuck noontime. What do you say?"

He didn't say anything for a while. I figured he was weighing the wisdom of what I said. He was looking up at the sky and pounding his meat. Then he said:

"I'm sorry, Manny. I wasn't listening. I was thinking of how it would be to whack off at the top of that pine over there. What did you say?"

"Nothing, Rudy. Forget it. Fuckin' forget it."

That Friday, Rudy asked me to meet him after work and help him with some stuff in his pickup before he drove down the mountain to his cabin. At the truck he stripped down to nothing but his workshirt. He put on a cockring and a ball-stretcher. He had me attach the ball-stretcher to the accelerator with a nylon cord. Then he put an alligator clip on each tit and had me attach one to the brake and one to the clutch. I didn't believe what I was doing.

He says, "Manny, there's a butt-plug and some grease in the glove compartment. Grease it up, and stick it up my ass, will you?"

His dick was resting hard as crystal against the steering wheel and oozing like a bastard.

I said, "Rudy, we won't need grease. I'm gonna rim your ass goodbye because you're never gonna make it down this fuckin' mountain alive."

I pushed the cab seat back as far as it would go and managed to wedge my head in between his ass and the seat. I started licking and poking at his asshole with my tongue, chewing on the coarse, black curlies long enough so I wouldn't need a flossing on the enamels for a week. His asshole's really trying to fuck my tongue now.

"Rudy, that butt-plug would slide home easy on a nice assful of Portuguese come."

"No, Man, you'll make me shoot, and I been saving this load all day. Just slam me the butt-plug."

There was no way Rudy could get the plug out of the compartment without unstringing himself.

"I won't fuck it hard, Rudy, and I'll get it off in twenty seconds. I swear. Besides, no fuck, no butt-plug."

What could he do? I squeezed myself between him and the

seat. I took his shirt off so he was bullocky bare-assed. I spread his cheeks, put the head of my dick right on his wet, soft sphincter and let him slide down on it inch by inch till his cheeks were sitting on my hips and my nuts could feel the spit around his asshole. I put my head back and closed my eyes. I jiggled the clamps on his tits and barely moved my dick around in his ass. I felt him leaning forward and push his ass back like he was trying to squeeze another inch out of my dick. I actually had the sensation of flight... until I opened my eyes and discovered the cocksucker had released the brake and we were moving down the side of the mountain

"You crazy Armenian shithead, what are you doing?"

He slammed the cab door shut, turned the motor over and threw it into second gear

"Shut up, you Portugee dickhead, you're in for the fuck of your life!"

"The LAST fuck of my life!"

"The last should be the best. That's an old Armenian proverb."

He was speeding!

"Holy shit, what are you speeding for?"

"When I accelerate, it pulls on my balls."

"Slow the fuck down! I'll pull your friggin' balls for you!"

I'm tall enough that I can see over his shoulder and catch every hairbreadth turn he's making. I'm scared shirtless. But I'm HOT! The pickup is bouncing on that rocky, dirt road and slamming my dick into him one second, and the next second his asshole is slamming down around my shaft, grinding his ass into my pelvis. Well, holyfuck, if I'm going to go, I might just as well start grooving on the terror of it

Rudy must have sensed it because he says, "That's it, Man, relax. Your dick is riding in the luckiest asshole Armenians have ever produced."

We're just about a half mile from his cabin when I can't hold it any longer. I start to feel my prostate quiver. I pull his ass tight up against my hips so the bouncing and slamming is replaced by a powerful, violent vibration.

"Rudy, I'm gonna shoot!"

He lets out a terrific moan, and I can tell the vibration is beating the hell out of his prostate against my dick

"Let it fuckin' fly," he says.

Just as my come starts surging into his ass, he explodes. It's like I'm watching my own come shoot right through his belly. Three fast, heavy squirts right in a row, and they land right on the inside of the windshield. The Armenian's most likely blind in heat anyway, so what the fuck difference does it make that he can't see out the fuckin' windshield! And we're going faster! His foot's back on the accelerator, pulling on his nuts. The fourth shot of come hits the steering wheel. Now his hands are slipping and sliding on the come-coated wheel, and who knows how the shit we haven't flown off the friggin' mountain already

"Brake the fucker," I yell in his ear, "brake the fucker!"

And he's still moanin' like a fuckin' virgin in his first orgasm.

I pull his leg off the gas and slam my foot on the brake. I hear the alligator clip bounce on the metal floor of the cab. It must have torn his tit coming off. I grab him around the neck to keep him from slamming into the windshield, and we grind to a halt.

We go limp with exhaustion. We're drained. Not just our fuck juices. We're drained of everything: energy, emotion, consciousness even, I think, for a couple of minutes. Then my dick goes limp in that lucky Armenian asshole, and my come is sliding back down onto my nuts. I take a deep breath and lift Rudy's hairy ass from around my dick and hear a little squish as it slips out.

When I open the cab to squirm out from under his weight, I look down about sixty feet into sheer disaster. I move my ass the other way along the seat and get out on the far side.

"Fucking fantastic!" I hear Rudy say, collapsed over the steering wheel...

I just kept walking. I was weak. My knees were shaking. My entire body trembled a bit in the aftermath of the terror, the exhilaration and the orgasm. It took me almost two hours to hike

THERE IS NO SUCH THING AS AN OLD COPY OF

DRUMMER

WHEN SOMEONE DISCOVERS
DRUMMER FOR THE FIRST TIME,

THE FIRST THING HE DOES
IS SEEK OUT THE ISSUES HE'S MISSED!

We have made arrangements with
select outlets to handle back issues of
DRUMMER for you to search through.
You'll never forgive yourself if you don't.

CIRCUS OF BOOKS
8230 Santa Monica Blvd
Los Angeles, CA 90046

DAVID'S NEWS
919 West Morehead
Charlotte, NC 28208

F STREET BOOKSTORE
4th and F Streets
San Diego, CA 92104

GLAD DAY BOOK SHOP
43 Winter Street
Boston, MA 02108

JAY BIRDS TOY BOX
2509 West Broward Blvd
Fort Lauderdale, FL 33312

LEATHER WORKS
4307 Montrose
Houston, TX 77006

MALE HIDE LEATHERS
66 West Illinois Street
Chicago, Illinois 60610

MR. 'S' LEATHER
135 Broadway
Denver, Colorado 80203

PLEASURE CHEST
156 7th Avenue South
New York, NY 10014

ROUTE 1 BOOKS
712 N.E. Sixth Avenue
Fort Lauderdale, FL 33313

SHINDER'S BOOKSTORE
626 Hennepin Avenue
Minneapolis, MN 55403

STUDSTORE
960 Folsom Street
San Francisco, CA 94107

DON'T JUST ASK FOR DRUMMER... DEMAND IT!

it to my cabin. I walked in, collapsed on the sack and slept till daybreak

My pickup was still up at the camp, so I had to be out on the road early Monday morning to be sure to catch a ride with someone. At the camp I went into the head to take a piss. I opened the door, and there was Rudy, his pants down around his ankles, his shirt open, pullin' on his meat.

"Shit," I said, "I've created a monster," and shut the door.

"Manny!"

I opened the door again.

"You pissed off, Man?"

"You almost fuckin' killed us Friday night, you know that?"

"I'm sorry, Manny. Honest."

"Sorry!" I said. "Did you learn anything? That's the fuckin' point."

"Yes, I did," he said. "I should have had my nuts tied to the brake instead of the accelerator, and my prick strapped to my gut so I'd shoot over my chest instead of on the windshield."

"You're a fuckin' lost cause, Rudy."

"Do me a favor, Manny. Teach me what you know about trapping. Your dad and uncles were the best, you said."

"Why? So you can be free of everybody, and live like a hermit pullin' on your prick for the rest of your life? Not!"

"You are pissed off, ain't you? Come here and let me suck you off!"

"Who do you think you're kidding, you fuckin' angling con artist? You don't give a shit about anybody else's dick. You're too busy with your own. Look at you."

"Come on, take it out. Take it out of your pants. I want to see it. Show me that hot, uncut Portuguese whopper that bashed the shit out of my marble bumpin' down the fuckin' mountain Friday night. Let me see it. I want to suck it off!"

He moves his left hand to his dick, opens my fly with his right and pulls out my semi-hard.

"Oh, yeah," he says, "what a fuckin' beauty."

He pinches the foreskin closed over the head of my dick and closes his teeth lightly on the flap locking my dick inside. That really starts to get me hard. The skin is fully stretched now, and my dick is backing up into my gut. Rudy lets go with his teeth, and the head of my pecker pops out of the skin and into his mouth

But the selfish fucker doesn't give me any head. He just nurses on my dick like it was a tit while he beats his meat. I grab his head in my palms and start fucking his wet, bearded hole. Frig him! I shove my fucker all the way down and piston-fuck his throat, slamming his head into my gut. I feel the juice movin' up, shoot three heavy wads down his gullet, pull out and drop the rest of the load over his beard and chest

I turn to leave.

"Manny!"

I turn back.

"That was great."

"Fuckin' bar."

"Will you teach me trappin'?"

"No."

"Manny!"

"What, for Crissake?"

A pause. Then he looks me in the eye.

"You always wanted to pisser me, didn't you?"

I want to say "No," but he knows he's got my attention now. I look at him sitting there practically bare-assed, squeezing his rammer, my come smeared on his beard and chest. I try to sound casual

"Yeah. So what?"

"Okay. Pisser me. Piss on my nuts and dick while I whack it."

"And your gut."

"Okay."

"And your tits."

"And my tits."

"And your beard."

A pause. "And my beard. Then will you teach me to trap?"

"And your mouth."

Another pause. "The last squirt. Can you tell when you're down to your last squirt?"

"I can tell when I'm down to my last cc, for Crissake. But you're getting more than a squirt, or no fuckin' deal."

A long pause. "Eight ounces then."

Fuck you. That's not even a pilsner. A measley mouthful."

A pint then, and that's it!"

"Deal."

If I could paint, I'd paint a picture of his face. He knows he's made a real good deal, but his feeling of triumph can't erase the apprehension written there.

"Okay, Manny. Pisser me."

I point my dick at his hand and let go with an easy stream. The piss hits his hand and the head of his dick. He's watching it, fascinated, and I can see as he whacks he likes the warm, wet feel of it. Then I drill his nuts with a hard jet. He shifts his ass forward on the can and pulls his dick to his belly so his nuts will be an easier target for me. He's diggin' this, too. I aim the stream at his naval.

"Some more on my nuts, Manny."

I go back to his nuts for a few seconds, then up his torso to his belly and his tits. His right tit is still raw from the alligator clip Friday night. I drill it. He starts spreading the piss over his body with his free hand. I can see he's surprised by his own reaction.

I move the piss to his come-covered beard, and it makes little waterfalls washing down onto his chest. I stop. He looks at me. He's hot as a bonfire. That's good. He's curious now, and willing. And I've got a lot more than a pint left if he wants it.

I can see his eyes glaze and know he's on the edge of a shoot. My dick's dangling in front of his mouth. I reach down and squeeze his nipples. He jerks like I touched them with branding irons. He looks from my eyes to my dick like a starving whore.

I say, "You like it, pal, don't you?"

"It's hot, man."

"Lick your lips, Rudy. Lick your beard."

His tongue comes out and licks in some of the piss and leftover come

"How's that taste, pal?"

"Hot, man. It's hot."

I take his free hand. It's still wet with piss. I separate the middle finger and stick it in his mouth. He sucks it dry.

"You like the taste, pal? It came from the same hole that shot a load down your throat just now, the same hole that shot a load up your beautiful, horny ass Friday night. I'm gonna put that pisshole in your mouth now, Rudy. I'm gonna give you a little taste right from the pisshole, okay, pal?"

"Yeah, man. Give it to me." He's breathless. He opens his mouth.

I've got a semi-hard again. I lay my prick on his tongue. He's like a baby who's never been fed before.

"Close your mouth on it, Rudy. I'm gonna give you a little."

He closes his mouth around my prick and looks in my eyes like I'm about to save his life. I let go a shot and a half, and he swallows it right off the bat.

"How was that, pal?"

He nods, my dick still in his mouth.

"Not so fast this time, pal. I'm gonna give you about twice what I gave you before. Take your time. Hold it in your mouth a while. Taste it. Roll it around on your tongue, in your cheeks, then swallow it slow."

I give him about three ounces of piss. I watch him savor it. His eyelids close. I'm squeezing his nipples. His fist is moving faster on his dick. He swallows. He's in fuckin' heaven. He starts mouthing my dick like he's trying to suck more piss out of it. He opens his eyes and looks at me, asking. I let it move down the canal slow and easy. As soon as it hits his tongue, he closes his eyes again. I've got him now. He's mine. He wants it. He'll drink every last drop of piss I can feed him.

I can feel him whackin' faster now. He starts to shoot his load. I let the piss go full stream. He's shootin' and moanin' and suckin' down piss and lovin' it like a fuckin' wino.

Rudy's discovered America again. □

PRESSMEN

by Roger Tuveson

I guess if I told you I fucked my motorcycle buddy while going close to 100 mph down the road one night, you wouldn't believe it. But it's true. Really. Let me start at the beginning.

I'm a pressman, run the big press that prints the daily newspaper every day. It's hot and heavy work, and I like it. Been doing it for some years now. We all work nights, coming in around 5 p.m. to get out the morning rag.

This one night I came on, there was a new guy on the job, in his mid-twenties I guessed, tall and lanky, legs like steel-coiled springs, the way he moved was quick, powerful, like a just-about grown panther. He'd be a black panther since he had fairly long, shiny black hair, a full head of it, and thick, curly black hair on his arms. His cleanshaven jaw showed a heavy five o'clock shadow. His upper arms bulged real good, not pumped-up, pretty-boy muscles, but firm, long, work muscles; they were like steel cables under the skin of his forearms. All this I observed in the first five minutes, as the foreman took him around showing him the place and introducing him to the men. He had a firm shake. His eyes hesitated a moment as they looked into mine.

I thought Uh-oh, but said nothing, going on about my work. We were about to run off some special advertising section to be stuffed inside the regular paper. But his image stuck in my mind much of that night. I was pretty sure mine was flashing around in his thoughts at least some of the time. I sure hoped so.

Me? Oh, I'm early thirties, divorced, ex-Marine; played a little football, saw a little action in Nam. Got a kid, with his mom on the Coast. She took him there when we split. I knew I liked to fuck with guys when I got married. Liked to fuck with girls, too, especially her. But she... well, never mind. It's not important. What's important is for a man to do what he's got to do to have a good life, get his rocks off, have some fun.

Things go well for me as long as I can ride my bike, get a little beer and smoke and some contact with a real man when I want it. There's a lot of fun a fella can have if he knows where to look.

I had J.W. (that was the new guy's name, James William) beat a little in the body size department. Outweighed him, and taller by an inch or two. That's not so important so long as you can take care of yourself, and I can, and I was sure he could, too.

Anyway, that night we all did our work, as usual, and the paper got out as usual, and pretty soon it was time to quit and go wash up—change out of the ink-soaked dark green work pants and shirts furnished by the paper, out of their safety shoes and safety goggles. Close up the old locker and split.

I wish I could tell you a hairy, cock-raising tale about J.W. and me in the locker room or shower, but I can't. I didn't know where his locker was and I only saw him a split-second in the shower, down at the far end. He looked real good, that's for sure. Just about like I'd imagined. Hot, soapy water running down his hairy, young body, head thrown back, washing his



hair. One of his hands, all soaped up, slipped down quick as a wink and brushed between the cheeks of his ass. I felt the soft end of my cigar flake off in my mouth when he did that—I'd bitten it in two. I turned to spit it out, and he was gone when I looked back.

Oh, I wish I could tell you we met up at the back door that night, but we didn't. I can truthfully say I went home with a rod as hard as iron in my briefs and lay there and cursed it as I nursed a beer in front of the TV.

I was right glad to get back to work the next night and see old J.W., see if he was as hot a guy the next time around as he'd seemed that first night. He was, every bit. And the next night and the next, too. At the end of the week I was going about my business, locking my locker and heading out to the parking lot, when I saw it. The big lap bike was parked next to mine under the tree. They were both 1000 cc engines, but mine's a German-made shaft-drive. This was chain driven. And who should come sauntering out towards it but old J.W. himself.

We nodded, said something about 'cycles, then fastened the chin straps to our helmets and cranked up. All he said was, "You know anywhere good to ride?"

I nodded, stomped down on the starter, and we headed down the interstate south of town, taking the first exit and crossing over the river bridge to get on the River Road. I like to ride there late at night. It's just farms and fields. The farmers go to bed early and it's real quiet and peaceful.

This was a real nice summer night. The breeze felt good in my face. We took it easy, going two abreast down the dark deserted road for about ten or twelve miles, just cooling out after work. The moon was out full but there were some clouds, so the light kept changing from real bright to real dark. Every once in a while I'd see a wild animal at the edge of the road, eyes reflecting our headlights.

We came to a long, straight stretch of road beside the river and I signaled to J.W. to open her up. We zipped on up to 80 or so real quick, and it was fine. But I didn't want to push it, so I dropped back. Pretty soon he did, too.

I knew a quiet little roadside cafe bar where bikers sometimes go, called The Cabin—good country and western music on the jukebox and not too many folks late at night; I thought we'd stop by there and get a brew. We were riding side by side down the blacktop when we crossed the state line.

I signaled J.W. to slow down, then hit my turn signal and coasted off on a dirt road, passing under some high-voltage power lines. We pulled up in the parking lot of The Cabin and got off, locking our machines. There were only a few cars and one other cycle in the lot.

Pushing the squeaking screen door open, I led the way inside across the bare wood floor, past the jukebox and cigarette machines, and up to the bar where I ordered two beers. The bartender, a young, hunky blond kid, stopped washing glasses long enough to smile and set 'em up and take the money. J.W. followed me over to a booth and we sat down facing each other. Like I said, he was a good-looking stud and easy to be with, so we just kind of sat there, sucking at our beers and enjoying the quiet. I said, "You been in this area long?"

"No, just came up to take this job. I been working south of here."

"Living by yourself?"

"At the Y right now. It's all right, I guess, till I find something better." J.W. got up and paid for two more beers and brought 'em over. His dungarees fit him real good—tight across his slender ass as he walked over to the bar, folded and bulged in their faded softness at the front when he came back.

I was pretty sure he was picking up on my staring, but I figured what the hell, might as well look. He put his pelvis right up against the table before he set the beers down and I could almost see his cock like I'd seen it in the shower, but not quite, since it was just under the denim held up by what had to be some tight briefs. My heart was beating a little faster. He was well-hung, I remembered. Sometimes a strong, strapping young guy can get cheated in the dick department. Not this one. J.W. was

over-endowed if anything. Well, I'd see. In a little while I called out to the bartender to give us a couple of shots of whiskey with another round of beers, just to move things on a bit, and we got to talking motorcycles.

Next thing I knew, we were back outside, mounting up and spinning out of the lot onto the highway. We would have been racing back up the highway if this possum hadn't run right out in front of my wheel before I got up any speed—sent me flying, and I ended up over in a hayfield about ten feet away from my machine. I was okay, but the gas line was busted; the whole tank was leaking out. J.W. was kneeling beside me, asking if I was all right and feeling my legs and arms to see if anything was broken. Nothing was, but his touch felt awful good.

We hid my machine over in a clump of pines and J.W. said, "Come on. I'll give you a ride on a real motorcycle."

I got on behind him, my crotch right up against his ass, and we started down the highway. J.W. picked up speed and I held on to him tight. He felt hard and strong. And something was going on with his ass. J.W. was getting real hot down there, right in front of my dick, which had been stiff a good long while now. We passed the turn-off road to The Cabin, kept going down the River Road until we reached a rest stop with a view of the river. As he brought the cycle to a stop I glanced down and saw a couple of used condoms lying on the blacktop.

"Looks like some guy's been getting himself a little ass here," I said.

"Sure looks that way," J.W. said, not moving. I'd loosened my hold on his body when he started slowing down, so now my hands were around his waist.

Suddenly I slipped them under his knit shirt and up over his leather belt, feeling his firm belly and going straight for his nipples. I pinched 'em hard. J.W. reared back against my chest and pushed his haunches even harder against my groin. I'd been right all along. At that instant I knew what I wanted.

"Stand up, J.W."

He stood. Still seated behind him, I undid his buckle and pants, sliding them down over his hairy, taut thighs. Taking out my pocket knife, I cut a good sized slit in the ass of the jeans and then I cut his briefs clean off him, throwing them down by the condoms. Then I pulled his dungarees back up, buckling them and whipping out my meat, still as big and hard as it had been for the past hour. I spit in my hand and rubbed it on my red hot cockup.

"Now, crank her up," I told him, "and sit back real slow." J.W. did as he was told, giving the starter a mighty whomp, revving up the engine. Then he sank down backwards real easy so my cock got in through the slit in the jeans. J.W. breathed through his teeth a couple of times and then sat right back down on top of my cock, just like I wanted him to.

As we pulled slowly out of the rest area, we crossed a drain and water run-off, which caused a couple of great bounces, sending him sliding up and down on my pole. I was in heaven. One of my old dreams come true—riding down the highway on a big fucking bike, fucking a hot young biker! We could have gone anywhere. All anyone could see, unless they looked awful close (and we weren't about to give no one that chance), was a rough young biker sitting with his tough, slightly older buddy close behind him, real close. I went back to the nippie work as we picked up speed. I didn't think I'd be falling off this bike, the way his ass was sucking in my cock. He could hold me on by his own ass power! Oh, he liked the tit work a lot. And then I strayed one hand down over his crotch and kept it there as long as we were riding in the dark.

His big cock was stiff and hard, too. I took it out to give it some night air, then covered it with my hands and used it to steer him. When I wanted him to turn right, I twisted his stick over to the right. J.W. caught on at once. Left meant left, pointing it down meant slow down, up meant accelerate.

I was having a good old time operating the whole shebang from where I was. Every bump or ripple in the road vibrated through my cock in his ass. I wondered what final sensation would send me into shooting. Crossing three sets of railroad

MEN MALE ENTERTAINMENT NETWORK

THE HOT EVENTS OF THE YEAR ON VIDEO TAPE

▼ International Mr. Leather 1983

Two hours of bare-chestedrawn, leather and chrome, mirth and men captured at the 1983 edition of the Chicago-based *International Mr. Leather* 1983 contest. Hear comedian/singers Herb & Potato, see celebrity judges like Tom of Finland and emcee Etienne, witness 44 prime specimens of leather manhood. Every bit as good as being there!

▼ Mr. Windy City 1983

More than 40 of Chicago's finest strut their stuff in the country's most glamorous *Mister* title tuxedoed swim-suited and casual—very distinctive personalities amid comedy, music and dancing 45 minutes of highlights.

▼ 1983 Reno Gay Rodeo

& 1983 Gay Rodeo Highlights

Come and join the cowboys and cowgirls for an hour of non-stop competition in the annual Reno Gay Rodeo, from opening ceremonies to awards presentation. Or settle for 30 minutes of action-packed highlights!

▼ 1983 San Francisco Lesbian/Gay

Freedom Day Parade & Celebration

There is no city like San Francisco anywhere on the face of the earth. Shit o' catfish in the water. Gay pride week in the roosters. Dikes on bikes. Gay Fathers, Gay Nuns, leathermen, policemen, politicians, clones and over a quarter of a million beautiful people!

▼ Jack Wrangler In Concert

The entire night club act of one of the legends of gay and country, plus a brief look at his early life, featuring Jack Wrangler caught on stage at the Douglas Dunes. From the story of his childhood to his tales of nights spent in hot pursuit, right down to the bare skin—Wrangler tells and shows all!

▼ Mardi Gras 1984

The American answer to Carnival in Rio! Thirty minutes of the outrageous and the sublime! See the most beautiful bodies and the most bizarre costumes vie for attention among the hundreds of thousands of Mardi Gras revelers.

MALE ENTERTAINMENT NETWORK

Brings you all the action in this series of gay entertainment spectacles—up close and in color. Events well worth adding to your video library.

STUDSTORE

960 Folsom Street/San Francisco, CA 94107

Please send me

- Mr International Leather '83 (\$75.00)
- Mr Windy City '83 (\$50.00)
- 1983 Reno Gay Rodeo (\$50.00)
- 1983 Reno Gay Rodeo Highlights (\$30.00)
- 1983 SF Gay Parade (\$30.00)
- Jack Wrangler (\$30.00)
- Mardi Gras 1984 (\$30.00)

Please send my video tapes in VHS Beta

Enclosed is \$ _____

(Add \$1 postage/handling per order, California residents add 6½% sales tax)

Charge to my VISA Mastercard

Card No. _____ Exp. _____

Signature _____

Name _____

Address _____

City/State/Zip _____

tracks up by the bridge did it

I pressed down on J.W.'s joystick. He obediently brought the cycle to a halt. We were under the bridge. I jerked him off a little. That's all it took. He came all over my hands, great globs of hot white cream. I wiped most of it on the pine needles of a nearby tree. Then I pushed his big dick way over to the left until the cycle had turned half-circle and we were headed back to The Cabin. I pulled it up against his tight, hard belly and we were flying down the highway, then I tucked it neatly back inside his jeans, leaving the red head somewhere around his hairy navel.

We pulled up on the dark side of the cafe bar, where I zipped up his pants. J.W. rose, my half-hard dick slowly slipping from his hole, all slick and sticky. I wiped it on the side of his levis. He laughed. J.W. seemed to feel great, too, and not to give a damn about going back in the bar with come on his levis and maybe just a little bit of cheek showing through the slit, since his briefs lay back by the river.

The Cabin was a lot busier now. The bar was leather jacket to leather jacket. A few denim jackets were shooting pool at one table. A couple of T-shirted guys dropped quarters in the jukebox, looking up when we walked in, especially noticing J.W., a new face and body, checking him out. We got beers and headed to the backroom, pushing the hanging chains apart as we entered the dark area. Bodies were clumped together in twos and threes back there. From time to time little cries of passion or pain filled the black air.

I felt J.W.'s presence right in front of me. I grabbed that presence against me. He came, willing enough, matching my hardness thigh to thigh. I slipped a finger back between his ass cheeks. He was still wet and hot with my come and his sweat. I took my time fingerfucking him. We pressed our mouths together. He tasted good.

Next to us some guy had his face against another guy's rear end. The one getting eaten held his hands up on the wall over his head, bracing himself and moaning low. A well-built, short guy who looked very young was carrying his rolled up jeans under his arm, he came over and sat down right beside us, naked. He just seemed to want to be in our company, nothing more. I gave J.W. a couple of fingers, then three. He stiffened, straightening up. I caught on. Okay, just checking, just wanting to hold his interest. Somebody was getting strapped over in the corner. We could hear the leather against the naked butt. That always gets to me real quick. The whipper was muttering curses and dirty talk at his victim. I guess J.W. got my drift.

Quick as a flash he had my jeans down, his belt out, my stomach bent over a hitching post they have back there. Whap, the belt bit into my flesh "You scum," he hissed at me. My dick was straight out. The nude young boy crawled over in front of me.

"No," I cried.

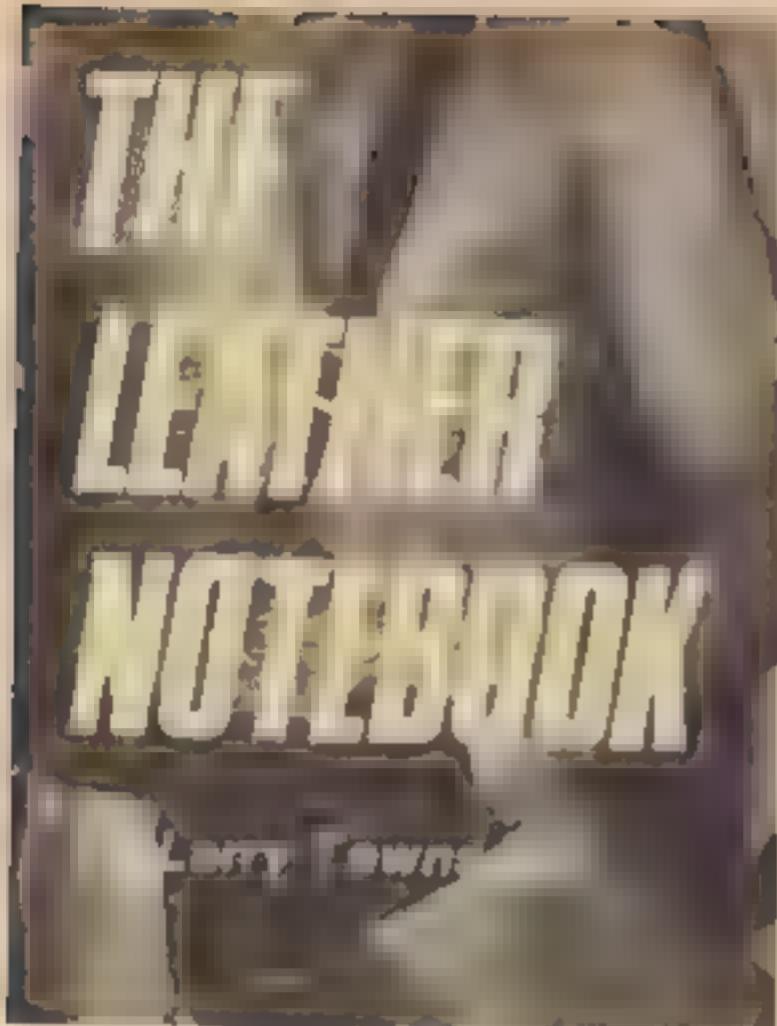
"Let him have it," J.W. ordered in a mean voice. The naked boy sucked me off as the belt reddened my butt. J.W. really laid into me.

I felt my back arching and knew I was coming, maybe like I'd never come before. For the second time within that hour I poured my juice into a dark, open space, this time hearing a scream and then realizing it had come from me.

We had another beer and then J.W. gave me a ride home. I didn't have to ask him in. He followed my every step. We took off our clothes and stepped into the shower together—I finally saw him full and up close in all his masculine beauty. We dried each other off and lay down on my bed.

There was one more thing I wanted that night. Nestled against his chest hair, I licked both nipples, then left a stream of saliva down to his navel. Just below it I encountered my goal, my dream. The hot, firm, rounded edge of his cockhead flared out at least half an inch from his rod. I circled it with my lips and tongue, and went around every millimeter. Then I licked the shaft. Sounds from up at the head of the bed told me I was doing it right...

We slept against each other until late morning—then it was time to go fix the fuel line on my cycle. □



Dear Larry,

I read with interest your response to R or NYC about men into diapers. I'd like to advise you on a couple of points: First, our smaller group of "loners" is becoming less lonely, since this condition stemmed largely from fear of ridicule—a less likely condition as guys become aware of others who share their interests. In addition to *Drummer*, other major publications have also run articles on the subject. There are now a number of clubs and outlets catering to our interests, a couple being: Diaper Pail Society (D.P.S.), 55 Sutter #457, San Francisco CA 94104 (membership club); Lil' Wrangler Enterprises, 484 Lake Park Ave #36, Oakland CA 94610 (paraphernalia supplier).

Generally, there are three categories of diaper lovers: guys into watersports who have discovered the warm convenience of diapers and plastic pants vs. wet clammy jeans; men whose fantasies relate to a total regression to an infantile, "baby" state; daddies/diaper boys, i.e., guys into milder forms of SM who use the diaper as a form of punishment/humiliation. The largest number of guys probably fall into this latter category.

C.T., Washington, D.C.

Dear C.T.,

Thanks for sharing your expertise with us. I know you were the one who invented the diaper "hankie code" as a tongue-in-cheek remark in an earlier *Drummer* article, but I have seen a couple of guys actually using it. Maybe your scene is even more popular than you realize.

Dear Sir,

I am 34 years old, and I met a great guy. Started going out with him and things were (are) going well except that he likes his tits squeezed, and he tries to pat my butt. You see, I love SM; I have leather. I was wondering if I should get tit clamps for him, also start playing (lightly) some

scenes with him? Or should I just wait and see. His fantasy is to get fucked by a guy (me) in chaps.

Dizzy in Leather (NYC)

Dear Dizzy,

What's your problem? If you're into leather, and if you like SM, why do you even hesitate? It sounds to me as if you've found exactly what many of our readers are breaking their asses to find. And if his "patting your butt" means he'd like to use those clamps on you...well, why not just ride the whirlwind?

Dear Larry,

I need to know something. Why is it that you (and *Drummer*) don't mention NYC clubs and other leather-related activities in this area? You mention San Francisco clubs and bars, even clubs in the South. I am a club member, and while I admire your efforts and those of *Drummer*—in fact I wish there were more of you around—I don't understand why you neglect us.

Ron S., NYC

Dear Ron,

You must have missed a couple of issues, because I've certainly had things to say about GMSMA, The Mineshaft, etc. I've also seen articles in *Drummer* that covered NYC events. However, you must remember that in my case, I respond to letters I receive, and don't determine where they come from. *Drummer*, being an international magazine, has to cover events all over the world. If you really want more exposure in your area, why not make sure the editors know about them far enough ahead to arrange for coverage? We are, of course, based on the West Coast, and have to depend on our friends and correspondents to tip us off about the hot and interesting activities in their locales.

Dear Mr. Townsend:

With the permission of my Master I am writing for your advice. My Master thinks that I should be totally shaved. We have a good relationship and I have never refused him anything he wanted to do to me or use me for, except on this one issue. I have an extremely hairy body. My Master is not particularly hairy, and he believes that slaves should not be permitted hair on their bodies, which he maintains is the sign of a Master. I do not believe that hair means anything except that is the way I am. He wants to take me to a Master Barber, where I will be totally shaved, even my head. Afterward, my Master wants to keep my body clean (of hair).

I have tried to be a good slave, and want to please my Master. However, I don't agree with him that I need to be shaved. What advice would you give to a slave in my position? I don't want to lose my Mas-

ter, but I don't want to lose my hair, either.

Hairy, but Sincere

Dear Hairy,

You write, claiming to be a slave; yet your mental attitude is not in keeping with that title. A slave obeys his Master, even when he doesn't want to obey. He doesn't whine; he doesn't protest; and he certainly doesn't argue. If you're just an M, playing at being a slave, that's a different story. That is the fundamental choice you have to make.

Dear Larry,

I know that catheters up to FR30 are regularly sold by various specialty stores and mail order businesses. But I recently read an article that indicated they go up to FR45. Is it possible for the usual suppliers to get them in this size, or is it a restricted item? I'd also like to know if they are made without a hole in the business end, or at least with a smaller hole, but still with a hollow tube. Of course, I can't find any kind of catheter on the home market.

R.J., England

Dear R.J.,

To properly answer your question, let's first take a quick look at the definition of the word "catheter." The term applies to any flexible or solid tube used to draw fluids from any part of the body. The FR numbers are merely the French system, by which the diameter of the catheter is measured in metric increments. The regular latex catheters, sold by most businesses that cater to the "kink" market, go from FR8 (the smallest) to FR52. However, somewhere along the line (usually somewhere in the 20's), the suppliers and manufacturers change the nomenclature in their catalogues from "urinary catheter" to "rectal tube." Yet the shape of the item is the same, or almost the same. It simply has a larger length and diameter as the numbers get bigger. Since an FR30 catheter is about as big around as your little finger, there aren't many dicks that can accommodate it, and most medical catalogues label it as a rectal tube (or rectal catheter).

To specifically answer your questions: Yes, FR45 is available, but most places don't carry it, because it's "in the middle" vis-a-vis urinary/rectal use. I've never seen a catheter without a hole at either end, but then it wouldn't be a catheter, would it? The size of the holes will vary from one manufacturer to the other, but if you're going to get this specific you'd better make friends with a surgical supplier, who has the time and interest in finding your exact desire.

(If you would like to have Larry Townsend address a particular problem or issue, you can write him via Leather Notebook, Drummer, 964 Folsom Street, San Francisco, CA 94107.)

DRUMMER

**AIN'T NO
MAINSTREAM
MAGAZINE!**

**DRUMMER ISN'T A COPY
OF ANYTHING ELSE**

The best in fiction, photography and art presented in the hottest, most forthright manner possible. The popularity of DRUMMER is legendary and there is nothing else like it. Don't miss an issue. It's one of a kind!

Sample copy is 3.95

TWELVE ISSUES

\$40

MACH

FOR MEN

**MACH IS DRUMMER'S
BIG BROTHER!**

If you think DRUMMER is outrageous, wait until you meet MACH. We introduce the Six Dollar Magazine, which is in itself fairly outrageous. More color, more of everything, except advertising. MACH is fresh, bright and a definite instant turn-on. Strictly High Octane. Sample copy \$6

FOUR ISSUES

\$20

MANIFEST

**AMERICA'S HOTTEST
GAY MAGAZINE
BARGAIN!**

At a buck-ninety-five, you certainly get your money's worth from MANIFEST. The biggest gathering of personal classified ads around in our Man-hunt Section. More pictures of more flesh along with bright articles and fiction. It's what you've been waiting for, priced at about half of anybody else. Take advantage of us quick while we're young and vulnerable

TWELVE ISSUES

Sample copy 1.95

\$20

ALTERNATE PUBLISHING

904 Folsom Street/San Francisco, CA 94107

- Send me DRUMMER in a plain brown envelope
\$40 a year (outrageous!)
 Send me MANIFEST and make it snappy!
\$20 a year (cheap!)
 Send me MACH. I'm man enough
\$20 a year (and worth it!)

NAME _____

ADDRESS _____

CITY, STATE, ZIP _____

Charge it to my VISA MASTERCARD

NO. _____

Expires _____ I am over 21 _____

Signature _____

THE COMPOUND

WHITE BOY!

SNEAK
PREVIEW

DRUMMER DADDIES 3

GLORY

STUD



DISTRIBUTOR DUDES



DRUMMER DADDIES 3, we suppose, could be called "Sons of DRUMMER DADDIES"—and may well be if Robert Payne has his say. A collection of all-new pictures and experiences from all over on the biggest phenomenon of the '80s. Nothing DRUMMER has ever done has produced more mail or had a bigger reaction. The first *DRUMMER DADDIES*, along with *DRUMMER DADDIES* 2, were complete sell-outs with only remainder returns still available. Care to submit your case history? \$6 cover, pre-publication price \$4.95.



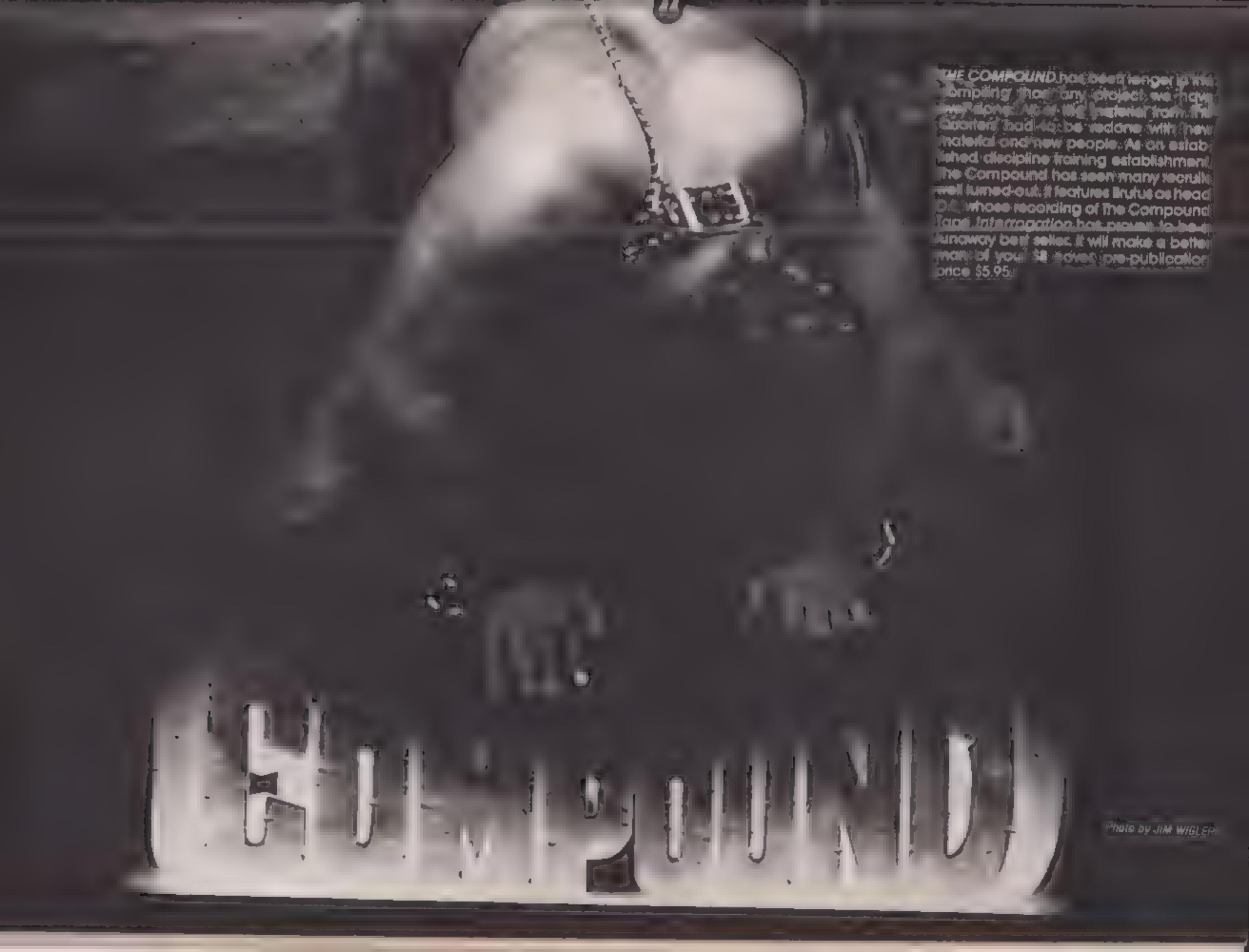
GLORYFOLESTUD

AN AFTERNOON AT THE PLEASURE PALACE turns a fantasy of two for most of us. Two well-hung studs have an encounter among the movie machines and the video games at the dirty book stores. With pornstar Ed Wiley and Christy, who won "The Biggest Dick in San Francisco" award, the results are electrifying. Ed puts Scott through his paces and finds there is very little that the young hung, blond won't do for him. Photography by Jim Wigler and dialogue by Robert Payne. \$8 cover, pre-publication price \$5.95.









THE COMPOUND has been longer in the
compiling than any project we have
ever taken on. The material from the
Sectors had to be re-done with new
material and new people. As an estab-
lished discipline training establishment,
The Compound has seen many recruits
well turned out; it features Enthusiastic head
D.I.'s whose recording of The Compound
Tape Interrogation has proven to be a
runaway best seller. It will make a better
man of you. \$2.00 pre-publication
price \$5.95.

Photo by JIM WIGLER

DOWNWHITE BOY!

DOWN, WHITE BOY! was previewed in the last issue of DRUMMER and is now available in photography by MaleExposure. It depicts a blonde junior who agrees to give slave to two black bucks, partially to get along with himself for the killing of all their ancestors over a century before this game and serves and serves you will come and come and come. \$8 cover.

For the man that knows
what he wants!!

EAGLE LEATHERS

Dallas • Austin

4013 Prescotte

DALETT

214-528-1577



1984

MR. NORTHERN CALIFORNIA DRUMMER CONTEST

WOODS

FRIDAY—SUNDAY APR 27-29

Winner will compete in
San Francisco in the 1984
MR. DRUMMER contest

MAKE YOUR RESERVATIONS NOW

THE WOODS

Russian River Resort
707-867-0111
16881 Armstrong Woods Road
Guerneville, CA 95446

AD 2303A

TWO GUYS SEEK YOUNG (18-35)
Dude for 3-way action. Top or bottom
We have private black room. Boxholder
Box 9484 Phoenix AZ 85068

STUD HOUSE BOY WANTED
2 GWM's (35 & 45) need a hot houseboy
during the day! At night you must be a
butch top (25-45). Daytime you do the
chores at night you order what you
WANT! Almost any scene acceptable
except scat. We have a large ranch-
house in Arizona with toys, sim. spa
movies etc. Room and board plus
salary for right MAN. Transportation
costs to ranch will be reimbursed. If
you are serious and interested call
602-384-4701 or write with picture and
qualifications to S & J Enterprises RR
1 Box 7498 Wilcox Arizona 85643

NORTHERN CALIFORNIA

TELEPHONE

HOMEBEAT

DRUMMER and MANIFEST will now
accept verified telephone numbers in
personal ads. Please add \$1 to the cost
of the ad if a telephone number is
included in the ad copy. If necessary
please indicate to us the best times to
verify the number. Commercial ads
Services, Models, Travel, Resorts
Employment For Sale, etc.) may have
telephone numbers included in their
advertising provided that advertisers
can provide a business card letterhead
or other printed material on which the
phone number to be used appears.
There will be no exceptions.

THE LEATHER FRATERNITY
is looking for men who are dedicated to
a lifestyle that only leathermen experience
and appreciate. Age, looks &
natrality top/bottom, versatilie not
important—dedication to the special
sights, sounds, smells and tastes of a
leather lifestyle are. Benefits include
Drummer Subscription, free classified
ads, discounts on purchases and more!
Send SASE for a confidential application.
The Leather Fraternity 964 Folsom
St San Francisco, CA 94107

SAN FRANCISCO RUSSIAN RIVER

SM C&BT To lie and chew on. Don't
forget T/T Versation. Your photo gets
mine. All answered. Box 344.

GWM WANTED

YOL 25-35 at least 5'10" Not fatbul not
skinny either. Good looking facial hair
a must. I am 26 5'10" Blonde hair and
blue eyes with moustache. Muscular
body. I am interested in a relationship.
Your photo gets mine. I am not a size
queen but I have been impressed. I just
don't like little dicks. Box 4013

JIM W GLER DRUMMER STAFF PHOTOGRAPHER

WILL PHOTOGRAPH YOUR
LEATHER/UNIFORM FANTASY!
415-673-1284

SEXUAL ABUS VE MASTER W'SLAVE—DOG

Wants 3rd and/or 4th. I am a (GL) male
masculine Master (37). I own a Butch
Sicilian son/ slave-dog (35). Though he
is still in training, I have taken control
over his mind instilling in him a great
desire & need to serve, respect, obey &
worship his Master. He commands leather
boots, man-crotch & man-ass. He now works at proving he has two
hungry holes that are total pussy. I am
looking for another master buddy who
owns a boy so we may together expand
on the powerful mental dominance,
degradation, verbal humiliation, bond-
age & sexual abuse of my/ our slave

pussy. Other Masters invited— other
slaves submit respectful letter. Only
serious replies w/ photo will merit this
experience. Box 3615

SOUTH BAY AREA

White male, 27 6' 165 needs fantasies
turned into realities. I need a leather
bondage Master who will take control
and guide me through moderate to
heavy B.D.V/A boots, gloves, police
uniforms, hoods, and light to moderate
S/M. Serious training needed. If possible
send photo. Box 3711

I'M LOOKING

For a long term relationship with a
macho muscular slave into oil—
sweat—kin—chains 5'9", 175, 45
Phone (415) 944-9984

BLUE-COLLAR WORKERS

See "Organizations"

HOT 30 YR OLD TATTOOED

Blond, blue-eyed leather boy 5'11",
slender, very handsome, boyish. Seeks young
(21-30) good-looking, clean-shaven
masculine gay or bi buddy-punk biker, or surfer type for sex and
companionship. Possible on-going
relationship. Can be gentle and/or
wild. Light S&M bondage leather, loving.
No lets fags losers or clones need
apply. Photo a must. Box 3925

YOUR FAVORITE HOLE

To 1145 Folsom Street approx 4-1-84
The Watering Hole

W.M. 37, 6', SLENDER

Good looking, bottom, seeks heavily
muscled daddy 25-45 into it. T/T, B/D
W/S. Let me worship your sweaty muscles.
Use your muscles on me. Outdoor
scenes? Rig. 1632 J, #3, Eureka, CA
95501

TWO LOOKING FOR TWO

SF BAY AREA
Or four, #15, 40, 130 54" #2 MS, 30
180 6'1" Both w/ hot w/o attitude and
like rough sex & old standards. No
guys about sex except fear of AIDS. We
want to form a 4 or 6 way closed sex
partnership with 1 or 2 stable couples.
You should be GWM under 50, in good
shape healthy, not looking for a lover
into hot sex and able to keep closed
partnership commitment. If interested
lets meet & look one another over.
Write Box 3937

TALL MELLOW TOP

Wants an easy going independent
Buddy with a healthy hairless body and
a hot fuckable ass. Photo, letter and
phone to Box 3767

BLOND COCKSUCKER

Bodybuilder has spit and suction for
men with good muscles and healthy
minds. No dick too long. No muscles
too sweaty. Box 1536

PATRON FRIEND SOUGHT

Gay male writer looking for assistance
by altruistic type. Worrying about
money and writing do not mix between
you and I, the romantic notion of the
struggling writer is a nice illusion but a
notion to live if you can help, and think
that you might want to please let me
know. Discretion is important. I am
friendly, considerate, talented, sincere,
discret. Steve P.O. Box 22036, San
Francisco, CA 94122

HOT COCK

I'm 32, 150W 5'10", hairy, muscular
w/ br hair, moust & beard, tit-ring &
tattoo; usually top but welcome other
lops one-to-one or? Experienced in all
scenes esp. VA, TT, Humiliation FF
(top) cigars, and leather. You are
together GWM 22 to 40, flexible and
willing to expt. w/ both new & old
scenes for max pleasure. No blood or
V drugs. Your photo gets mine. Barry
Byford 495 Ellis #2892 SF CA 94102

SOME PEOPLE SAY

That I am a devil. I think I am an angel of my kind. Write me telling me how kinky you can get and let's get together to have fun. Later on we'll get into more serious things, of course. Hurry up! There are too many things around the cosmos for us to pick up. Me: WM 40 5'11", 175 lbs. You: I hope you have a good mind. Box 3441.

RECENTLY DIVORCED

Seeking buddies (1 or more) for mutual enjoyment & expanding my experience in fucking. Light S&M, BB, WS, toys & does polaroids, playrooms & fantasy scenes. Not into scat, heavy pain. Reply with photo to Box 3797.

GOODLOOKING W/M

Seeks to m blue collar workers into uniforms & leather. Jim, 415-673-1284.

21 YR. OLD, 5'7" 160LB

Bodybuilder seeks older (25-35) top man to exercise light BB/D & preliminary S/M techniques. Must be good looking and masculine. Box 3944.

SEX MANIAC

Insatiable too needs dairy servicing. Looking for hot bodies—which part of the body doesn't matter. Must be good at one end or the other. Sex Maniac is 5'11", 155 lbs. br-br with 8½" of thick hard meat. Can be kinky if the mood strikes. Reply Box 3917.

VIDEOPORNFREAK

With tastes that run from the bizarre to the downright disgusting wants to correspond and possibly swap with other videopornfreaks either format, with similar or more extreme tastes. Interested in amateur as well as under-the-counter material. W.M. Box 3911.

GWMAN 30 WANTED

Tired of bars—usual artificial men—Seeking meaningful relationship. I'm willing to give TLC to the right man who is honest, trustworthy, sensitive. Into all music especially classical and fun times. I'm W/M 32 Blue eyes hung—versatile. Box 3923.

VERSATILE WRITER

into SM and you name it, seeks man Under 45 with good body. No J/O phone calls. 861-3183.

PHONE J/O

6', 165 lbs. W/M needs verbal abuse and hot J/O phone calls between 7 PM—8 AM only. Dick (415) 626-1385.

WM, 45, 6' 275 LBS., 7½", UNCUT
Genuine very exp masochist seeks genuine exp sadist for mutual satisfaction. Your power, domination and pleasure are my pain humiliaton and submission. You set the limits and decide the scene. I am very exp. in heavy bondage and whipping. Piercing CBT, TT, watersports, body worship, total service and want to continually expand my experiences. What the body may lack in muscular perfection will be more than made up for by what it can give in true sado-masochistic pleasure. Poss perm. relationship. Box 3875.

HOT LONELY BOTTOM

W/M late 40 seeks gentle hot topman wih hot rod. In only Alb. Area. Box 3857.

W/MASCULINE HEAVYSET TOPS
Age 35-50, wanted by W/Masculine Bottom. 34, 6'1", 195. into T/T CBT W/S+. Photo & phone gets immediate phone response. All letters answered. No fees. Box 3874.

W/M, 34, NOVICE

Seeks bearded Master into patient serious exploration of brutes and mutual satisfaction. No one hiters. Prefers hairy, baldish, anally oriented, 38-55. Seek man whose life reflects merits self respect and who gets off on sharing self. 863-9756.

31, White Male, 160

Looking for correspondence and/or contact with men willing to expand my experience w/ C/B TT WS FF Picture appreciated 584 Castro #279 SF 94114

ME—NATURALLY MASCULINE MAN

32, 6', 215, serious weightlifter handsome. YOU—Naturally masculine attractive man with a good heart. No sissys, phoneys, free loaders. Photo phone Box 3886.

W/M SON SEEKS W/M DAD

Son is 28, 153 lbs. 5'11". DAD is someone who knows how to take care of us both. Must be able to administer corrective punishment when necessary over the knee etc. I will obey your parental guidance. Send your guidance to David, Box 18891 San Jose, CA 95158.

FARFIELD/CONCORD

Masc hairy BB 29 yrs. old looking for same. Into dirt bikes, backpacking and snow skiing & BB. Also like bondage CBT and out door scenes. Write to DGB 1647 Willow Pass Rd #40 Concord CA 94520. No lies, fals or fakes. Photo if possible.

POLICE UNIFORMS

HOT W/M INTO POLICE UNIFORMS WORN WITH SHINY HIGH BLACK LEATHER BOOTS AND SKINTIGHT BLACK LEATHER POLICE GLOVES. CIGAR AND PIPE SMOKERS A PLUS. (415) 673-1284

DADDY'S BOY

W/M 22, 5'9" #130 Brn/Grn. Looking for big beer belly Daddys 35+ w/beards into cigars, leather, bondage boots uniforms, etc. Barry (415) 929-7161 Box 3997.

NATURAL STUD INTO J/O

Goodlooking built hung aggressive 29, 6', 158#, dark blonde moustache. Throbbing 8" muscle, heavy hanging ballsack. Into showing off and stroking scenes with other true exhibitors. Photos a must before meeting. Box 3901.

YES SIR SLAVE WANTED

W/M scorpio, BB 40 5'11" 205# solid bl-bl, bald beard Germanic, strict into S/M discipline, regimented lifestyle. Face slapping. YOU 21-35 good body moustache, employed GR P/A NO FFA/ drugs/ scat/ filth/ blood MY WAY ONLY! Affection earned Permanent and live-in. Send qualifications /photo to C.L. Sawyer P.O. Box 38775 Los Angeles, CA 90038.

MASTER WANTED

45 yr old GWMS 5'11"—175 BR-BB w/salt & pepper short beard seeks life of service to good master FF BD-C&B-FA GP—let's expand & grow—fringe benefits 415-441-6109.

STUD MUFFINS

I am hairy bearded BB dark blond jock. 25, masculine sensual, versatile earthy, intelligent, narcissistic, with great pierced tits. Wants Hot professional mutually independent, Daddy Bear 25-35, Buddy, companion sensitive macho, fiery physical, non-affected, nonsmoker, preferably w/facial hair. Turn Ons Fr. Gr leather jocks, CBT, Furskin, J/O, fist-toys, getting high, oil sweat and Big Balls. Send brief description w/birthdate photo appreciated. If you're Fuckin Hot Enough.. you can have me otherwise forget it! Rock—584 Castro St. #188 SF CA 94114.

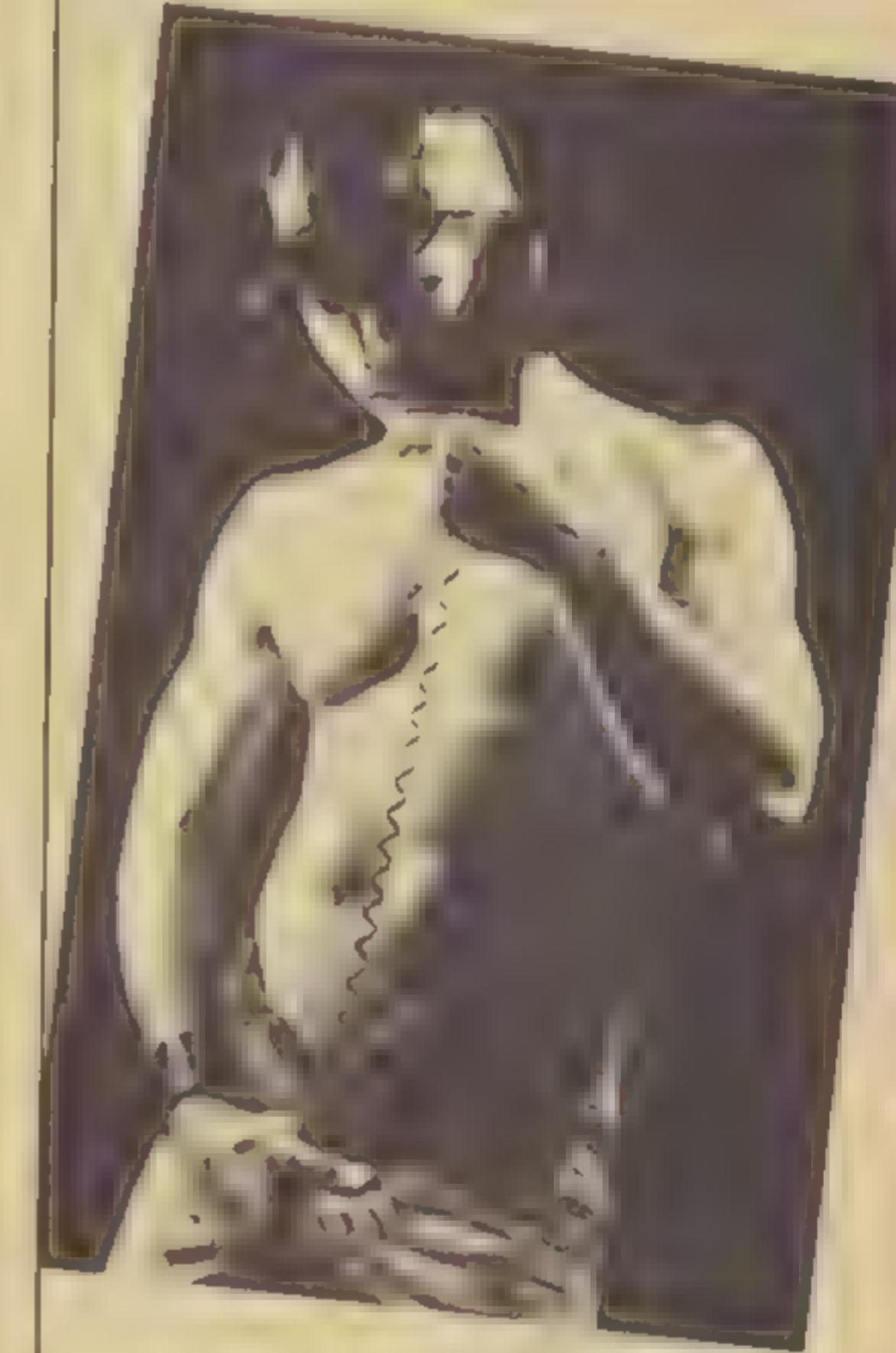
TOTAL BONDAGE

With rope, chain, leather, shaving CBT, TT. Your neds satisfied with mine. Write detailed letter w/ photo graph. Box 19065 Oakland CA 94619.

DICK HEAD PLAY

Tickle it wild with a little brush, or cup your tired hand and like chalking a

Call us. Tell us what you want—the kind of guy you'd like to talk with. Then we'll have him call you back at our expense. You don't have to pay for an expensive collect call, and you can talk as long as you want—until you're satisfied.



REAL MEN

(415) 864-3104

CREDIT CARDS

24 HOURS A DAY

Free Long-Distance Call-Back
You pay one low price.

pool cue, polish that screaming dick head for hours Box 881922, S.F. CA 94188-1922

PASS FOR CHICKEN?

Extreme submissives 19 plus who look and think very boyish call The Co one 6-9 pm only 415/467-5128

KINKY ROMANTIC

Seeks same 6' 165# 38 vers. stable, prof, endow horny atrr seeks same 20-45 into WS, FF GR FR, TT Shaving whatever No scat, major pain, items enticing it & pic please Box 3979

NOVICE W'M 35

Seeks attractive toilet face with big mouth no photo no reply P.O.B. 6742 S.F., CA 94101

HEALTHY, HORNY, BEARDED

Tall dark macho master 31 demands fresh punk slave to own I will train you to suck my hung uncut thick prick daily like the dog you are You will be my property You must be 18 to 28, small ass trim body, passive, energetic, obedient,oyal healthy Brains, big cock irrelevant Non-English speak no O.K. All you need know is "Yes Sir" Bay Area only No. 0 calls (415) 861-3717 Master 10am 10pm

BODY SERVICE

Bik M 35 wants to oil service and worship muscular bodies and clean sweat & armpits and crouch (Lori) 415/864-8

SURVIVAL?

Boyish bottom (30-5'8", 145#) cuts needs A.D.S.-aware daddy interested in living through these strange times Seeking playful hung creative top with own place for hot safe fantasy action Fucking sucking sparkling c/b/t, lots leather imagination Must be healthy respect limits and me No fluid exchange FF, brutally Send letter photo Box 4009

CUT NUTS

G.W.M. 28 likes nuts C.B play cire, bedding, penis amp., tact or fiction. J.C. Box 4007

SOUTHERN CALIFORNIA

BIG FURRY "BEAR"

Burly blue-collar type W.M. (6'1" 232-33) trim beard, thinning hair, broad hairy shoulders, chest and back pliable bear body cut 6'5" nice butt and strong legs (13E boots) seeks hot uninhibited MEN 24-40 for sweaty lust fantasy realizations, kinky and/or sensual good times Stoney @ (213) 666-3206 (Silverlake)/Box 10643, Glendale, CA 91209

YOUNG HOT WHITE MASTER

26 yrs old, 5'8", 130 lbs Brown hair, green-gray eyes, mustache and nice body—Seeks slaves(s) who need to be owned for life A so will review requests from slave(s) who seek less permanent service Forward detailed letter w/photo to Lord Stephen, Box 352 Garden Grove, CA 92642-0352

ANY REAL ACTION

From dudes who know what the he they can, and will put out and take Really know about M/S, B/D, W/S, B/P Toys Hoods, Rimming Potty seal, Humil. and????? Let's match 90% for hot action, BLACKS get 1st place. HARRY W/M CHICANOS come in 2nd. with PHOTO get quick reply responsibility gives all one No age or size hang up. Let's do it ads are for it. Box 3647

HOT MASTER

TAKING APPLICATIONS

For slave(s) Temporary or permanent servitude considered by hot 29 yr old 5'9" 145 pound blond, blue-eyed dominant professional Looks are important but knowing your place and staying there makes the difference

Jim is considered but a slave's duty is to satisfy his master Masculine mediterranean/latins a plus Box 3658

MASTER WANTED

into heavy B-D, Shaving, motorcycles, domination, outdoors, slave offers himself completely Box 3613

DOMINANT MASTERS

Seeks raw human animal for training Object: obedience/loyalty development Will consider all breeds from street mutt to pedigreed hunk Must have strong healthy constitution, spirit and basic intelligence. Not for fantasy seekers or hopeless wrecks If you are a man who realizes that his greatest worth is as an animal who must have I'm direction tempered with warmth understanding and necessary discipline then this could be your chance to finally realize your full potential Your responsibilities will be few chiefly house security and companionship Your opportunities limited only by your will The San Diego area will be home Keep in mind that the best animals have good intuition so follow your instincts Submit photo address and phone Box 3581

SLAVE DANNY

Will submit to bondage tortures, shaving, whipping, piercing of armpits & tits For parties, photos groups or one Master (818) 846-9486

WANTED:

Healthy male slave any race, 21-35 must be willingly disposed to total service, in any and all means, without reason or question This property will be personally owned by a Master demanding His slave's whole mind and body in a fully subservient existence dedicated to its Master and His life style Send appropriate application humbly to Master Conrad, P.O. Box #938 29 Palms, Calif. 92277, include a complete mailing address and telephone number BE READY TO RELOCATE IMMEDIATELY if acceptable

LEATHER DISCIPLINE

Hot, hndsm w/m 40 6'1" 190# Sadistic, experienced and widely respected seeks unfulfilled muscular masochists OBJECT Enlarging the S&M spectrum by satisfying mutual needs Rawhide and steel will restrain your power while whips, wax and weights stimulate your endurance If you're ready to work up a sweat on your naked flesh and strain your muscles to reach new horizons, contact Frank Albright, Box 84085, San Diego, CA 92138 or call 619-260-8196 (after 11 pm

PIERCED, TATTOOED

LA TOP

Bearded 6', 155# w/m mid-40s, looking for L/L, boot-lickin', piss-drinkin', grease/oil-lovin', bondage slave to shave Must be willing to expand limits on piercings, tattoos, C/B/T/T, W/S shaving and bondage Am responsible but demanding. Exhibitionistic punks ok Photo/ phone replies answered first Box 3741

BLACK MUSCLEMAN TOP

Wanted by blond bodybuilder into bondage, leather, CBT, Shaving vacuum. Total service Am hardworking, stable, professional, building gameroom and gym. Have much physical & mental potential. 1st ad, serious only pls. Photos return #245 8306 W. 1st re Blvd Beverly Hills Ca. 90211

SADIST WANTED

By masochist for expanding my limits in all scenes. No drugs or shaving Available weekends Box 3666

WANTED: ONE SLAVE

W.M. Master 45 5'8" 145 lbs. seeks to own masculine trim slave under 35 Master desires personal sex slave or slave/son, not S&M Bottom Disc phone.

training, bondage, domination—yes Brutality—no. In total commitment to this lifestyle be ready to be kept naked chained and kneeling at Master's feet waiting to serve, suck, or spread em, or don't bother to apply. Master especially demands constant crotch worship and lots of head. Looks and height not that important Attitude, obedience and complete submissiveness to butt-fucking Master is All races and nationalities considered Beginner welcome Permanent and live-in Be prepared to relocate if accepted Box 3862

LONG BEACH, ORANGE COUNTY

Masculine, white man, 45, 5'9", 155# seeks same to 45 as FF Bottom Must have good head and body Reply with photo and phone to Box 3869 Skiers welcome!

WANT LEATHER BUDDY

For good healthy sex W.M. 48-5'10" 160. Bl/gr/moustache. Good body, likes TT B/D. CBT YOU B/B, good chest, pecs, fits a musl. Letter w/picture gets results, tell me what you need If you're interested in sincere buddy friendship/relationship with gd-looking top/bottom Go for it! Don't be afraid Answer this ad No fals. items FF or dapers Box 3852

THERE ARE NO LEATHER BARS IN MISSION VIEJO

Slave/prisoner looking for Master(s)/guard(s) Me. WM. 34-6-170-Lite brd Tan FA, GP B&D verbal abuse, ball & tit tort. W.S. travel LA-SD You → b/w to dominate under 45, healthy good shape Photo & phone to Box 2142 Mission Viejo, CA 92690-0142

BODY PUNCHING

Box, fight, gro-wrestle w/punks, rookies, veterans. Tops, bottoms, tag-teams, 2 vs 1, all levels. novice to experienced SASE Box 691525, L.A. CA 90069

SLAVES MEET YOUR MASTER

Will train obedient submissives in S&M B&D WS FFA with desire to have their limits expanded Reply with phone and photo Box 3978

A DIFFERENT DADDY

Young goodlooking Daddy looking for a goodlooking Boy for mutual respect and admiration. Daddy likes fishing water sports, bondage and wants his Boy to be Bottom AND top. Daddy is not looking for a slave Daddy is 36 5'8" 140 6'1" cut, and would like his Boy to be Younger Taller Better Hung (especially if Uncut), Del ned Hairy Chest You need not meet all of these likes but a moustache is required. Send letter (not just a note), recent photo (mandatory), which will be returned if requested. Box 4010

SLAVE FOR HOT SADISTIC TOP

My master likes fresh meat and it's my job to find it Ready for the real thing? Send letter and picture to Box 5692 Glendale, CA 91201 If you're lucky he'll try you out!

WANTED!

Slave, total submission into bondage, shaving, spankings, S&M, dildos under 30 a must. novice OK call (619) 296-1084 Richard

YOUNG SLAVE MUST LIVE IN
Be healthy and hung No limits. Call 714/498-8082 to apply Master now 26

FISTFUCKERS

Young fist slave wants your young fleshy paw deep up my hot butt 213-659-3604

SAN GABRIEL VALLEY

2 very gding masters, 6' 170 30, 5'7" 135 33, both blk brn, moust, hairy construction workers, into most scenes including S&M, B/D, WS, CBT, taking app for perm eager slave. You must be in gd shape, masc, hairy completely sub-

servant and willing to commit yourself to this relationship and none others. We will do the same. Send picture and application Box 3908

TOP NEEDS TRAINING

Inexperienced—preferably in game room, w/s, rimming, VA, Fantasy, shaving experiment ME 44 6', 170 lbs, silver bond, blue. Photo, letter to Tom—7985 Santa Monica Blvd. #109-241 LA CA 90046

GET ARRESTED!

strictly for obstinate 18-35 White law-breakers, gun-ho to get busted, manhandled by law-booted, uniformed motorcycle trooper True bent Negro 40 sadistic hot as a pistol, flagrant into cap fantasies w/full motorcycle police uniform 'n gear knows how to feed cock kick ass/earn respect/teach aw in order to White violators Black n proud, gets his honest gut-pleasure by condemning White fuckups to crawl/obey his boot leather beg for his hard prime black meat n licorice fuckjuice i fully White offenders to be stripped/handcuffed/bum-railed/degraded, chained by hair nuts/made to submit to prolonged tit/cock/ball torture until the enforcer gets what he demands service from White malfeasants If cops are your hang-up, remit mandatory photo w/hot letter to P.O. Box 4672 Los Angeles CA 90051 2672

LOOKING FOR

EXPERIENCED TOP MAN

Must have nice body, not hairy, no beard Prefer no moustache should be into all clean scenes, maybe with we're equipped playroom. I am 42, 6'3", 180 with piercings and many tattoos Experienced in some scenes novice in others Some limits Disease conscious? Is there a doctor into piercing? Please call Mon-Fri 9pm to midnight Ask for Ron, and be discreet Leave number and time to call if not home (213) 254-3038

AFFECTIONATE BOTTOM

G/W/M 23, 5'10" 150 lbs, short brown hair moustache Seeks hot dominate X hung hairy, Leather/Cowboy-Masters/Daddies, who need service and cuddling I am G-P, FAC (Deep Throat) will try most scenes Clean Kegs (619) 231-4496

HUNG UNCUT DOG

6' 180 strong-legged specimen, handsome and eager offers mouth ass C/B for punishment and mutual pleasure Dog's mouth/ass eager cont/uriinal Seeks cock-centered, natural dominant, preferably shorter white latin, black, Polaroids groups, dog-food ok Animals possible. G M P.O. Box 26081 LA CA 90026 Swap pix

WANTED L.A.

Two uncut, hairy, Daddies w/donkey dicks and cow-hoops to force-feed, 7 year-old stud Need VA, WS, juicy bull meal, sweaty balls Call anytime 213 656-9813

BIG FAT PIG

Los Angeles Pretty-faced hog—30 6'4", 300+ lbs—seeks masters who know how to use a fat-assed, jealously slave with huge tits and ham-hock thighs Not much experience, but ALL scenes considered So if you're into girth come to L.A. and hum-hale this handsome-faced, overgrown pig Write Box 3179

LOW BLOWS OK

Goodlooking fat tough young proud fuck gets off on hard contact Gives low mercy workouts w/ fists, knees, Streetfight, interrogation. Two on one ok Fantasy 1/0ok Send physical description or pic. and phone Description scene Box 3904

SHORT BLONDS, BIG REDHEADS
Two wifly Masters seek 2-3 hardworking slavesmen with steel balls. 20-25, tough

scrappy dudes into BB, wrest, karate, gymnastics, etc. Will sponsor competition material. Absolutely will minded. No dopers, drunks, smoking, bullsh! or damage. Age, looks, cock-size unimportant. Seek obedience, loyalty, discipline with "Yes, Sir!" attitude, capacity for correction, punishment, having balls whipped, butt paddled. Do it right or do it over. Not looking for 2nd best. You will wear collar and leash with pride eat from dog bowl with gratitude along with our 3 dogs. If familiar with white line brigs, you have an idea of the obedience and discipline we look for. Your strength, brawn, mind and intelligence will be totally committed to our exclusive benefit, comfort and pleasure. We're looking for slaves who work & sweat hard for their Masters, will spit in Masters' boots, take pride in doing it well. I require thirsty slaves who can relieve me at 3 AM piss. No nerds, assholes, game-players, nonsense, preferably no family. This is permanent, the real stuff. You will have your butt in gym every day, train in martial arts, perform strength and endurance routines for your Masters and their friends, will be pierced and tattooed. Duties will be house slave, personal attend, run Owners various bus. enterprises. We like washboard abs, gauzy forearms, hvy vascularly. You will be GP, FA, will help design your own leather and steel gear. Limits entirely up to us, but no scat or FF if you dig motorcycles, great. I'm partial to redheads, my lover likes blonds, not required. I like am tall, my lover short. Brd & moust. desirable. If apeman hairy, you're practically home free also not required. If you are good it makes no difference. Desire some bckgrnd/intrl in cooking, carpentry, gardening. Vegetarian oriented. Must be able to get driver's license and pass part. We travel, need driver, bag handler, etc. If you think you're in the ballpark, let's talk. Photos. Remember—no limits, no excuses. Your attitude is everything. If you're good, we have latitude. Now read this again, very carefully. Box 3846.

S.W.A.T. COMMANDOS

Green Berets, Riot Police, Leathernecks, Stormtroopers, Road Warriors, Bikers, Rubbermen, and/or masked outlaws needed. Assignment: mantrapping. One lone Inland Empire rebel, who obediently resists the Age of Orwell, Rebel swine craves seizure, interrogation, bandage, and P.O.W. incarceration in disciplinary unit specializing in sensory deprivation, immobilization techniques. Rebel slave is cold, lanky Fox, young-looking, 30, bootlicking whiteboy of planet Travolta. Surveillance indicates rebelboy fits into car trunks, cages, closets, coffins, and trashbags. Reconnaissance photos show rebel maggot in female lingerie beneath his Travolian costumes of spandex, lycra, acetate, and plastic. Rebel victim is re-locatable and can produce revenue during permanent lockup. Seek experienced, well-armed Soldier of Fortune to take custody of condemned rebel. Deadly serious. Box 3903.

HOT YOUNG MASTER
Seeks young total slave ready to be owned. Heavy abuse, humiliation for deserving slaveboy. (213) 652-1199.

**YOU CAN NOW LIST
YOUR PHONE NUMBER
\$1 VERIFICATION**

BONDAGE AND DOMINANCE
W/M 38 wants aggressive, hot stud. Gr. Act with wild imagination. I am good-looking, muscular, 5'7", 145 lbs and willing to submit. Write—Paul, P.C. Box 3031, Northridge, CA 91323.

Jim Wigler Photography



(415) 673-1284

THE CONNECTER inc., Presents...S&M LINE,

MAN-MAN J/o Line or Cruise by Phone..... LESS THAN \$2.50 an HOUR

(415) 346-8747

**Write or CALL NOW
MC & VISA ACCEPTED**

THE CONNECTER inc. 515 BRODERICK ST SUITE 2, SAN FRANCISCO, CA 94117

S E X



WANTED BONDAGE TOP
Hot, hungry bondage slave G/W M. 29. seeks serious, heavy top into leather, heavy bondage phys cal/menial discipline and total serv ce. Mummification, sensory deprivation scenes—Hot Travel Box 3991

GDLK NG YNG SLAVES
(18-30) who do hot act on but must be discreet & who would like to explore their fantasies w/ a G/W M 31 master stud who is very discreet. Let's get together for some hot private action. Send letter and photo. phone # to Garry 8033 Sunset Blvd. #388 L.A. CA 90046—P.S. WS, Scal & pussy pretty boys of particular interest

COLORADO

HUNGRY HOLE

This 30 yr old w. m is tired of bars, one night stands. Looking for just one sincere top man to take care of my insatiable hole. If you're looking to build a life w/ one person, let's connect. Jamie, 155 So. Penn #302 Denver, CO 80209 or call 303-778-6069

HOT & HANDSOME GWM
Seeking to expand experience in B&D need a bondage master who will control & guide me through moderate to heavy B&D. Serious training needed. Willing to experiment in other scenes I'm 45, 6' 185 lbs. Your age race not important. Box 3985

TELEPHONE NUMBERS

DRJMMER and MANIFEST will now accept verified telephone numbers in personal ads. Please add \$1 to the cost of the ad if a telephone number is included in the ad copy. If necessary please indicate to us the best time(s) to verify the number. Commercial ads (Services, Models, Travel, Resorts, Employment, For Sale etc.) may have telephone numbers included in the advertising provided that advertisers can provide a business card, letterhead or other printed material on which the phone number to be used appears. The new rule goes into effect 1/1/85.

CONNECTICUT

LEATHER BIKE DOMINANT MASTER

Experienced S/M biker dgs slaves/bottoms for S/M spectrum fulfill our need for leather sex and all it encounters. Discipline, limits respected. Must be ready to perform on demand uniform and cowboy men who have their act together can join in the scenes. Send application and photo. Looking for men who know what leather means. Box 3957

DELAWARE

WESLEY SUE
Demanding 48, 5'11", 145 G/W. Male seeks obedient thin bottoms (16-32) at my cc location. Reply w/ photo & resume to WHB P.O. Box 251 Wilmington, DE 19899

DELAWARE UNCUTS ONLY
Two goodlooking GWM 30, 5'11", 190 BS, cut 6", 50-5'10", 185 BS, cut 6". Need to fulfill one male fantasy with another muscular goodlooking uncut stud. Oil, grease, J.O., Fr—Gr Act., Pass. Age? to 40 yrs. o.d. No drugs FF, scat, WS, skinnies, fems, tit-tail. Phone and photo. All answered. Box 3983

DISTRICT OF COLUMBIA

HANDBALL DEVOTEE
170 lbs solid muscle, 5'10", 38 dark bearded. InterCham 226. I am essentially dominant and totally masculine but can be warm, loving, considerate and always sensual. Self-confidence

based on intelligence, experience, maturity, and self-acceptance. Am my own man and not captive of any role. Years of residence in Berlin, Paris and Stockholm have given me European flexibility. Besides FF, am into all sides of Fr Gr Intwork and like both intense one-on-ones and group scenes. Sound interesting? Balls in your court. Write P.O. Box 30651, Bethesda, MD 20814-0651

WELL BUILT

Unruly military type W/M, 6 ft. 37, 180 lbs. 6" cut responds only to very experienced handling. Chained by the balls, worked by the strap and prod until you get what you want. service from a highly intelligent animal. No Fr Gr FF, or hard drugs. Box 3868

FLORIDA

FT. LAUDERDALE

Masculine, attractive top with firm but gentle style seeks partners for "training" in heavy bondage + light S + M. Limits respected. Discretion required and assured. Applicant will include photo and phone in application letter or cassette. Jake Leonard, Box 130051 2260 NW 88th Ave. Sunrise, FL 33313

WANTED: SLAVE/ LOVER

M wh, un36, some exper in sex, slim or musc, could re-locate adut, mature S Wh 40 adut, finan secure 6'3", 88 Handsome, completely masc & dom has Full lthr & equip. boots, toys for it to hvy S&M, B&D, VA, CBTT, WS GrA, FrP. Respect him, but we'll expand them. M describe self & exper phone#, recent photos, turn-ons & off's, any limits to S. Answer w/more info & specs, my pics. Plan me your area! you vis I S Fla Mr Sir, Box 11816, Ft. Laud F a 33339

MASOCHIST

Seeks SADIST for ritual. Can travel. Box 3867

SLIM OBEDIENT HOUSEBOY

Wanted by W.M. 33, 5'8", firm body w/ a macho loner Resume w/ photo Box 4-8 Key West, Fla 33041

INTO OIL

32, 6' 180 Trim strong, into wrestling pain, boots, sweat oil, etc. Guys over 40+, no lats or fems. SM or FF P.O. Box 530992 Miami 33153

GEORGIA

SUCCESSFUL WM CONNOISSEUR
Of SM and good life 40, 5'2", 200 cut 6", Br/Br into 50's, military boots, vanilla (all ways), and SM (mostly M) including especially whipping and ball work. No FF, scat, WS, rimming, drugs, piercing, catheters, STD or injury. Also into nauti js (3 times/wk) movies, old current, XXX, video, computers, reading, travel. Phone a must. Box 3898

COUNTRY BOYS

Late twentys, 6'1", 175 lbs brn/brown 6'160 lbs. Light brn/grn, versatile, talented. Seeking other masculine men for correspondence, friendship, and hot sex. Send address, phone number and photo if possible. All replies answered. Box 3982

ILLINOIS

GET YOUR FANTACIES

FULFILLED

Chicago Master 42, 5'3", 190# w/ w/ equipped dungeon playroom wants submissive slaves or bottoms for Obedience training, bondage, humiliation, discipline, paddling, C&B work, S&M etc. All limits respected. Novices accepted, race no problem, will be Drummer Dad to deserving studs. All replies answered. Send photo if possible. Box 2630 Chicago, IL 60690

YOUR FANTACIES BECOME REALITIES IN THE CLASSIFIEDS!

SUPER HUNG

Too big to be taken care of right? Let one of Chicago's best slave throats show his incredible talents on your incredible cock. I have a proven record of satisfaction. Box 3892

TEACHER WANTED

WM 36, 5'5", 160 uncut needs top to expand my limits. SM, B&D, TT. Danie Box M293 323 S Franklin, CHGO IL 60606

CHICAGO SADIST!

Slaves/Masochists who know their role, have experience & are ready to have their limits stretched to the LIMIT may apply. Good body required. Serious only! (312)261-3912

INDIANA

HOT BODY SUCK!

Goodlooking, thirsty ass hungry WM 6'1", 155, worships very muscular hung, dominate sweaty greek active, french passive, body builders, jocks, studs. Hot photo and letter for quick service. P.O. Box 1063, Muncie, IN 47305-1444

IOWA

HOT/HORNY

Bearded W.M. 35, 145, 5'7" Ready for SM leathersex, with safe & sane FF action. We can't afford to wait any longer. Forward photo specs & # to Box 3996

DOM NATE ME

30, 200 lbs., 6'2", into VA, beatings B&D, humiliation, almost anything except damage, shaving, drugs. Take the fight out of me, tie me up, piss on me, rape me. Especially like boxing, wrestling. Des Moines Box 3992

STUD-HUNGRY

25 yr old (white) new to central Iowa—looking for fun with college athletes in good shape. Let's get together! Ames area! Call after 7 pm weeknights (Phil) 515 432 9611

KANSAS

ARE WE THE ONLY

Drummer fans in Lawrence? 842 2782

LOUISIANA

NOVICE SLAVE

WM. 28, Bl/Bl good looking, needs training by sane demanding daddy/master. Eager to be used to please right man. P.O. Box 71313 NO, Louisiana 70172

MASTER DEMANDS SERVICE

From full-time, permanent, straight acting slave under 30. Educated straight-appearing/acting W.M., 28, 6'0", 175 will instruct relocated slave in performing duties at home, office, and other shit details. Addit. ona, training w/s, humiliation, degradation, verbal abuse s/m, leash/collar, shaving, etc. Serious only. Send frank letter and recent photo for an application. No jerk off letters, games, phonies, fags, fems. Mr. Chris Miller, P.O. Box 19654 New Orleans, Louisiana 70179

MARYLAND

BEARDED MASTER

40, 5'10", 166 lbs, hung thick, experienced, understanding. Seeks clean, healthy slaves for long sexual sessions in my fully equipped Den. Any age, any scene—but scat. Novice slaves get TLC. I am in the Annapolis-Baltimore area. Other Masters welcome to share slaves. Letters with photos get answered fast! Box 3893

MASSACHUSETTS

ARROGANT WRITER

Strictly top 33 w/ bald moustache ff ws it right bottom man. Box 3799

INTERESTED IN MEETING TEACHER OR FELLOW STUDENT
Of B.D., Rubber Rope, wool socks and other wool clothing. I am novice to some—virgin to others. Into leather but not pain. P.O. Box 1458, Boston, MA 02117

C&B TORTURE

GWM's 18-27 into intense but sane pain call (617)256-2968

W.M. 44, FORMER MARINE

Doing research on male sexuality expressed in split shined shoes/boots. Write Ivan Howe, Box 191, Milton Village, MA 02187

GWM 18-27

into heavy mutual C&BT & TT. Call C. (617)256-2968. Leave number for call back

BOSTON MASS

Straight Bi men take it out on this flag intoserving groups, anything goes, gang rape, water sports, light &/m, greek/French action. Beer drinkers, college jocks, bodybuilders, 1st timers wanted in 20's well built w/ a lot of GMF. Box 1081 Boston Mass 02205

BLONDE, MEXICAN, INDIAN

Bodybuilders who know how to kiss and be gentle. Bisex OK 1-1 only. I'm black, goth, & waiting to be devoured by your muscles. Photo/phone to Box 3958.

MASOCHISTS

Be used, abused, whipped, beaten and tortured—simply to bring your master pleasure. Find fulfillment in pain and service. Any age, must be slim and non-hairy! I'm 5'8", 160 lbs, solid & sane. Box 3992

IF HE'S NOT HERE HE'S NOT AVAILABLE!

MICHIGAN

PONTIAC AREA BOTTOM

Muscular, WM, 5'10", 165, 33, moustache, beard. Hot ass wants to be bound and fucked. Interested. Also into B.D., WS, shaved阴部, polaroids, toys. Join me in a great plus. State troopers and police—I'll worship your boots and submit to your every need. Box 3864

BLACK, 46 YEARS

Well-hung seeks contacts everywhere. Enjoy butt fucking, body licking, Dick chewing. All please reply with foto and tone number. Box 3989

JUST STARTING NEW SCHOOL
Mc aged s.m., prof. d-sing, sed d-screet, authoritarian. Moderate. Would like to learn & share with class teens or mid-age only. 18 or over. Box 3987

MINNESOTA

SLIM MALE WOULD

Like to meet bearded bears for hot sex. Is there any hairy bears in the twin cities who can handle this arrogant son of bitch? Please write and let's get down to fucking. Serious sex only. Force me to service you. Box 3861

SLIM BOTTOM MAN

35, has tight ass that's in need of fucking. Would like to meet muscular Daddy's who would like to be sexually serviced on a regular basis. Box 3859

MISSISSIPPI

LEATHER SENSUALIST

Jockstrapper novice bottom seeks experienced help in ball training—ph exploring. 5'8", 143#, 41 yo, 8½". Please Sir, convert my leather fantasies into sweaty reality. Box 3855

MISSOURI

A FEW GOOD MEN

The Training Center has moved into its new facility. Men with serious interest can experience physical training, cell confinement, (padded available) and immobilization in a realistic military or correctional atmosphere for weekend or week long sessions. Safe sane discreet and monitored situations are controlled by professionally trained personnel. Boot camp, stockade, POW assembly, sensory deprivation, controlled breathing available. No FF drugs, S/M, pain, references provided after commitment. Fee required. Applicant inquiries should include detailed physical and session description. Reply to: TRAINING CENTER, P.O. Box 672, Bridgeton, MO 63044.

2 EXTRA WELL HUNG TOPS

Seek young butch bottom for hot bondage—S/M sessions. Any scene. Have equipped playroom. Description—experience—photo. Weekend sessions good. Live-in apps considered. P.O. Box 3931, Springfield MO 65808.

DADDIES AND THEIR BOYS MEET RIGHT HERE

ST LOUIS AREA
Older guy dad type experienced youth. Bader interested in young masculine trim son (a teen) 30 yrs can expect affection encouragement and discipline in bondage. Your letter with picture gets mine. Box 3872.

MONTANA

LEAN, WELL DEFINED SLAVE
Seeks trim sadist into fight to heavy S/M, bondage, armpits, tits, cock & ball torture, shaving, photography. Your trip, your way. Am 28 5'9" 135 lbs w/ 8". Send photo, phone, letter to P.O. Box 786 Conrad MT 59425.

NEW JERSEY

MASTER NEEDS SLAVE

A number of slaves have written but no slave has been chosen yet, so now is the time to submit yourself your body and your application to this Master. Master is W/M, 45 190#, 6'2", hairy straight acting and appearing. No non-sense type, but understanding of a slaves needs. You are W/M, 25-40, know how to behave, want to serve a Master on a permanent one to one basis, have a good body that enjoys a work-up and want to live in the Master's house in the country. No drugs, fats or fems. This is the time for me and if it is for you then get off your ass, get on your knees and do something about it. write Box 291.

TALL, MATURE MASTER

Accepting applications from slave sons who are anxious to serve and obey. Hot mouth and a good build a must. Clean shaven, Ivy types preferred. Generous Daddy will reward with affection when earned. Spankings, hitwork, kink, VA. No fats, fems, hard drugs. Possible live in. All areas welcome. The Master is 5'2", 185 lbs W/M and hot. Box 3856.

MASOCHIST HEAVEN

Bondage whipping, bail massage nipple torture, dildos, gravity systems (201 359 3824) 8am—11pm

NEW YORK

MID-HUDSON VALLEY

Masculine bearded master 33, 6' 180 lbs with hot dungeon and thick cock will restrain you and explore your limits. If you're hot, trim, and under 35. Reply with Photo and Phone # J Miller, 156 Wall St, Kingston NY 12401.

NEW YORK CITY

I am 33, 5'7", 140 lbs, brown hair and brown eyes. Submissive bottom man.

into most scenes except heavy pain, scat and F/F. Seek top man, 30-40 Box 3373.

CAPTIVE MUSCLEMEN

(Zeus publ bondage—coercion scenes) Seek athletic/musc./musc. B/B's into elaborate verbal rough man-to-man B&D, leading to your cock/balls/tits/ass being chained whipped, clamped stretched, oiled, waxed, used any way your master/captor sees fit, forcing you to admit what you really are/want/beg for. Mirrors, rack, filthy dungeon await your capture & humiliation as Hercules/Tarzan by strong demanding imaginative gladiator/sex master. Photo, phone, address, detailed description of what you're man enough for required. Apply now for night of your life. No hustlers/lakes/fems. Box 3566.

HOT PISS SLAVE

W/M 32 5'8" 160 lbs. muscular seeks uncut piss master. Also bondage Novice to S/M no heavy pain must respect limits Hungry ass into toys No SCAT, heavy SM. Reply with photo (required) + description of your fantasies Box 3564.

CLASSY B&D

NYC/WORLDWIDE

Be stylish. Assume Correctional Custody of an intelligent, attractive, adult Anglo-Saxon, pukka balmian who I stand at attention when not confined and securely restrained. Strict discipline and expert training will widen my horizons and heighten your satisfaction. Sir Tie me try me Appointments open for preliminary interrogation plus imposition of nonjudicial punishment (Article 15 UCMJ) at Office Hours Box 3092.

NYC MASTER AND SLAVE

We're both in our 30's, over 6' blonde muscular and attractive. Aspirant

slaves who are under 35, muscular and attractive are invited to submit a request for consideration as a slave trainee. Successful applicant will be taught obedience, subservience and endurance. Send photo (required) with resume Box 673.

WANTED

Dominant New Wave punk (21-25) to fuck with my head. (212) W.LX 4707

GWM, 27, BLOND/BOYISH 6'4"—big cock/deep ass served as sex slave for anything-clean/dirty for W-master in boots, leather with full bladder/dirty ass giving pain/pleasure. I adore rubber/leather-licking dirty boots (your sh.?) to a shine. TT, SM B&D/FF toys Box 3870.

FIT TO BE TIED

Rugged muscular hung but submissive biker 36, needs expert level-headed Top (white cut only) for heavy bondage workouts. Sir p. immobilize & manhandle this 5'7" 155# brown-haired B/B whip my round white butt till it glows & fuck it dominate this hot Bottom with ropes, rack, paddle & wax C&B. You or friends can realize any fantasy of sexual abuse on your captive & helpless bod. Macho well-built leathermen only prefer 32-45 No WS scat, FF, shaving, drugs, damage please. New to area, your own work room & camera are pluses. Photo/phone get mine Brad, P.O. Box 78, NYC 10113.

MADE IN JAPAN

High quality Japanese 27 5'8" 135 lbs uncut 7" with clean smooth muscles wants 20-35 masculine guys. Look for fun loving considerate friends who care about their bodys and want to look good without drugs and smoking. Reply with photo Box 3863.

UP-STATE BONDAGE MASTER
Seeks white hairy subjects 30-45 for

THE TERRIBLE TRILOGY

Three episodes on one tape. This just may be the strongest, most unique S/M movie ever made, depicting a comic anal birth, an intoxicating wine enema and other bizarre dungeon activities. Made with the participation of The Skulls, a notorious Midwest motorcycle club, this authentic tape is not for the squeamish.

The January '84 issue of "Drummer" Magazine calls Slave and Master Video "absolutely authentic SM video."

All male cast. Color and sound. Approximately 60 mins. Rated X for mature adults only.

Price: \$85 plus \$3 shipping.

A free brochure describing other Slave and Master Video tapes dealing with such specific areas of interest as fishing, piercing and genitorture is available upon request, but you must state that you are over 21.

To order: Send a money order, cashier's check, or VISA or MasterCard number (with expiration date), plus \$3 shipping, with your name and address, a statement that you are over 21, and whether you want VHS or Beta format.

Send order or request for free brochure to:
SLAVE and MASTER Video
1349 N. Wells
Chicago, IL 60610

seeing is believing



**SLAVE and MASTER
presents**

**The Terrible Trilogy:
Under the Lash
Through the Flood
Out of the Womb**

sessions in Dungeon. No F/F, scat drugs or overweights. Photo appreciated. All answered Box 3882

COMPOSER AUTHOR

40 very quiet over seeks non-materistic world help mind, think 90% male & C. top o the for noble clean non-vicious, modest sexual relationship. Should like to cook. May eventually re-locate in rural California. Like motorcycles, small farming, animals, quiet tasks, spiritual energy, bodybuilding, natural foods (titan in the Chinese style), balanced sans living and Haydn String Quartets. No drugs, alcohol or singles scene please. Do not wish to be involved in the gay scene at all. Box 3881

TICKLING TORTURE

Simple sale—but unbearably agonizing. Watch as my young, beautiful, muscular body strains against your tight bonds—twisting, struggling as your cruel fingers mercilessly stroke my ticklish feet and pits, ignoring my screams and pleas for mercy. Write for hot action. Box 3880

COP SCENE/NYC AREA

M/W 29 180 Bodybuilder cop looking for uniformed cop into any cop fantasy. Tattoos, leather police jacket MC co., turn on expect same. No scat FF. Blacks w/II arrest cock suckers or take on booted cops reply with phone. Must have interest in scenes. Uniform preferred. Box 3879

MASCULINE MALE CUNT

Wanted by alt alt blond 40-year-old Master. You, short, 18-40, tiny cock. Goal: huge nipples and pussy, possible marriage. No drunks, drugs, fags. Photo or phone. BW Box 149 NY NY 10012

ASS SLAVE WANTED

W/M hairy Master 38, 5'7", 150 will own, train & punish the right dog-ass slave. Apply with rear photo, phone & needs. Box 3889

DRUMMER DADDY/TOP

Interchain 5181. Seeks obedient son/bottom for training and discipline. Must be masculine and serious. Letter/photo Box 3876

HORNY ITALIAN RAUNCHBAG
And hung like a horse into unconventional scenes with creative body builders, black dwarfs, deaf-mutes and amazons. Write disgusting letter with photo to occupant #8, 218 E. 11 St. NY NY 10003

G/W/M, 42, 5'8", 147#

Requires strong persuasion to be removed from comfortable environment and trained to be the slave he was born to be. Could you please help me? Sir? Box 3891

LEATHER FRATERNITY

BROTHERS

Interested in reviving the brotherhood should contact Tom at 964 Folsom St. San Francisco, CA 94107 (415) 864-3456

THE LEATHER FRATERNITY

is looking for new pledges to join our brotherhood. Membership includes Drummer magazine subscription. Send SASE: 964 Folsom St. San Francisco, CA 94107 (415) 864-3456

STUNNING BB

SPANKS MUSCLEBOYS

Y. handsome, powerful, dominant BB/gymnast, 42"ch, 29"w, 5'10" healthconscious 32 gives med. cal exam nations, obedience training to y defined cleanshaven. C.L. beautiful 18-25s preferably gymnasias/dancers. Physique photograph & tel # essential. Box 6029 FDR Station New York, NY 10150

CBT

Young M 26 5'7" 135# Lt Brown hair

hazel eyes and a large cut cock. Needs S 18-40 into Bondage and cock and ball torture. Box 155 Homecrest Station, Brooklyn, NY 11229

SEXY EX-HUSTLER

Just turned 30, looks 25 wants to meet other hot wild guys under 35 that like imaginative sleazey scenes. I am smooth muscular 5'8" 140 lbs br;br & moustache. You must be athletic & very goodlooking. Mark, 33 Park Place, BSB Brooklyn, NY 11217

LEAN, MEAN-FUCKIN' MACHINE
W/M 30ish, 5'150/160# Br/Br wishes to contact those executive types, well over the 30 mark, who find themselves straddled w/ one wife, two kids, two dogs, two cars and one mortgage, and who are subsequently looking for a pleasant deviation from the norm without the social stigma normally associated with same, and most importantly, who can appreciate this type of encounter without the necessity of prearranged role playing. If this description fits you, please contact (212) 672-1010 or write Box 4033, NYC 10017. If you call on a Tuesday evening be prepared for action that same night or save your dime! I do not book in advance! Thank you.

CUBAN DADDY'S BOY
27 5'11" 145 Black hair Green eyes Cuban/Arab tan hairy moustache. Lean hard swimmers body and very goodlooking French active Greek passive. Into masturbation. Live to sniff feet, raunchy armpits. Ripe crotches, jock straps, foreskin, rubbers, leather, uniforms, aroma, grass, w/s and especially getting fucked and drinking piss. From the hose. Dad must be as tall or taller. Hung, intelligent, in shape while, really into golden showers and love to fuck. Looking for a real man who can appreciate and handle a super hot masculine male cunt. Flight attendant. Travel extensively. 171 West 23 St #3C N.Y.C. NY 10011 Photo a must!

MACHO HOMO

To suck fantastic P/R macho cock—W/M 42 wants to suck/service P/R cock, any age and be your buddy. Into W/S, B/O, S/M & shaving. Write Macho Homo—Box 3092, GCS NYC 10017 or call 516-285-5181 9pm-1am & 24hrs weekends

SLAVE TO LEATHER MASTER
Worships leather and the man that wears it. Digs humiliation and the man that wills it. Want pain and the man to give it. Needs shirt and the man to feed it. Me: white, 29, 6'1", 170 lbs, blonde/blue. You: older, bigger, wiser, darker and HOT! Box 4005

FACE SIT?

Put your hairy butt down on my hot tongue and hungry mouth for a full service job. Front & rear. Box 482, Albany, NY 12201

DIG L.A.

Answer Now 8x 410-132 W 24th St NYC NY 10011

HOT LONG ISLAND ACTION

Goodlooking, muscular male, jock type, 32 seeks other hot jocks: 18-30 for hot action and fun times. Send hot letter and phone # to BOX 32, Malverne, NY 11565.

GOLDEN SHOWERS CLUB

Want to start private W/S club. All types, any age. Write 409 W 54th St., Apt 2-B, NYC 10019 for details.

CAVERNOUS SHAVED PIG HOLE
Available on hot bearded horny w/m scorpion, 36, 5'7", 130. Into mutual raunch scenes including F/F W/S, L/E, Tits, Balis, Jocks, Boots, Toys. Shaving with hot experienced MEN. Photo/phone Box 1440, Madison Square Station, NYC 10159

NEED A SPANKING?

Aftr guy, 37 5' 155#, will put you over his knee and spank your bare behind. Box 1316, FDR Sta., N.Y.C., NY 10150. Especially good w/ nov ces.

SENSUAL SEX PARTNER

Slim Trim 5'125-145 Top and Bottom FF WS FR GR wants sum fr m partner for highly sensual sessions. No B/D no farts no farts no S/M. Just good hot sex age/race no problem. 212 675 9044

8 1/2" OF FAT DICK TO SUCK

Looking for young Black Hispanic or Asian cocksucker for prolonged sucking on 8 1/2" of fat dick w/ loaded balls. I'm English 36 tall, slim moustache. If you have a beautiful ass I love to fuck too. Letter with photo please Box 3990

NORTH CAROLINA

COUNTRY BOY

29 6'1" 185 lbs Blondes/ Blue tattoos. Marine looking into leather and hot sex. Seeks 18 to 36 masculine looking men, uncut preferred not a must. Send photo for response. P.O. Box 338 Pine Level, NC 27568

GOOD HOT SEX

Salsbury, N.C., 36, 5'8" built well, hairy uncut man. Seeks 25 to 56 masculine well built, not fat well hung men. That get into a hot ass & throat. Toys, dildos, assplay, most scenes except heavy pain & FF. Answer all photo and phone answered first. Come visit Piedmont, NC. You won't forget it! Will travel. Box 3860

OHIO

CINCINNATI

LEATHERMAN/ MOTORCYCLIST
41, likes the hot smell of a man. Hairy bodies, raunchy arm pits, smelly ass. Let's rim, suck, piss kiss and fuck till it all tastes and smells the same. Your photo gets mine. P.O. Box 41326 Cinc., Ohio 45241

MASTER WANTED

Good looking guy 22 6'2", 180 seeks similar master. Humiliation, verbal abuse etc. P.O. Box #236 Galloway OH 45839

QWM AGE 37

TIRED OF BARS

And usual nolie queens. Looking for a real man who is honest, trustworthy and sincere. Willing to serve right man. Am Greek Passive and French A/P and love to receive recycled beer. Travel to NY and Chicago often. Hair & tattoo a plus. No farts please. Box 3873

STRICT DADDY NEEDED

Need stern Daddy for correction of bad habits and obedience training. Son is 5'8", 125 lbs, mid-30's, smooth chest. Daddy should be W/M under 50 with firm hand, wide leather strap, and hot nipples for son to worship. Reply Drummer Box No. 3884

SLAVE SEEKS MASTER(S)

To service Dennis Box 1945 Toledo OH 43604 (419) 666-5210 before noon after midnight. Be discreet.

BODYBUILDER SLAVE

6', 180 lbs, 46 chest, 30 waist, 28 yrs. into pain, service, submission to well built master. Travel NY, LA, SF often. Box 4006

OKLAHOMA

WANTED SLAVE

Tulsa Leathermaster wants slim slave for hot action. Limits expanded or respected. Phone Rod at (918) 665-1885 or reply with photo to P.O. Box 54760, Tulsa, OK 74156. No phone jackson.

MUSCULAR MEN WANTED

W/M 21 6', 169 lbs. 8" cock. Considered cute. Seeks honest, goodlooking body-builders, jocks, studs and alt etc men. You must have well defined chest. No

S/M or B/D. Send letter, photo showing face/chest, if possible nude. John C P.O. Box 19572, Oklahoma City, OK 73144

OREGON

DOMINATE MALE

6', 175# seeks fr m w/m for B.D. S/M important, not experience. Photo. Box 3842

DOMINANT LEATHER

Seeks dominant leather Master. Into raunch, humiliation and willing to try most scenes. Letter & photo gets me. P.O. Box 19759, Portland 97219. Sir I'm hot

UNCUT BOTTOM

32, 140 lbs, bearded. W/S submission, boots, leather scal. Box 3871

PENNSYLVANIA

HOT TOUGH YOUNG M

6'2", 170 lbs, 27 yrs, 8 1/2" very athletic needs to be trained by demanding hard master into domination, endless fucking, ass play-toys, B/D, light S&M, huge cocks—very deep throat. Expand my limits as you see fit—Sir J B 100 Denniston St Apt #12 Pittsburgh, PA 15206

ROUGH, WILD & KINKY SEX

I'm 30, 6', 170#, br hair, gr eyes, swimmer's build, straight, appear gding, 8 1/2" cut, dig real men, S&M CBT poppers J/O GR-FR a/p—rough wild & kinky sex J.C. P.O. Box 1454 Uniontown, Pa. 15401

YOUNG STUD WANTED

Who's into leather-B&D light S&M. Must give me your mind as well as body. I am W/B 175#. All man. Have leather fuck room with racks, sling, & toys. Can't handle it, don't answer. Just fuck off. Box 3887

YOUNG STUD WANTED

PITTSBURGH AREA
Who's into leather B&D light S&M. Must give me your mind as well as body. I am W/B 175#. All man. Have leather fuck room with racks, sling, & toys. Can't handle it, don't answer. Just fuck off. Box 3887

RHODE ISLAND

HOT COUPLE

Well built, 30 & 27 seek leather and uniformed men w/ no hang ups. F/F W/S and raunch welcome. P.O. Box 8641 Cranston, Rhode Island 02920

HAVE 9 1/2", 6" AROUND CUT COCK

Looking for someone who will wear leather & boots while being hand fucked or sucked 5'8", 148 lbs., 45" hairy chest, 31" waist, full-bodied buttocks tight ass, former L.A. physique model 1608 College Ave., Anderson, SC 29621

INTENSE PAIN

LEAN, INTENSE, SENSUAL
Bi-sex man is interested in locating another natural man who realizes his need for a buddy who knows the honest gut-pleasure—through trust—of discovering and sharing the touch, smell, taste and sound only a man comfortable with himself can provide. The energy I want to share is so basic and honest, it seems few "gays" know it exists. Long slow mind-n-soul fuck n is where it all begins. If you, too, need a man who'll openly and proudly share what he knows and has, you may have found your partner! I'm 6ft., 150 lbs., 43 yrs., greying black hair, beard, and moustache. w/ a natural uncut dick that'll hang a heavy 7 inches for the buddy that talks to it right. Dig sweat, hair, holes, nipples, foreskin, lo-swingin' balls, and other natural delights. If you're interested and got the

balls to talk straight, shoot a no bull-shit note my way Travel is possible Box 0081

OUR ADS GET RESULTS!

TELEPHONE NUMBERS

DRJMMER and MAN FEST w/now accept verified telephone numbers in personal ads. Please add \$1 to the cost of the ad. If a telephone number is included in the ad copy if necessary please indicate to us the best times to verify the number. Commercial ads, Services, Models, Travel, Resorts, Employment, For Sale etc. I may have telephone numbers included in the advertising provided that adver-
se is can prove deableness card or head or other printed material on which the phone number to be used appears. There will be no exceptions.

TEXAS

**BONDAGE IN ROPES, STEEL,
CAGES OR INCARCERATION**
GWM. 32, 5'8", 147 lbs seeks bondage Master to 40 for lifestyle of obedience and respect. You are fit, athletic and aggressive, am slim, smooth defined. Fidelity desired; limits expandable. Photos please, Sir RHS, Box 273069 Houston, Texas 77277

GWM. AGE 45
New to S&M. Interested in receiving and giving light spankings and expanding my limits. Houston TX area. Box 3878

"PRISON RAPE"
Desire to exchange jail or prison stories with others who enjoy writing about their experiences behind bars. No need to be a participant—ever watch or hear a "turn-out"? Make a "punk" out of a fish! Box 3853

W/M 29 5'10" 140 lbs seeks slave for long term B/D, Leather, Levi. No fags. Only serious into bondage need answer and call for total domination. Mr Lenze, P.O. Box 34244, Houston, TX 77234.

S/M BOTTOM

Hot W/M 37 6'1", 185 lbs healthy professional, masculine. Somewhat new to scene but eager to learn. Seeks hot dominant Top/Master for B/D, CBT/T W/S, hot wax drippings/toys, V/A, etc. No FF scat, shaving. Tx, Louisiana NYC. Please send letter and photo Sir for prompt response! Suite 169, P.O. Box 66973, Houston, Tx 77006

I NOW OWN THE HUMAN DOG,
Kai, whose story appears in MACH 6 I am seeking contact with interested and knowledgeable parties who are also involved or would like to be involved in transforming and training a human male to become a dog. Would like contact from gay professionals of all levels (Veterinarians, Lawyers, doctors, kennel operators or suppliers) who are into S/M. Objective goal—to found training center/kennel facility. Potential dogs, masters with human dogs or any serious party are welcome to inquire/share information. Write to W.B. at P.O. Box 570791, Houston, Texas 77257-0791

DRUMMER DAD

W/M. 49, 5'9", 161 into leather, rubber, police uniforms, enemas, bits, toys like S/M, versatile. Also theatre, classical music, motorcycling and into intelligent conversation. Educated, professionally employed. Seeks like-minded younger friend. No fags or overweights. Bob 214-526-7354

SON SEEKS DAD:

Slim WM—32-6'2"—175—uncut T seeks no nonsense, muscular hairy

hung dad. Prefer 32-45 and uncut. No FF scat, drugs, faggots, or fags. Reply with photo (required). Your queer son awaits your reply. Sir Box 3977

SLAVES

63" WM 30, hung, accepting applications and offering auditions. Facial photo and letter required. Will come in you in Ft. Worth Box 3998

WASHINGTON

LEATHER SON SLAVE

Seeks leather Daddy into leather, uniforms, boots. SM, CBT/T torture and taking care of Daddy. I'm WM. 35, 6'1", 170#, bearded bodybuilder. Rewarded with friendship and cuddling would be nice. Send letter with photo to Box 3997

PARENTS

Daddy, leather, hot and dominant seeks permanent son/slave 6'155 lbs 30s, attractive, very energetic. You're slim, smooth, 20-35, submissive obedient, hot buns, excellent cocksucker. You will be fully trained to meet all my needs. Shaving w/s, light bird loving & m verbal domination. Your pleasure derives from being my personal slave. Appropriate application and photo to Box 3866

W/M NOVICE 30

Interested in being "broken in" by Seal the area Master. Into all but scat. W/I answer all replies. Call 206-329-1142 Days or midnight!

LEATHERMAN/MASTER

W/M 47 5'7", 145, black hair mustache, muscular, into leather boots uniforms, SM BD WS. Seeks slave son. Reply with photo and your interests and limits. Box 3658

HORNY COUNTRY BOY

Seeks demanding country dad. into

honest, independent living. Boy is 24, 6'180 lbs., 7" Musc. str app. insatiable mouth and cunt beg for daddy's rough masculine pleasure. Boy likes outdoors, homelife, tight short cutoffs and bare feet. And more! Box 3995

WISCONSIN

SLAVE NEEDED

27 yr old Master 6'0" 185 lbs—Muscular & seeking a young slave boy. Slave must be slim or hunky, smooth chested, baby faced and prefer slave younger than master. Slave should be totally obedient & ready for B/D, TT CBT/T & whippings. Upper half nude picture requested, nude picture preferred. Master is level headed. Box 3607

THE LEATHER FRATERNITY
is looking for men who are dedicated to a lifestyle that only leathermen experience and appreciate. Age, location, nationality, top, bottom, versatile not important—dedication to the special sights, sounds, smells and tastes of a leather lifestyle are. Benefits include Drummer Subscription, free classified ads, discounts on purchases and more! Send SASE for a confidential application. The Leather Fraternity 964 Folsom St. San Francisco, CA 94107

WHIPPING BOY NEEDED

28 year old w/m master 6'0" 195, muscular, hairy chested, LEVEL HEADED, is seeking a younger than master, cute, babyfaced, slim smooth, hunky or well developed slaveboy. Should be ready for humiliation. B/D, TT, CBT/T, whipping good and sound, and possibly some W/S. Nude and/or upper nude picture wanted. No fags or heavies. Phone # appreciated. Athletic type studs especially. I am open minded. Race unimportant. F/R x 3653

NEW SPANDEX FROM JOHN FLOYD EROTIC SPANDEX FOR YOUR BONDAGE WARDROBE



COMBINATION

\$100

THE LOVESKIN - The Loveskin is one piece of material that snugly sheathes the head, arms, and upper body torso giving you a tight, tingling, sensual bondage feeling. Rings at the end of each arm add a new dimension to your bondage thrills. Price is \$50 postpaid.



LOVEBAG WITH HOOD

\$65

THE LOVEBAG W/LOVE HOOD - Versatile to fit your imagination this item covers the entire torso from the neck to the tip of the toes. Metal rings on each item allows binding them all together for some fantastic bondage fun. Price is \$65 postpaid—cash, check, or money order



LOVESKIN

\$50

**PURCHASE BOTH THE LOVEBAG W/LOVE HOOD AND LOVESKIN AND SAVE. COMBINATION PRICE \$100 POSTPAID.
2 WAY STRETCH SHINY SPANDEX SPECIFY COLOR: BLACK, RED, PURPLE, TURQUOISE, OR WHITE.**

JOHN FLOYD PRODUCTIONS • BOX 5296 NORTH HOLLYWOOD, CALIFORNIA 91616-5296

There is no such thing as an old issue of DRUMMER

COMPLETE YOUR COLLECTION WHILE YOU CAN!



BEST & WORST



ISSUE 2



ISSUE 3



ISSUE 4



ISSUE 5



ISSUE 6



ISSUE 7



ISSUE 8



ISSUE 9



ISSUE 10



ISSUE 11



ISSUE 12



ISSUE 13



ISSUE 14



ISSUE 15



ISSUE 16



ISSUE 17



ISSUE 18



ISSUE 19



ISSUE 20



ISSUE 21



ISSUE 22



ISSUE 23



ISSUE 24



ISSUE 25



ISSUE 26



ISSUE 27



ISSUE 28



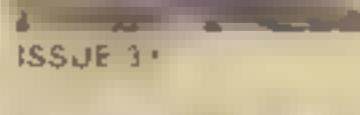
ISSUE 29



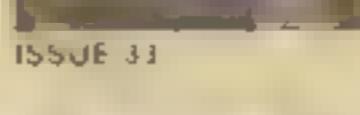
ISSUE 30



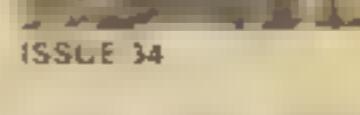
ISSUE 31



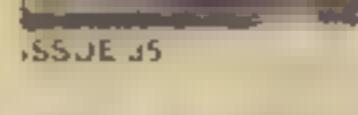
ISSUE 32



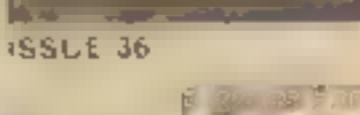
ISSUE 33



ISSUE 34



ISSUE 35



ISSUE 36

SIX PACK SALE

BAKER'S DOZEN

\$15

\$25



I want to subscribe to DRUMMER:

- \$40, 12 issues
- \$65, First Class or Canada
- \$80, Foreign Air Mail

Send me:

- Best & Worst \$6.50 Issue # \$10 Issues 67/68
- Six Pack (Circle six issues below) \$15.00 - \$20.00
- Baker's Dozen (Circle thirteen issues below) \$25.00 - \$35.00
- Single Issues (List numbers here) \$3.50 ea

ISSUES AVAILABLE:

6 7 8 9 10 11 12 13 14 15 16 17 18
 21 22 23 24 25 26 27 28 29 30 31 32
 33 34 35 36 37 38 39 40 41 42 43 44
 45 46 47 48 50 51 52 53 54 55 56 57
 58 59 60 61 62 63 64 65 66 67 68

NAME _____

ADDRESS _____

CITY _____

STATE/ZIP _____

Signature _____

you must be over 21

Charge to my VISA MASTERCARD expiration date _____
 # _____

Canadian prices: Add \$1.00 per item ordered. Six Pack is \$20.00. Baker's Dozen is \$30.00. Items sent First Class only.

Foreign prices: Add \$2.00 to Canadian prices. Items sent Air Mail Only. Six Pack is \$25.00. Baker's Dozen is \$35.00.

ALTERNATE PUBLISHING 964 FOI SON ST. SAN FRANCISCO, CA 94103

LET US

HOTWIRETM

YOUR BEDROOM

Deep inside you'll
be glad you called.

24 HOUR PHONE FANTASY SERVICE

(213) 484-0883



Use your credit card: MC, VISA, AMEX

Or send check or money order to
HOTWIRE
PO. Box 291337
Los Angeles, CA 90029

Photo sets available.

WARNING:

Use of this product
may make it very hard to
get out of bed.

I break for endless filthy engine! I scat
I stain. Look'n for loner who lives in
dirty dark glory ho ed lurid houses like
me. Here or in U.S. dig tobacco/ scal
tattoos and big thick ricot ne stained
greasy fingers like mine plus chains
leather p ssm shittin and all the rest
Rex types a real plus also thick greased
black hair Box 3940

BRAZIL

LATE 20's, 135#, 5'8"
Blond Swimmer's body in Southern
Brazil into CB BD WS etc like to meet
anyone passing through or exchange
hot letters. stories rocks. etc Box 3826

ENGLAND

LEATHERBOY, BOYISH 29
Tattoos, piercings, full leather including chaps boots, etc., wants his ars
tucked and FF with sensual titwork b
well hung hunku topman When in Lodon phone 602-3347 (Tony) or writ
w th foto Box 3926

ITALY

ACTIVE SLAVE
I am 39 real sportsman brown ha
green eyes muscular macho type
desire to see v ce muscular master I'm
into heavy training whips, tit tort
FF verbal abuse etc Prefer bod
builder Travel in USA Hospitality in
Mun Intercabin member Photo
required wh ch gets mine in return Box
3940

GERMANY

LIMITLESS DIRTSCENES
Wanted by experienced male 42 5'11
160. looking for pigs no mutual anal
top. Tit work piss, shot, scal puke
enemas sweat beer and trips A so
have a lot of beer and leather gear
like oil mud grease catheter foot and
boots fetish interested n world wide

CONTACT BOX 384

BERLIN, 40, 6'1"/170
Bl bearded uncul. into L/L FFA/p. GR
p. fits coming to US wants to meet
leathermen Send Ph or to Hans G
Barts 74 Stresemannstr #1120. 1000
Ber 61 West Germany

GERMAN LEATHERMAN

In SM BD TT, shaving kink (NO sca
names and gamerooms. wants to meet
some ed and interesting men into
same Age, race not import. Send
photo, description of your scene to
Postfach 420 515 1000 Berlin 42 West
Germany

BERLIN GERMAN

6'3, 185 dk bd moust into L/L and
related activities not just limited to bd
sm cbt tort. shvg experiments wants
to meet men into some all or more or
11+ above Traveling quiet often Sen
ff of your scene at 1,ph or 1000x1040

OBEYDENT SLAVE

34-5'11 74 not used very often needs
strong exere ced Master over 30
Cue to all his desies. Travel fre
quently to the USA. U.P.J. Postbox
1231 6000 Frankfurt 1 W-Germany

POLAND

POLISH GAY

33 age black hair and hairy body only
passive would friendsh p and live with
with American active gay I like to suck
cock and other my hairy ass I would
visit the USA Write wth pictures
will answer all. Write English. Polish
Germany Italian Box 3980

MODELS NATIONWIDE

THE \$1000 FANTASY

Your w dest fantasies fulld Send
SASE to 584 Castro #246 SF CA
94114

MODELS NORTHERN CALIFORNIA

SAN FRANCISCO'S FINEST

Male models & companions
Handsome— Masculine Men/ Clean
Cut— Well Groomed/ Versatile— Well
Endowed/ Warm— Friendly Models/
Fresh As The Morning Dew/ All Types
For All Types/ Bikers— Leathermen/
Lumberjacks/ Outdoorsmen/
Swimmers— Jocks/ Guy Next Door/
College Students/ Bodybuilders/ Busi
nessmen/ Westlers/ V P Models Turn
your fantasy into reality Discreet &
confidential arrangements by the hour
day or week Around town or around
the bay RICHARD OF SF (415)821
3457 Male Models & Companions for a
night on the town or an evening at
home 21 to 35 Years of Age Dinner—
Dancing— Theatre/ Sightseeing
Tour Guides/ Birthday Presents/ Nude
Photography/ Fashion Photography
Male Strippers For Business Or Private
Parties See before you hire For photos
and descriptions, send \$5.00 to
Richard of San Francisco Box 111 1800
Market Street San Francisco CA 94102

HUNKY NORWEAGEN

Strong massage In or out Call 415-552
8164 For color photo send \$2.00 and
your address to Bill Lunde 246 Missouri
St. SF Ca 94107

AS WILD AS YOU WANT IT

Tall top leatherman with playroom &
toys into anything! Clint (415)626-6444

FIND DADDY HERE!

COMPLETE SATISFYING

By handsome guy ownwn SF
14151398-2198 24 hrs Tom

JO—EXHIB

S30 1415 398 6541 Marty

COLLEGE JOCK

Brian. 22, 6'2", 180 lbs Solid smooth 44"
Chest. Brown Hair & Blue Eyes. Ava
able Days & Weekends Handsome
Friendly RICHARD OF SF (415)821

MILITARY MINDED

Paul 21 6'3" A tall drink of water 160
bs. 40c Hair, 32w, black hair & blue
eyes. Tight hard body-warm form
RICHARD OF SF (415)821-3457

MANLY ANIMAL

Dean 25 6'2" 46c hairy 32w handsome
well endowed model All of SF is raving
about Light Brown Hair Green Eyes
RICHARD OF SF (415)821-3457

WARM & FRIENDLY

B-I 25. 6' 160 lbs 40c Smooth 29w
Brown Hair & Eyes. Easy going
Masculine-well endowed Available
Evenings-Weekends. RICHARD OF SF
(415)821-3457

GUY NEXT DOOR

Philip 21, 5'11" 160 lbs. 40c Hairy-
Brown hair & eyes. Clean cut good
looks. You'll enjoy having Phil around
RICHARD OF SF (415)821-3457

MAGNUM FORCE

Move Over Dirt Harry
Adam: 29 6' 44c. 31w Hot as a pistol
cocked fully loaded 9x1 inch barrel
ready if you are. RICHARD OF SF
415-821-3457

MAGNIFICENT STALLION

Ben 26. 6'3" 44c hairy 32w Brown Hair
& eyes HOT-HUNG & Very Healthy—Tall
Dark & Handsome A real turn on!
RICHARD OF SF (415)821-3457

HOT S&M ACTION

PAY ONE LOW PRICE

You don't have to pay for an expensive
collect call, we call you back at our
expense! Our hot studs are ready for
you 24 hrs a day Call now 415-864-
3104 MC/VISA

**OUR SELECTION
SAYS IT ALL**
LARGEST SELECTION OF LEATHER
VIDEO, FILMS, MAGAZINES,
BOOKS AND GIFTS
IN SAN DIEGO



236-0641

The **BRIG**
The New SM Masterpiece
by MASON POWELL

The finest exploration of total domination and
total submission since *The Story of O*; destined
to become the most talked-about first novel
of the decade. A stunning psychosexual por
trait, *The Brig* will take you on an articulate
and devastating journey that will be impossi
ble to forget. Trade paperback.

895

ALTERNATE PUBLISHING
964 FOLSOM STREET
SAN FRANCISCO, CA 94107

add 50
post/hndl
and 5%
surcharge
for Calif
residents

TEXAS DRILLING COMPANY

VIRGINIA &
HIGHLAND
ATLANTA
872-8685



LATINO WEIGHTLIFTER
Excellent definition 4 years training & massage. 6' 6" 180 lbs. From a tender touch to a bondage massage. See our new experience. Master card & visa accepted. 415-469-6449.

MODELS SOUTHERN CALIFORNIA

Drummer is looking to feature in four men willing to model. 415-864-3456.

HOT RAUNCH & FILTHII
GET IT FROM A REAL MAN!
6' 3" 200W, HEALTHY 37 HAIRY
BEGINNERS OR EXPERIENCED PIGS
JACK (213)469-6020
24 HOURS UC T SHI \$100

MODELS FLORIDA

ESCORT MODEL
Bodybuilder 8-1823-5629 Jerry

APOLLO

Leg yard Bodybuilder 1823-5629
equipped with 3000 lbs. available to
slave training. 415-440-9485

SAN FRANCISCO'S KINKIES
Tall, dark, hairy, topless, 18-30, on
spring, not anything. Call (415) 52-
508.

STUD SERVICE AVAILABLE
B-781-3629

MODELS ILLINOIS

CHICAGO TOPMEN
S.M. Models Companys. Experienced Street Performing Artists
3-2425-5077

MODELS NEVADA

JEFF IN LAS VEGAS
A do anything handsome hunk young
man cut marine look. 415-70-457
9362

MODELS NEW YORK

UNCUT LEATHERMAN

Huge Huge Xtra thick
Men's & Women's
Leatherwear

**YOUR FANTASIES
BECOME REALITIES
IN THE CLASSIFIEDS!**

MODELS TEXAS

**READY TO WEAR
MY DOG COLLAR?**

Card 71-664-148 Hours On Now
Call Measurable area

MAIL ORDER

MAIL ORDER NOTICE

The following is a law now made that
anyone making a mail order busi-
ness or offering items to sell through
the mail must deposit \$100.00
with the post office before
mailing the items. It is illegal to
advertise the address at which the
business is being conducted. To adver-
tise this address must be included in
the ad itself. To readers the address
that appears at the end of a mail order
advertised is the address
of the ad itself. It is illegal to
mail items that are intended to be sent
to the address listed.

ENEMA EQUIPMENT

Fun Enky, Enky, what you're up to?
For a catalog, please send one
postcard. Address: B-103 Toys & Co.
Dept. U.S.A. 303 S. Broadway
Suite 100, New York, NY 10014

Key West's COCONUT GROVE



Exciting New Resort Lodging

- Secluded wood-decked pool
- Roof-top sundecks with panoramic view
- Private baths • Healthy breakfasts
- Ceiling fans and/or air conditioning

817 Fleming Street, Key West, Florida 33040
Phone (305) 296-5107

No
Bullshit
NO GMM CKS

JAY REBEL • BOX 39634 • DEPT. 2394 • A. J. WADDELL

Introductory Offer
FREE 8mm MOVIE &
MOVIE VIEWER
PORN PORTFOLIO
A Real Gay Fantasy
SIX MOVIES ONLY \$5

Gauntlet

2228 Santa Monica Blvd.
Los Angeles, California 90069
Phone (213) 857-5577

ILLUSTRATED BROCHURE \$2.00

that you are over 21 years of age and
willing to receive this material.

BUY & SELL NEW & USED LEATHER GEAR

At & 703 leather gear Box 33
Ave. VA 24449 1-703-382-4668 For
used items write or phone Box 2153
St. Lake City JT 84140 1-801-359-
5745

\$3 GETS CATALOG OF UNBELIEVABLE

Photos and videos \$18.00. Get most
and best items. S.M.B.D. spanking
lunatics, best having whipping
being passed along. Giving bangs, etc.
and more. East Coast tape Box 332
Prov. R. D. #409. \$10.00 or St.

ENEMA DILDOE LEATHER
Toys from Jason Lee's JBL Supply
Box 99 S. S. 4th Age Send a Jason
B.P. P.O. Box 8866 USA gets Calif.
0-1440 L. 204 E. L. C. 200

S&M, B&D W/S FETISHES

Find out who's who in the best
Real SMA's Send \$10.00 sample
copy. Send over 21 box 369 3 State
1-2 Hwy 59 TX 70062 or return
#187-148

YOUR AD GETS RESULTS!

JOCKSTRAP THE WAY YOU WANT
Top exclusive mode w/ full face
reindeer. M. Y. 1100. Send \$20.
MC IN NY Box 916-117 Jones St
Satellite, CA 94112

FREE REVEALING PICTURE

01 May 1983 1-15 1000 thick photo
with used or abused brief or jockstrap
\$20. MC O. 801-495 E. S. Box 355
St. Paul, MN 55104

BELT BUCKLES

For the pleasure of belt buckles
Send \$5. Return to P.O. Box 1000

Fierally



"John Preston has produced an SM masterwork... Mr. Benson hits the mark with a body blow."

—Phil Andros

Mr. Benson, the Book: Penthouse named it one of the "Top Ten" SM novels ever written

Mr. Benson, the Man: "One of the great figures of gay literature... awesome, forbidding, almost godlike," writes Jesse Monteagudo in the Miami Weekly News. "He is the ideal Master... No wonder gay males went out looking for Mr. Benson in droves."

No wonder indeed—as you'll discover when you read *Mr. Benson*. Originally serialized in Drummer, this trade paperback edition has been completely revised by the author—with a revealing new epilogue from Mr. Benson himself.

ALTERNATE PUBLISHING

964 FOLSOM/SAN FRANCISCO CA 94107

Send me ___ copies of **MR. BENSON**. Enclosed is \$7.95 per copy plus .50 each for postage & handling. California residents add 6% sales tax.
Enclosed is \$_____. or Charge my DMSA MASTERCARD

Card No. _____

Exp. Date _____

Signature _____

NAME _____

ADDRESS _____

CITY _____

STATE, ZIP _____

orative limited edition buckles Refundable on first order Gledhill Enterprises, 2112 Lynch Ave., Los Angeles, CA 90027

PISSED STAINED, CUM ENCRUSTED SWEAT SATURATED JOCK WITH PIC OF HOT WEARER \$6 S.R. 257 LAGUNA S.F. CA 94102

EXCITING PHOTO SETS

Featuring youths from many different European countries, with emphasis on virility and beauty! For NEW Catalogs and sample send \$2 BRANDENBURG STUDIO, Dept-MG, 82 Wall Street, NY NY 10005

FREE SEX TOYS!

Market research needs open minded people to rate sex aids (Tapes photos, latex items, Inflatables, etc.) You keep free & return "Product Profile" You pay only ship + hol. 12 shpmts. Send check or MO for \$14.23 incl. Prod. Resch. & Develop., 545 Haight Sts 229 S F, CA 94117 1st 2000 only Others returned Must be 21 yrs

USED RUBBERS

And raunchy jocks. Actually used by horse-hung studs. Rubbers \$5 Jocks \$12 Add \$1.00 for postage. Check or MO to BERNARD Box 444 444 Hudson St NYC 10014 State 21+

RUBBER BONDAGE

Inflatable helmet with inflatable gag shown page 12 Drummer \$4. \$90 sent airmail. Latex lined laced leather penis multi-lined inside with 140 spikes \$35 airmail. Now 172 unusual, high quality bondage items in leather-latex. Largest stock in Europe. Prices lower than U.S. Lists sent airmail \$3 b/s. Remawear Sherwood House Burnley Road Todmorden Lancashire OL14 7ET England

"THE TAMING"

Three guys in hot leather act on Video and photos available. A22 Dept. DR P.O. Box 1849 (3810 W Magnolia) Burbank CA 91507

ANAL TOYS

OUR SPECIALTY!

Catalog \$1 Unicorn Box 10024-F Chicago IL 60610 (540 N Dearborn)

WHERE THE BOYS ARE

This complete travel guide and source book is a must for those who enjoy cross-generational sex! Send \$10 to Tustin Box 29075 Port and OR 97229 Satisfaction guaranteed or your money back! (2255 W Burns dr)

WET PANTS

Young shirtless "Rick" (18) totally pees his old faded LEVIS IN PUBLIC Start to finish 7 picture photo set \$10 (No checks) Steven M Holden 319 Sabre Drive, Los Angeles, CA 90065

"REAR ATTRACTIONS"

Enema equipment, male douches, inflators, bardexes, plus great stuffings for hungry holes. Catalog \$3.00 KNGS MEN LTD BOX 544 AVON MASS 02322

THE HUN

For information on Hun Art, send a stamped self-addressed envelope and a statement that you are over 21 years of age to: The Hun, Box 19240-A Los Angeles, CA 90019

CUSTOMIZED SEX TAPES

Phone service vets make hot cassettes to order 30 minutes. \$30 Write to tell us what you need or send for sample "standardized" tape-\$10 MC Tapes 910 Geary #8G, San Francisco, Ca 94109 Forget oneshot phone ripoffs!

VIDEO OF LEATHER * BIKERS JNIFORMS

Free brochure Paradise pictures, P.O. Box 765, Encino, Ca 91316

LEATHER VIDEO

Free broc Paradise Pictures P.O. Box 765 Encino, Cal 91316

MASTERPIECE—BULLS-ZE

Uncut My dominant stiff—Sicilian live cock exposed on polaroid card setup especially for you—never two photos alike \$5.00 each—piss-cum stained and shiny jockstrap \$15.00 each—stinkng raunchy socks \$10.00 pair—state you're 21 yrs old sign—write to FRANCO 537 Jones St #9236 San Francisco—CA—94102—Money Order only

GAY RUBICS CUBE

Shows 6 hot nude men Great gift idea \$6.00 plus \$1.00 shipping THE SHOP 4216 Melrose Ave. Los Angeles CA 90029

HOT JOCKSTRAPS

Worn by uncut DRUMMER DAD Send \$12.00 to THE SHOP 4216 Melrose Ave. Los Angeles, CA 90029

84 OLYMPICS BELT BUCKLE

Lim led ed 1 on stamped & numbered Only \$22.00 CA residents add 6.5% tax Order early before sold out. THE SHOP 4216 Melrose Ave., Los Angeles, CA 90029

BOOTMAN CALENDAR

Hot Shots of Booted Feet in Tail Engineer, CHP, Logger, Crotch High, Cowboy and King Super gift for Your Favorite Bootman \$15.00 plus \$1.00 pos. incl SAFCO P.O. Box 23754 San Jose, CA 95123

IF YOU LIKE SPUNKIE JOCKS

Full of jizz Wiz, one can be yours for \$5.00 Mark, P.O. Box 625 Linden NJ 07036 (50 Williams Dr vs Elizabeth NJ 07208

IT'S RAINING MEN!

We now offer a dozen hunky men for your phone sex pleasure at the best price in America, \$25. Our jack off cassettes are just \$10. Our foul cum stained piss drenched jocks are just \$8 in a sealed pouch J-Oellers made just for you are also \$8. Each mail order gets a FREE color picture and public hall jock. Used rubbers \$6. Cash, money order, check to S.P. P.O. Box 14425, S.F. 94114 Discreet Brown Mailer 1942 Divisadero #3 S.F. CA 94115

IT'S THE FIRST

And only original tattooing techniques manual that introduces this medium as a play on the passions of men \$30 ppd Dr. Lemes, 1241 E Broadway Long Beach, CA 90802

RUBBER PLAY SHEETS

36" x 90" \$52.00 70" x 90" \$86.00 Send Check or MO to S. Garrett Box 6221 Albany NY 12206 Customizing also done

20% OFF ON "ALL" LEATHER GEAR
For price list send \$2.00 cash to Garrett's Box 6221 Albany NY 12206

PRIVATE MEN'S CLUB

Private men's club for the Macho Stud Application, Information \$2.00 cash to Box 6221 Albany NY 12206 Join the Winers

BUY THE AUTHENTIC CHIPS JACKET

(\$15.00 belt \$13 extra) & CHIPS police boots (\$22.00) Larsen Leathers, Box 33, River VA 24149. Free catalog

—UNDERWEAR EROTICA—

"Brief Notes" is a very special newsletter for guys into briefs, jocks and swimwear. For sample send \$3 to Wendy Hill Publications—3527 Oak Lawn Ave #371-D—Dallas, Texas 75219 State age

AUTHENTIC U.S.

PARATROOPER BOOTS

10" high. Gush lined insole Air cushion arch. Goodyear well construction. Sizes 6, 7 to 13 EE, 7 to 13 Half sizes except 12 1/2 \$62.95 plus \$5.00 shipping. Order from G-edhill Enterprises, 2112 Lynch Ave. Los Angeles, CA 90029.

UNCENSORED WRESTLING
Nop xpak \$3 NYWC, 59 West 10th
NYC 10011

TOUCH, SMELL, TASTE
Handsome uncut hunks, work up a sweat on your naked flesh while you spread his hot cheeks as you go deep inside his wide hungry hole ANY kinky scene YOU desire is possible with high quality useable alternate identification. ID data is. EAE, P.O. Box 5127R Dearborn, Michigan 48128

DRAWINGS—HOT—KINKY
Etienne, Tom of Finland. Rex 5x7 8x10 drawing sets, books. Send \$1 for brochure. Station Sound P.O. Box 436 Canal St. Sta. New York NY 10013 Dept MDC (350 Canal St.)

TOM OF FINLAND—SPECIAL
Collection His finest drawings, portfolios and books. Send \$1 for brochure. Station Sound P.O. Box 436 Canal St. Sta. New York NY 10013 Dept MDC (350 Canal St.)

"SWEET WARM YELLOW WINE"
Info W/S? Dominance? This piss story will keep you hot, wet and thirsty for hours. Send \$20 to Steele McAllister P.O. Box 510, 2124 Kiltedge Berkeley CA 94704 (1393 Berkeley Way). "Sweet Warm yellow Wine" Drench in it

WHERE'S YOUR HEAD AT?
Original fantasies written to your specifications \$8. Special offer delicious Cum Candy \$5 Write Ron Burke P.O. Box 324 Stanley, NC 28164 (\$19 E Main St.)

HOT TALK TAPES
Hot sex audio tapes Listen to hot and heavy action of "The Cop", "D.I.", "Marines Overheard" and more. Plus Superstar Al Parker as "The Repair-

man" Send \$1 for brochure. Station Sound P.O. Box 436 Canal St. Sta. New York, NY 10013 Dept MDC (350 Canal St.)

BOOTS—BOOTS
Engineer, logger & lumberjack—all sizes & heights including crotch high. Send 50¢ for catalogue of boots & leather accessories. SAFCO BOOTS Box 23764 San Jose, CA 95123 (2850 Maabar)

FINE HAND BRAIDED WHIPS
Write for pictures and prices. P.S.—631 O'Farrell #1207 San Francisco, CA 94109

REAL MEN ARE WAITING
Leathermen, Bodybuilders, Lumberjacks The Northwest's Best Studs want to make you cum. PERSONALIZED let them what you want JOCKSTRAPS (\$13) SMELLY ATHLETIC SOCKS (\$11) PISS-STAINED LEVIS (\$35) CLIMB-FILLED RUBBERS (\$6) ALSO SHOES AND SWIMSUITS You get what you ask for STUDOS make LETTERS (\$10) and TAPES (\$25) to order Samples (\$5) Tapes of J.O. sessions, S.M. and man-to-man action (\$15). Ask about phonesex and catalogue Discreet. Money orders and cash ONLY to P.O. Box 6945, Portland OR 97228. Add \$1 postage (1943 NE Hwy 1)

BIBLICAL ERRANCY
Free copy 23 Fay Drive, Enon, Ohio 45328

PHOTOGRAPHY
Foot photo set \$9. Erotic J/O tape \$10. Used jock \$7 Smelly sox \$6 Slave dog tags \$5. Used rubbers \$4 Hard core photo-set \$10 S.R. P.O. 14425, SF 94114

HOT ROCKS—ITL TOP
Pics launch gear cass SASE \$1 Far 1st. Windcat Prods 26F-444 Hudson St

N.Y.C. 10014 State 21+

FLY A BROWN FLAG?
Embarrassed carrying a toilet seat? You need PORTA POT Comes in locked briefcase Assembles in minutes Only \$43.95 plus \$2.50 shipping. Giedhil Enterprises 2112 Lyric Ave. Los Angeles, CA 90027

USED JOCKS/SHORTS/LEVIS
From heavily hung studs plus pics. Send S.A.S.E. BOX 5001 El Monte CA 91734

FLY A BROWN FLAG?
You need PORT A POT Only \$43.95 Send S.A.S.E. for info. Giedhil Ent. Opt. D 2112 Lyric Ave. Los Angeles, CA 90027

GAY CONTACTS NATIONWIDE
GOLDENROD magazine has hundreds hottest gay/bi personals wild nude photos, addresses, phones. Plus articles, advice. Latest 80 page issue—\$7.00 Goldenrod 147 West 42nd St. NYC 10036

THE ULTIMATE IN HOT J.O.
Letters ad stories of foot-worship sox-smelling sneaker scenes, boot-licking, barefoot kissing, etc. and being a foot slave to a man's footgear sox and feet. Over 50 page book of hot foot scenes and fantasies. Send \$16.95 to D. Gaynes, Box 24102 Cleveland, Ohio 44124 (5128 Mayview Ave.)

EUROPE'S TOUGHEST
And most perverted guys meet in KICK, an illustrated magazine. Free catalogue from the publisher COO. Box 30 DK-4300 Helsingør Denmark

FINE HAND BRAIDED WHIPS
Write for pictures and prices. P.S.—631 O'Farrell #1207, San Francisco, CA 94109

TOTAL BODY SHAVING
Video tape of young cocky punk being shaved from head to toe. Everything VHS only \$30 + \$3 for postage. Freeborn Productions, P.O. Box 42547, S.F. CA. 94142 (225 6th St.)

HOMEMADE VIDEO
See my friends and I get it on. Also see others caught unaware in a 1-hr erotic video (VHS only). Send \$45.00 plus \$5.00 postage and handling to Act 1 Productions, 70 Greenwich Ave. Suite 593, NYC, NY 10011. Please state you are over 21

BONDAGE TAPE
4 inch by 14 foot roll of non adhesive rubber tape \$8.00 per roll. Add 15% for shipping. Giedhil, 2112 Lyric Los Angeles, CA 90027

F REMAN'S BLACK RUBBER!
We sell genuine firefighter's black rubber coats, pants & hip boots! Send SASE for information Barry's, P.O. Box 144 Scottsville, NY 14546

FREE ADS!
40 hot scenes lists + club w/kinks, video & toys. SASE + age. Bedie Pow. Box 803, Santa Ana, CA 92702 National!

GAY TAPES FOR SALE
Selling gay tape used—\$35.00 B.I. Nelson 672 N. Dearborn, Chicago, IL 60610

EARN HIGH INCOME
Tattoo techniques manual 86pp illus. \$30 ppd. A Lemes MD. 1237 E Broadway Long Beach, Calif. 90802

BANDANAS IN 47 COLORS
Hanky code Rockshot and TNT cards. Ram and Hardware. write for details Kitchen Plus 208 N. 3rd, Manhattan, Kansas 66502

LEATHER/LEVI WEEKEND
Sunday, May 6th
9:00 p.m.

MR. DRUMMER
New England
1984

Co-sponsored by
HARBOR MASTERS

Free drink with
this coupon



59 Center Street
Portland, Maine
207 772 7264

D.L.P. NEWSLETTER \$3.00
BROCHURE send \$1 free w/purchase
V.D.O. 1 A.P.B. B.P.C. I.A. S
TAPE G "BOYS WILL BE BOYS"
Hot sex between three men, one hour. The tape begins with the three men discussing sex and their love for it then they do it. Sale price \$44.
TAPE C "DANNY DELONG SUCKS HIMSELF"
One hour. Danny says "Nobody does it like me!" Promotional tape \$39
GET BOTH TAPES FOR \$79 - \$2 post handling
Add \$3 postage and handling for a single tape order
CA residents add 6% sales tax. State add:

DAVID LUST PHOTOGRAPHY
584 CASTRO ST. SUITE 222
SAN FRANCISCO, CA 94114

FREE CATALOG



LEATHER LOVERS
How to get top quality leathers at savings of up to 50%.

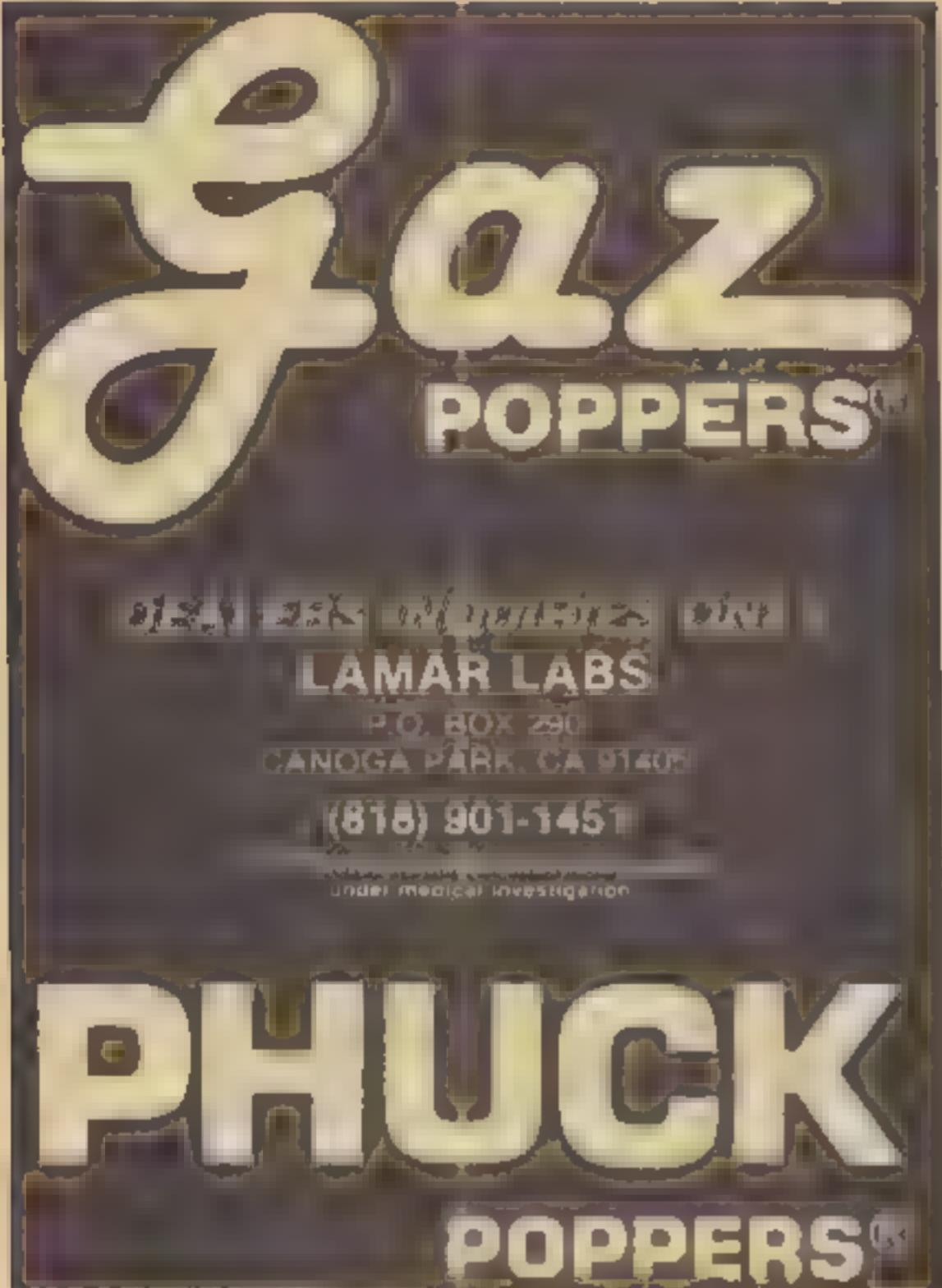
Now you can have the finest, perfectly tailored leathers at a fraction of the regular cost. You might normally pay two to three times as much for anything comparable: vest \$38, chaps \$99, pants \$139, trooper caps \$35, and much more.

WHAT'S THE CATCH? There is none. We cut out all retail commissions. You buy directly from us, we buy directly from the tanneries. We pass the savings on to you.

FREE CATALOG Send us your name and address and we'll rush your free catalog to you. Our easy-to-follow ordering instructions assure you of that custom-fit look.

OUR GUARANTEE You must be completely satisfied with the quality of any purchase or your money back. Period.

THE LEATHER WORKS INC.
2908 SE BELMONT DEPT F PORTLAND OR 97214
(503) 232-3260, STORE HOURS 11 TO 6,
MON. THRU SAT — VISA/MC/AEX TeleCheck



YNG GUYS (18+)
In jockey shorts or diapers. Photos
6/SS 484 Lakepark Ave #36 Oakland
CA 94610 Ca if add tax

ORGANIZATIONS

1000 MEN
(415) 626-1100 anytime

LIKE TO FUCK?
(OR GET FUCKED?)

American—Greek Alliances The club
which gets Greek Actives into Greek
Passives! Name, age, stamp To: P.O.
Box 623 AGD NYC NY 10013

GAYS AND YOUNG PRISONERS

Threatened w/ sexual exploitation in
institutions everywhere, benefit from
the work of The Prometheus Foundation,
which also protects gays in
society from rip-offs by unscrupulous
inmates. For information on the Pen Pa
Group and other vital programs, and a
copy of FREE!, the Foundation's news-
letter send SASE to Prometheus P.O.
Box 1144 Kutztown PA 15241

MILITARY TRAINING

3 Military Drill instructors will administer
discipline, physical training, cell
confinement & prolonged immobile
restraint in a realistic military atmos-
phere for weekend or week long ses-
sions. Safe, sane, discreet and
monitored confinement for Boot Camp
Stockade, or POW training. Mummifi-
cation, sensory deprivation, controlled
breathing situations also available.
Individual or buddy system entry. No
FF. Scat. Drugs. Fee required. Refer-
ences available. Address Serious Inquiries
to Training Center Information P.O.
Box 672 Bridgeton MO 63044 All re-
plies answered 431-1867 7233

PHALLIC WORSHIP

Saint Prapus Church, 583 Grove SF
94102 415-431-2188 Services combine

sex & religion News after Christian
eroticism, phallic art, poetry send \$1
for sample NYC, LA parishes Most
active Gay church in U.S. Sex can de-
stroy evil

C5—FOR MEN WHO SMOKE
And turn on to cigars For more information
write P.O.B. 15344 San Antonio
TX 78212

MEN ON THE HUNT
SARGE/ ROOKIE/ MASTER/ SLAVE
DAD/ SON BLACK/ WHITE TRAINER
TRAINEE ON THE HUNT FOR OPPON-
ITES? ENROLL NOW IN CHIRON
NATIONWIDE SEND \$3. FOR INFO—
PACK TO CHIRON BOX 416D WILL STA
NY NY 10014 (350 BLK)

THE NATION'S FIRST
S/M HOTLINE. (415)346-8747

BLACK TIMBER
BLACK MEN OVER 6 FEET TALL, JOIN
EXCLUSIVE CLUB OF HOT, HUNKY
BLACK TALL MEN WHO PREFER THEIR
OWN SIZE FOR DETAILS SEND SASE
WITH PHOTO/ OR DESCRIPT ON TO MR
SC P.O. BOX 1925 PACOIMA CALIFORNIA
91331

WRESTLE SEX SM
J-O FANT/CONTAX 500 MEN NATION-
WIDE INFOPIXPAK \$4.00 NYWC 59
W10 STREET NYC 10011

BOSTON WRESTLING CLUB
Join the action people newsletters,
membership listings, box service &
more. For info send SASE to BWC GMF
Box 1081 Boston Ma 02205

INTO FEET
BOOTS, SOCKS, ETC.?
Join "Footmates" INFO RS ENTER-
PRISES Box 3596 L.A. CA 90078

THE HIRSUTE CLUB
Hot erotic fraternity for HAIRY men and
men who love them. Photos listing-

"WORKLOAD"

A VIDEO PRESENTATION FROM JOHN FLOYD PRODUCTIONS

70 minutes • color • storyline • \$69 — VHS & BETA

STARRING STEVE COLLINS, ERIC BLADE, ANDREW RYAN, CLINT ROGERS, & LEE STERN
DYNAMIC STUD ACTION AT THE WORKLOAD EMPLOYMENT AGENCY

The Office — The Auditions — The Delivery



You must state you are 21 years or older

ENCLOSED \$69 - PLEASE SEND VHS BETA — PAYMENT BY CHECK CASH, OR MONEY ORDER
\$2.00 per age and handling Foreign orders add \$3.50 for postage

JOHN FLOYD PRODUCTIONS

P.O. BOX 5296 • NORTH HOLLYWOOD, CA 91616-5296

THE END IS ON

الله رب العالمين

THE SIXTH

A collage of political signs from the 1988 election, featuring Ronald Reagan and George H.W. Bush. The signs include "THE AFTER US", "THE HOT LINE", "EVERYONE ELSE IS JUST TALK", "GAD", "FOR CALIFORNIA", and "BEST IN TELE".

AFTER US

CREDIT CARD
MONEY ORDER TO:
256 S ROBERTSON
CALIFORNIA 90211

USE ANY MAJOR
OR SEND CHECK OR
THE HOT LINE.
BEVERLY HILLS.

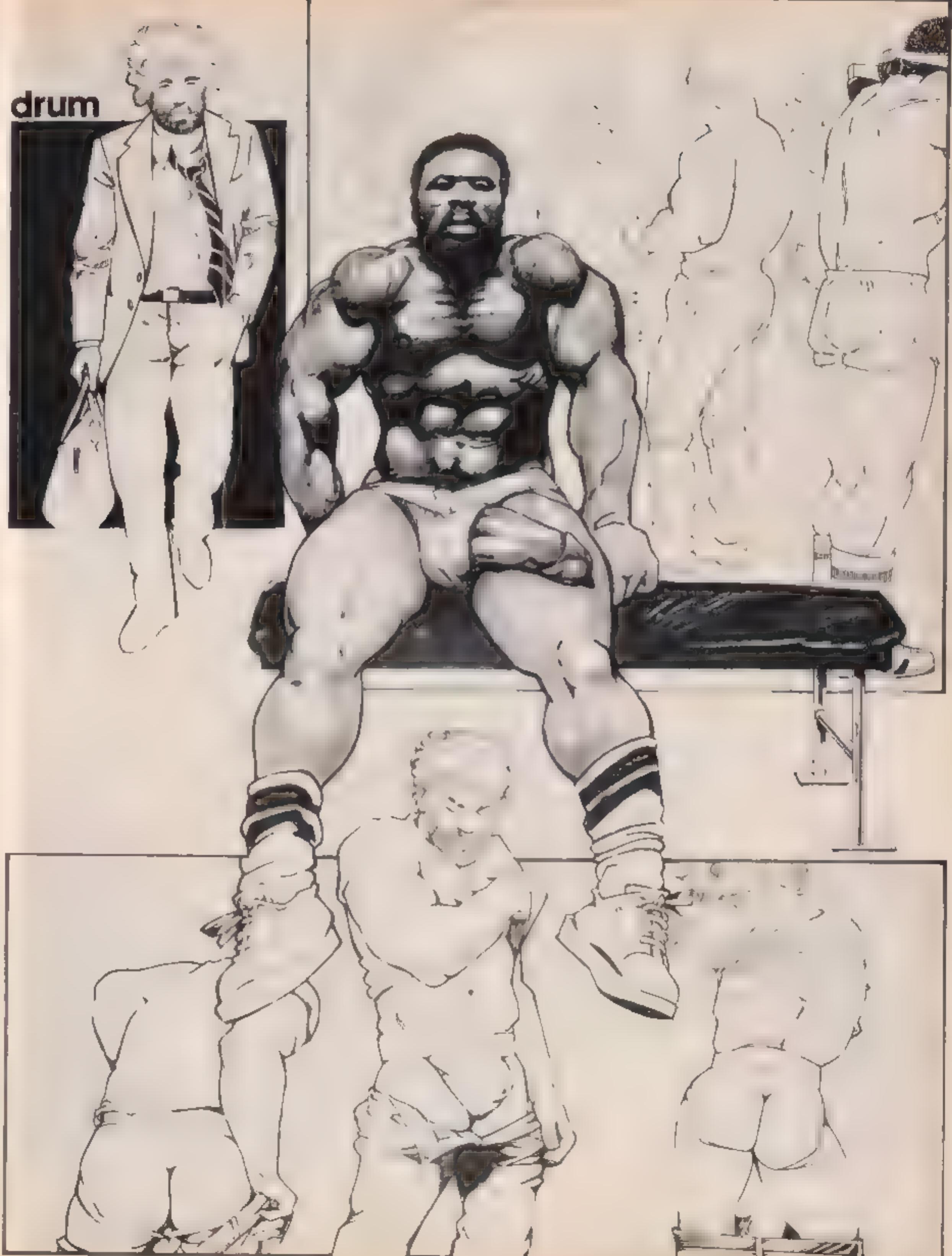
A medium shot of a man with a mustache, wearing a dark suit and tie, sitting at a desk and looking down at a document he is holding. The background is a plain, light-colored wall.

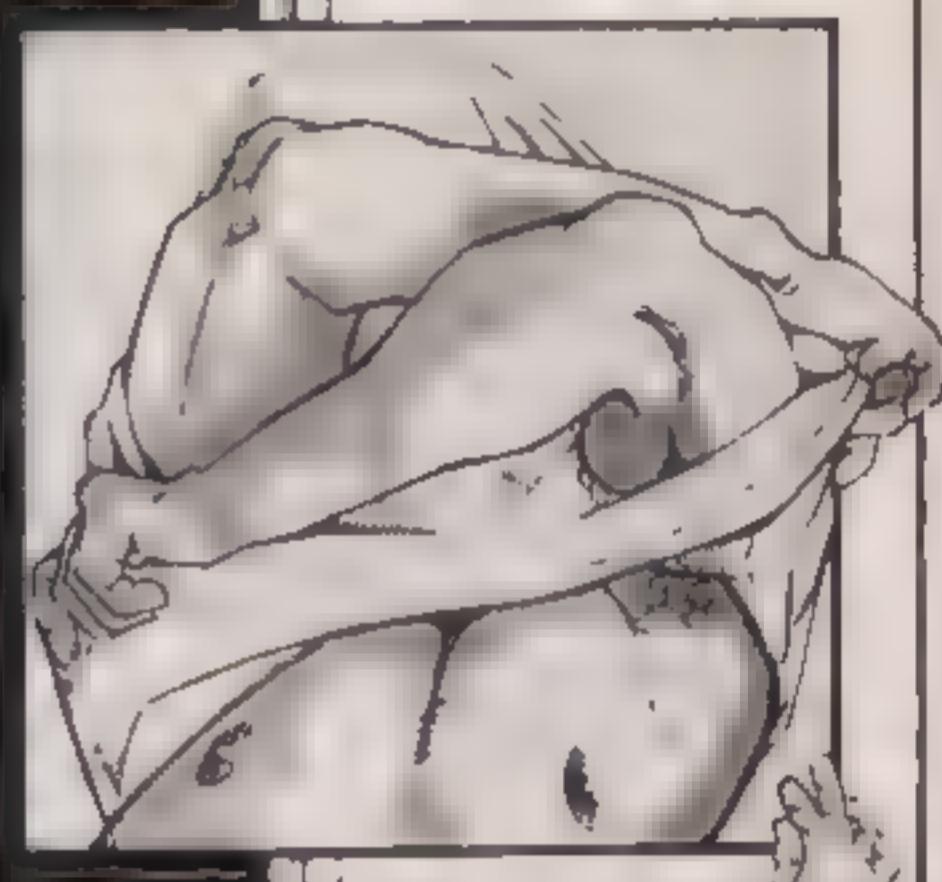
**GAY
OWNED AND
OPERATED**

HOTO
SETS
AVAILABLE

A person in a dark suit and tie stands in a room with a large window showing a city skyline at night.

drum







INTERNATIONAL LEATHER SCENE

MR. DRUMMER IS COMING

The big news in the battle of the leathermen is the announcement of the 1984 edition of the Mr. Drummer contests—12 in all, including the 11 regional titles spread out between April 6 and June 17, culminating in the mega-play-off in San Francisco on June 23, the day before the Gay Freedom Day Celebrations.

Unquestionably the Cadillac of leather contests, the 1984 series starts in Ft. Lauderdale when Tacky's (2509 W. Broward) picks Mr. Southeast Drummer over two nights (April 6 and 7). Next stop is The Woods (Guerneville, California) for the weekend of April 27 through 29, when Mr. Northern California Drummer is selected at the popular Russian River resort. At the same time, but nearly clear across the country, a new title debuts when The Crucible MC selects Northern Appalachian Mr. Drummer on April 28 at the Pittsburgh Trucking Company (730 River Avenue) in Pittsburgh, PA. Special judges for this premiere title include Drummer coverman (and first Mr. Drummer) Val Martin, Canadian Lorn Hardcastle (1st Runner-Up in the 1983 Mr. International Leather contest), Carl Sonnet (Mr. Pittsburgh Leather 1983), James Scott (Hide Park Leather) and Coll Thomas (Mr. International Leather 1983).

May 6 marks Mr. New England Drummer at Cycles in Portland, Maine. The infamous New England hot spot is planning to move to larger quarters shortly after this year's contest—which looks to be the ultimate closing bash. Cycles is located at 59 Center Street.

The Texas Drilling Company in Atlanta, 1026 N. Highland Avenue NE1 hosts the 1984 Mr. Southern Drummer contest on May 27. David Earl Lee, last year's 1st Runner-Up in the Mr. Drummer Finals, came from Atlanta, and he will be on hand to help select the new title winner this year.

On May 19 Mr. Pacific Northwest Drummer returns to JR's Cell in Portland, Oregon. This is the second year The Cell has hosted a regional Mr. Drummer contest. Expect another timberjack to walk away with the title.

The most maligned city in America, Cleveland, is home to the Mr. Midwest Drummer contest on June 9 at A Man's World (2405 St. Clair Avenue), perhaps Ohio's most famous gathering spot for gay men. In the 1983 Mr. Drummer Finals, Cleve and sent the 2nd Runner-Up in the person of George Moore, a compact muscular bundle of dynamite who had the audience on the floor when he got



JOHN GARGER: Mr. Drummer 1983. Photo by Jim Wigler

finished fistin' a watermelon.

Part one of the 1984 Mr. Rocky Mountain Drummer two-city/two-night contests hits Phoenix on June 11 at Trax (1724 East McDowell Road). Part Two picks the winner on June 13 at The Tool Box (145 Broadway) in Denver, Colorado.

The last round is a long, hot weekend June 15 through 17 at The Loading Dock in Houston, Texas. Staged by Eagle Leathers, the three-night super-event at The

Loading Dock (1722 Westheimer) will select Mr. Southwest Drummer 1984.

Then it's on to San Francisco for the Mr. Drummer Finals on June 23, where these regional titles winners (and two more—dates and locations to be announced) will gather along with a selected invitationa contestant to decide who will be Mr. Drummer 1984. Drummer promises that this year's leather gala will be even bigger and more spectacular than last year's—

already acknowledged as the high-water mark of leather contests

Watch this space for more details

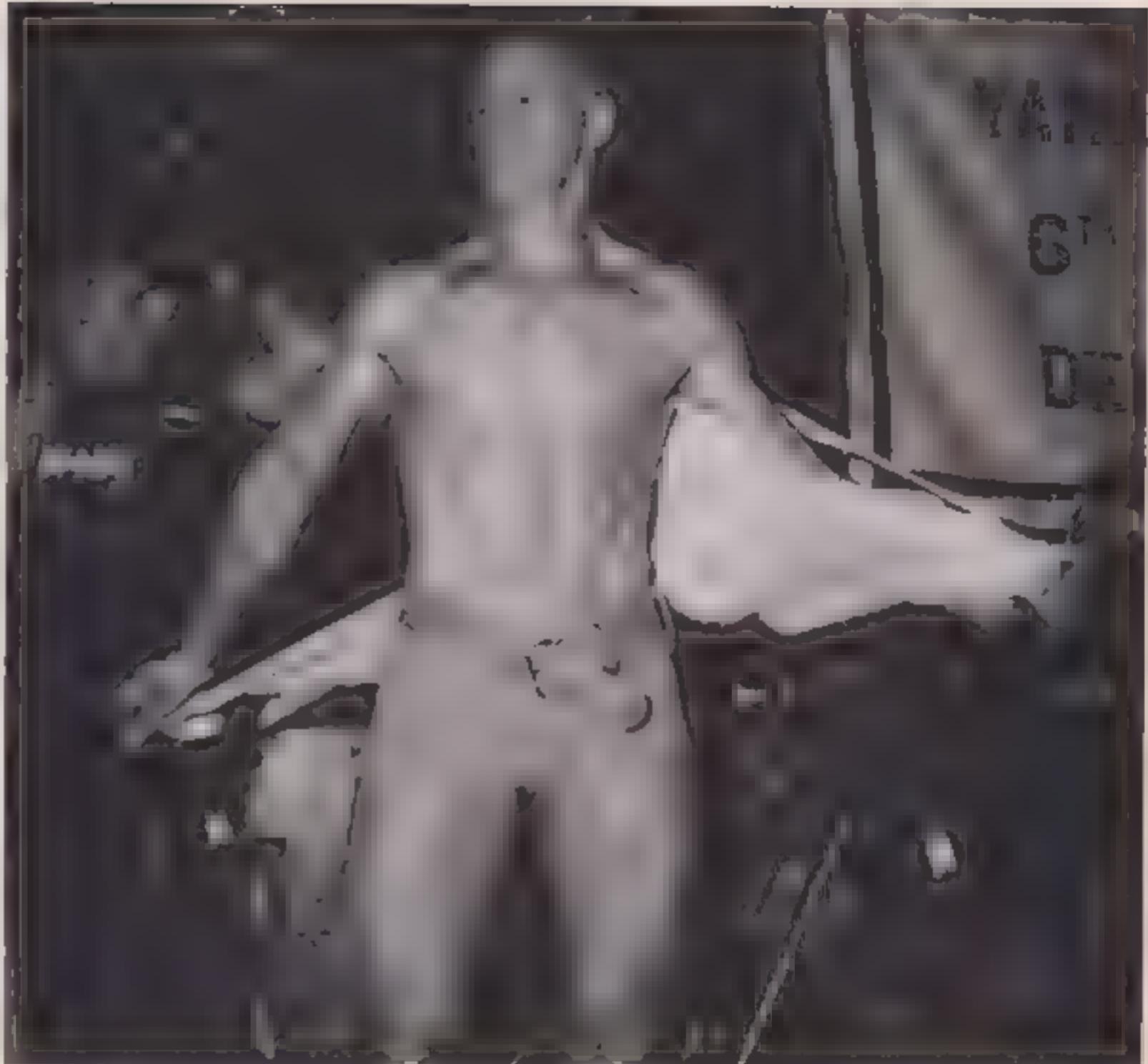
ROCKY MOUNTAIN HOT

When Denver leathermen hold a "Mister" contest, they go all-out—in this case, a trial by fire that spanned two nights and definitely separated the men from the boys. The Mister Tool Box Leather 1984 contest started at Tracks, a popular discotheque, with preliminary judging that included a leather toy display by Mr. S Leather of Denver—and picked up two nights later at The Tool Box, where according to a local eye-witness, "true sleaze prevailed" in a bar packed "butt-to-box."

When the smoke cleared Don Nolan, a ten-year leatherman and owner of Denver's most popular gay gym, Broadway Body Works (it shows!), took the honors. A night—make that two nights—to remember.

LOOKING FOR FESTUS

The newest move by San Francisco Sheriff Michael Hennessey: a "recruitment rally" at Chaps, a popular South of Market leather bar. With ten openly gay deputy sheriffs in tow, Sheriff Hennessey outlined the pros and cons of trading in cowboy fantasies for badge and gun and an oath to protect and serve. The custo-



TAKE IT OFF, DADDY! Don Nolan, Denver's Mr. Tool Box Leather 1984



THE SHERIFF AND HIS GAY DEPUTIES: A turn-around in the old recruitment theory? Photo by Robert Pruzan



PACIFIC NORTHWEST MR. LEATHERMAN 1983, RALPH CLEVELAND. Be a judge at the Mr. Washington State Leatherman contest. Photo by Steve Foiles.

78 DRUMMER

mers were impressed. We're impressed! The San Francisco Sheriff's Department has been involved in a number of new recruitment drives to bring racial, sexual and cultural parity to its ranks.

NORTHWEST LEATHER

The countdown to Pacific Northwest Mr. Leatherman 1984 started in February with the Mr. Washington State Leatherman contest. This year's winner, Doug (no last name?), road captain of the Knights of Malta, will go on to compete with winners of Portland and Vancouver contests for the Pacific Northwest regional title.

In attendance at the Seattle event, held at the J&L Saloon, was 1983's Pacific Northwest Mr. Leatherman, Ralph Cleveland—apparently there to check out one of the three men who'll be vying for his title when he steps down. Whether it's Washington State's Doug, or the soon-to-be-chosen leathermen from Port and/or Ralph's own Vancouver, Ralph says the winner shouldn't expect an easy ride. His year at the top entailed "a surprising amount of work," says Ralph. "I feel I have a responsibility to the gay community, to help bring together elements who might be afraid of one another. I want to teach them not to be afraid of leathermen. There's no need to be afraid of leathermen. They're pussycats!"

Maybe, maybe not. In any case, we'd be more than willing to have Ralph teach us.

WARD 5-B GETS 4K-PLUS

A much-anticipated mega-fundraiser at the San Francisco Eagle in March raised a tidy \$4,423.29 for the AIDS patients currently in Ward 5-B of San Francisco General Hospital. Contributions from South of Market and other citywide gay businesses and individuals were auctioned off or raffled amid a capacity crowd on the roof of the popular San Francisco bar. The staff of the S.F. Eagle, along with members of the CMC organization and The Barbary Coasters Motorcycle Club, had been working on this event for some time. It's the most recent in a long line of fundraisers that gay businesses in San Francisco have hosted to benefit AIDS patients and the AIDS support groups.

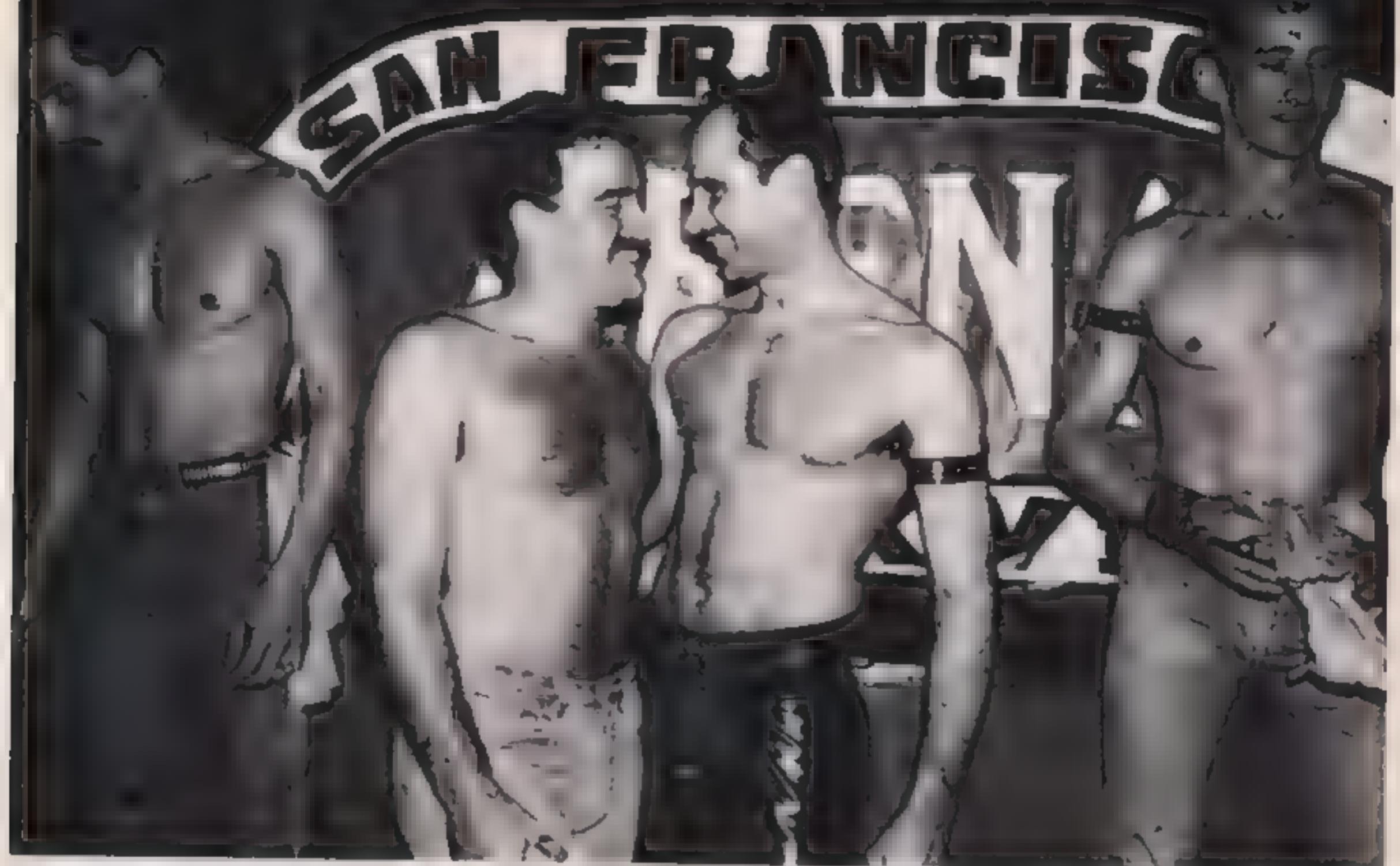
ZURICH INTERNATIONAL

Attention, leathermen who are members of all clubs associated with EMC. LOGE 70 (Schweiz) announces its traditional Whitsun gathering, this year called "Zurich International," to be held June 8-11 at the same forest hut near Fisibach where the group's Whitsun conclave was held last year.

"For the first time in many years," according to the event program, "we will again do a city tour in an old tram. And as a first-time event in Zurich, we will have the election of Mister Leather Switzerland who will go on to compete in the Mister Leather Europe contest in Ham-

SAN FRANCISCO

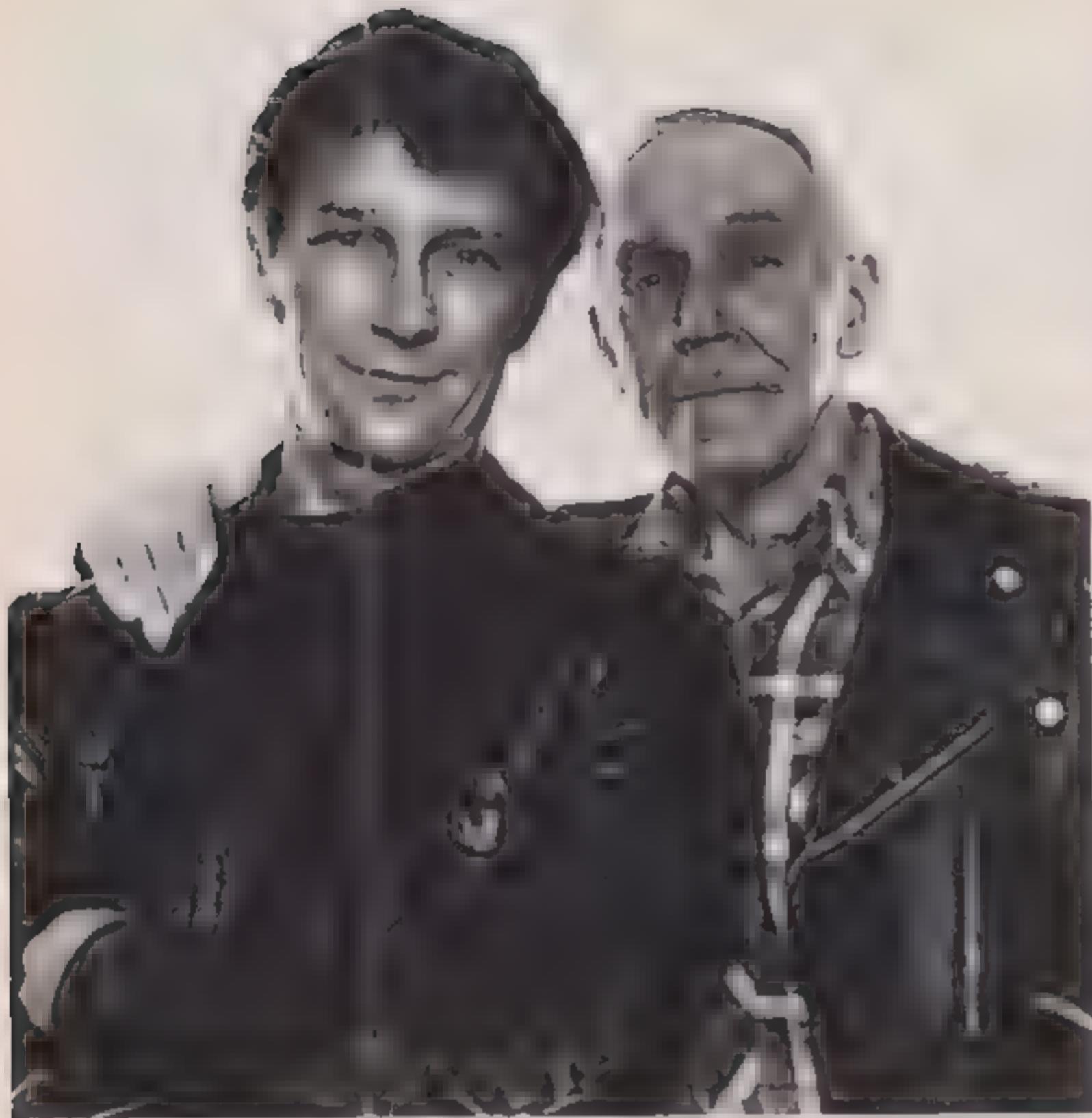
BEST



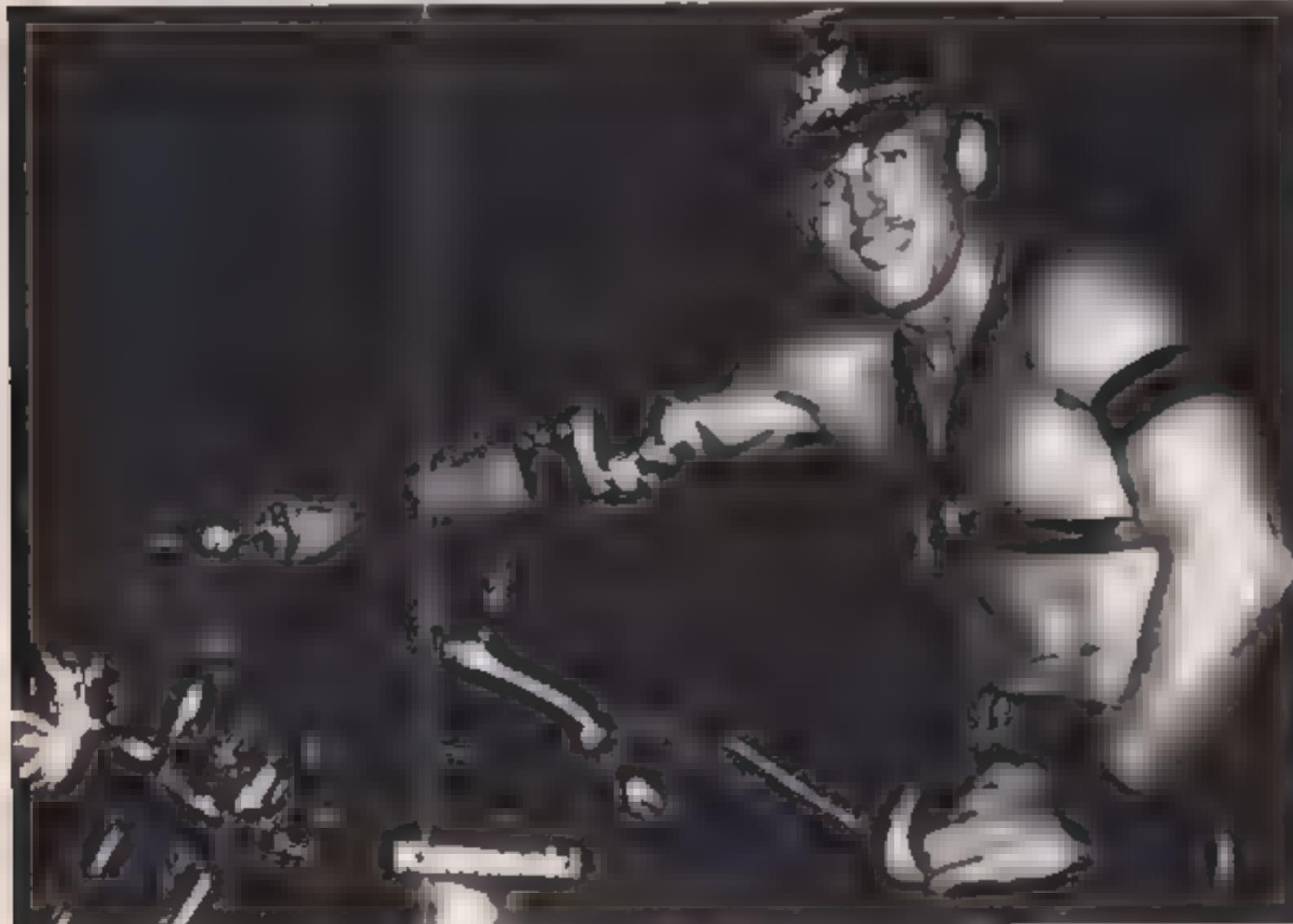
THE KNOCKERS YOU WON'T SEE HERE: Yet another *Bart's Best* Contest at San Francisco's The Aragon (you might recall we told you there would be twelve contestants all capped) - a calendar at the end of the year showing off one set of pecs a month. It is, we netted more than a winner from California (from left) and one runner-up to Ponte (far left). Phil Sargol (second from left) finished far right - this was the contest that saw the sex humor broken. A big, burly, hairy mammal (and I guess it has to be a guy) was covered in black lace twice the size of everyone else's. In fact, however, seems to have no chest at all (himself - the chest is supposed to be muscle still, we thought). I was a wee little f-word gesture (an Ms. International Leather belt belt out! Photo by Robert Pruzan)



S.F. EAGLE BENEFIT FOR W.A.H. S-B: Hard work and long planning netted a cool \$4000-plus. Photo by Robert Pruzan.



VISIT FROM THE MASTER It was a definite event when the grand master of entertainment, Tom of Finland (right), accompanied by his agent and rig (left) and maid, Dirk Debner, dropped by the Drummer offices during a visit to San Francisco. Tom reports that he's eager to return to the realm of full-bodied fantasy, after a year's period of "dreadful" sexual works and portraits. Good news for Tom's fans! We look forward to seeing more of that special world—and those special men—that come from Tom's unique art form. Photo by Jim Wigler.



LAST HURRAH: Colt Thomas shows off the wheels he won as Grand Master Leather 1983. Photo ©1983 by IML Studio

burg or Munich.

Culinary events will include two brunches at the Barfusser bar and restaurant in Zurich, and the forest hut party with "campfire, grilled sausages, drinks and lots of leather guys."

LOGE 70 will attempt to place those attending in private accommodations in Zurich or nearby (first come, first served). Hotel reservations must be made by individuals, but organizers of "Zurich International" will provide a list of recommended establishments.

Other rules. The meeting is reserved for members of EMC-associated clubs, though, if not sold out, guests may be accepted, "as long as they are part of the scene." Only those in leather, jeans, western wear or uniforms will be allowed on all premises, and the taking of any photographs is strictly prohibited. Registration deadline is May 26.

"Zurich International" will undoubtedly be a first-class gathering of leathermen on an international scale. Interested parties can receive more information by writing to LOGE 70 (Schweiz), Postfach 725, CH-8025 Zurich, Switzerland.

MICHIGAN LEATHER

Mr. Leather West Michigan will be chosen April 14 at the Carousel in Grand Rapids. This marks the third annual contest for the West Michigan title, and the third time the event has been held at the Carousel, located at 8 Ionia Street S.W. (pronounced I-own-ya?) Be there at 9:30 sharp. Information, call (616) 454-2639.

INTERNATIONAL MR. LEATHER

The 1984 Edition of the Chicago-based International Mr. Leather contest hits the boards this year on May 27 in the Windy City. Sponsored by The Gold Coast bar, the contest, which had 44 contestants last year, caps a weekend that includes bar parties at The Gold Coast and other leather watering holes in Chicago, and the annual Man's Country Black and Blue Ball. Entry forms and weekend-package reservations (including the Contest and Parties) are available from: The Gold Coast, 501 N. Clark Street, Chicago, IL 60640. Deadline for reservations is May 20.

Last year's winner, Colt Thomas, will be on hand to give up his title to this year's winner. The judges for the contest are drawn from well-known leather figures.

SUBMIT!

International Leather Scene is our effort to keep Drummer readers informed about what's going on with leathermen in the U.S., Canada, Europe, Australia and elsewhere. Have you got an event or inside information we should know about? Submit press releases, announcements, photos, etc.—as early as possible—to International Leather Scene, Drummer, 964 Folsom St., San Francisco, CA 94107.

TOUGH CUSTOMERS



CALIFORNIA DREAMING

This blond young stud is searching for an attractive young Daddy (or ??) for friendship and good times. Leather and photo a must! Write to Kitch at PO Box 711, Fullerton, CA 92632.

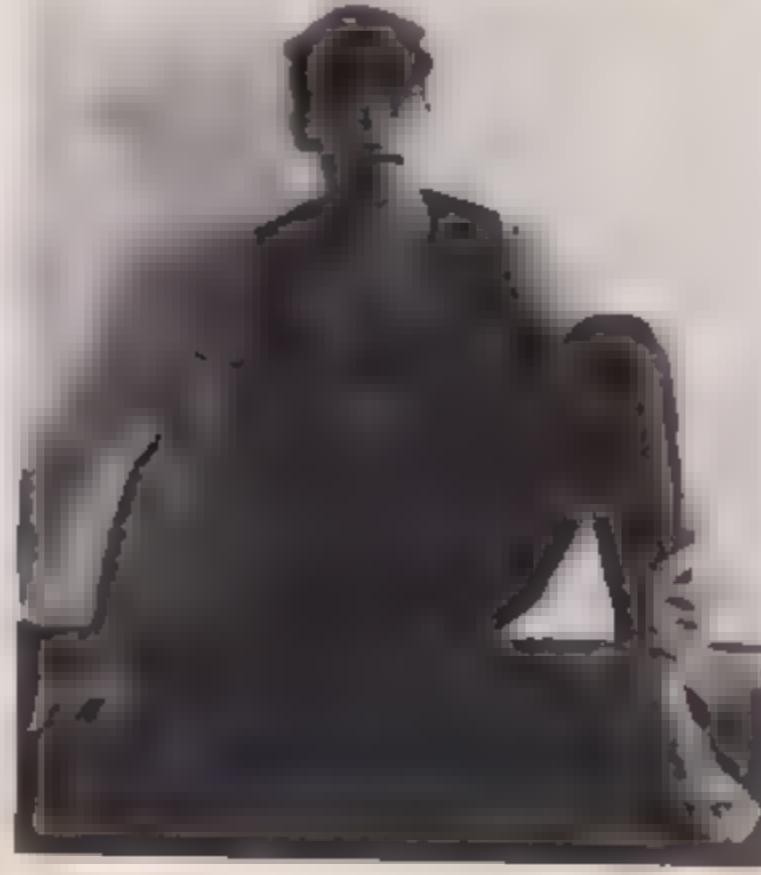
WANNA BE A T.C.?

Think your stuff is hot enough to appear in *Drummer's* Tough Customer pages? Like to show it off? Send your photo black and white reproduces best, dim color shots won't do at all), along with a brief description or message to: Tough Customers, Drummer, 964 Folcom Street, San Francisco, CA 94107. Tell us you're of legal age, put your signature on the back of the photo and include your name and address (we won't print that information unless you ask us to). See ya around!



AMSTERDAM-BUILT

This T.C. likes macho leathermen with nice hunky bodies (25 to 40); isn't into SM, FF, or "way-out kinks." He's coming to the U.S. this fall, so get ready! Kenneth McBean, 9 Kloveniersburgwal, III Floor, 1011 JT Amsterdam, The Netherlands.



CUBAN DADDY'S BOY

This hot-blooded, kinky 27-year-old is looking for a Daddy in New York City. Want to know more? Look up his ad in the Drumbeats classifieds under New York.



CAMP TRAINER

This Daddy is expert in training men to be good, obedient sons. He's a member of Interchain (#518), or you can seek him out via his Drumbeats ad ("Summer Camp 1984") under New York.



BAT MAN

We found this guy hanging around at the Compound. Invited us to snap him for Tough Customers, then mysteriously disappeared. Maybe something went to his head.

DRUMMER'S HOT SPOTS



1724 East McDowell Rd.
Phoenix 85006
(602) 254-0231

The Best Stop in Philadelphia!



206 S. Quince Street
(215) 629-9448



MANHANDLER SALOON
CHICAGO

1948 N Halsted St. (312) 671-3339

Zodiac Club

At the Zodiac
we know our ABC's.
After all, fantasies
are serious business.

The Zodiac Social Club
1117 Pike St
Seattle, WA 98101
206-622-9958

Amoral
Bondage
Climax
Depth
Erotic
Fist
Grease
Hard
Induce
Jock
Kinky
Lust
Master
Novice
Oral
Pierce
Queer
Raunchy
Slut
Tattoo
Uncut
Vanilla
Wel
X-rated
Yield
Zodiac

Connection



IF YOU LIKE HOT MEN
TORN LEATHER
THE SMELL OF LEATHER
AND
14,000 LB OF
DIESEL POWER

Open 7 days a week

4211 N. 7TH STREET PHOENIX
745-9320

THE LOADING ZONE

WHERE MEN
MAKE THE DIFFERENCE

1702 INDIA ST. (AT DATE)
SAN DIEGO, CA 921-1361

HUNT NO FURTHER
for
the WASHINGTON STATE LEATHERMEN



J&L SALOON
SEATTLE WASHINGTON
314 EAST PINE
624-2612



Pittsburgh's
(NEWEST) MAN'S Bar

Tough Shit

MISTAKEN INDEMNITY

With the vitriolic passion of a Tennessee Williams heroine, U.S. Deputy to NATO, General Bernard Rogers, unenamored of having a deputy assigned to his post (especially a German one), tried to have General Gunter Kressling dismissed on suspicion of homosexuality. With the aid of German Military Intelligence, General Rogers built a relentless case against Kressling—one of the two deputies NATO placed under the U.S. General—based on the fact that (1) Kressling was in his 50s and had never married, (2) Kressling did not have a steady girlfriend, (3) GMI would testify that they had eyewitnesses to Kressling's frequenting of a gay bar, Tom Tom, in Cologne, West Germany, and (4) accusations of homosexuality have always worked in the past.

It would take an absolute ninny to think being gay had any negative bearing on military leanings. Some of history's best-known fascists were either gay or supported by or surrounded by gays: gays make great warmongers (witness Alexander the Great); gays have been known to pilage and rape right along with the best of 'em. But the disclosure that a gay

man might be near the very top of such a mighty military-industrial complex as NATO was counted on as being such a shock to the international military scene that General Rogers was positive the operation would be a quick, bloodless exorcise.

To show the real lily-livered condition of NATO's upper echelon, German Minister of Defense Manfred Worner fell all over himself when General Rogers dropped his stinkbomb. Minister Worner bowed and scraped to the mighty American and his accusations and demanded General Kressling's resignation forthwith—in fact, he dismissed him based on General Rogers' charges. General Kressling agreed to go into retirement at the end of March 1985, but no sooner. The entire affair stayed on the inside of NATO/GMI/Bundespost gossip routes in the beginning. The official explanation for the request for Kressling's dismissal was labeled "For security reasons." The putsch seemed successful.

Then the press got hold of the "security reasons" details (Kressling's alleged homosexuality), and the shit hit the wire services. The West German public expressed outrage that General Rogers claimed someone who was homosexual was a security risk in the military. They constantly questioned, via newspaper and radio polls (the story occupied the West German news for two months), why a gay man was any more susceptible to blackmail than a married man who visited a whorehouse. Logic, to quote the culture that gave us Martin Luther and Nina Hagen, would dictate that a public knowledge of one's gayness, if anything, removed the threat of blackmail.

Poor General Rogers just shut his mouth as quickly and as decisively as he had opened it when it was revealed that the "eyewitnesses" to Kressling's forays into the Tom Tom Club were actually seeing and photographing another man, Jur-

gen Baum, who had no qualms about hanging out in the Cologne gay bar. The German Police and German Military Intelligence, with soft-boiled egg dripping from their Aryan chins, insisted that it was a case of "mistaken identity," that the two men looked just alike. General Rogers hid behind the very secure and extremely heterosexual doors at NATO Headquarters in Brussels and let the German Police, GMI, and German Minister of Defense Manfred Worner take the heat. Minister Worner, caught between a rock and a hard place, instantly reinstated General Kressling and offered to resign himself.

General Rogers held his breath. *Der Spiegel*, the more conservative German news journal, explained "...at the General Secretariate of NATO in Brussels, gays serve who do not conceal their sexual preferences. In NATO's armies, a particular sexual inclination is considered a private matter. There is even a department head who had his private appointments arranged by his secretary. Even the officers of the South European NATO sector, with their strict Catholic morals, consider homosexuality a security risk only if extortability is proven; even then, homosexuality does not justify premature dismissal, but at most a transfer to the provinces. For that reason alone, the Worner/Kressling affair caused some perplexity at both NATO headquarters. It caused (among the leaders) amazement at such provincialism (on the part of the German Military and Government). The reaction was: 'Those funny Krauts!'"

The scandal is past. General Rogers still has two deputies, which he still does not want. Minister Worner has not resigned. Deputy Kressling has not resigned. There are as many gays in NATO today as there were before the brickbats flew. General Rogers will have to think up a new ploy next time. Word is out, homosexuality won't play.



Der Villain: General Rogers



Der Victim: General Kressling



Der Pawn: Jürgen Baum

DRUMMER'S HOT SPOTS

COWBOY-UNIFORM NIGHT
LAST SAT EACH MONTH

SPURS
CINCINNATI

326 EAST EIGHTH STREET
CINCINNATI, OHIO 45202



BOSTON RAMROD

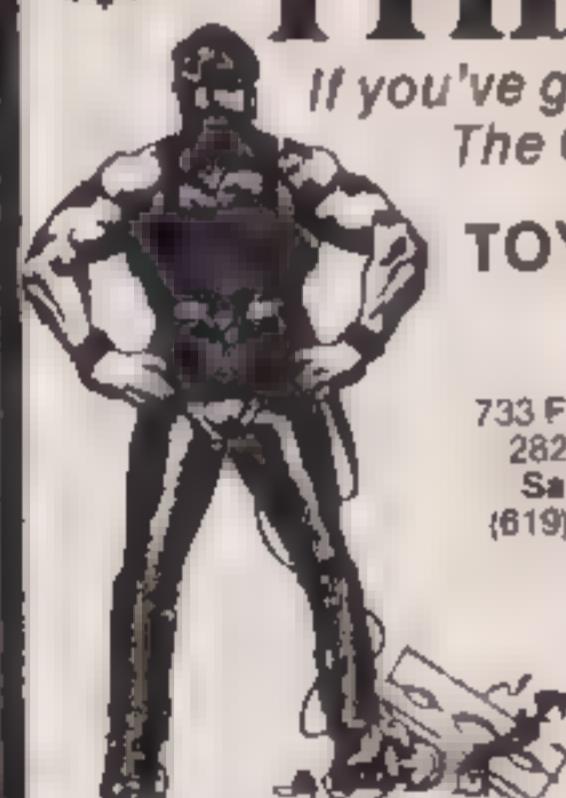
**TOOL
BOX**

145 BROADWAY • 733-1812
DENVER'S FOREMOST
PARTY BAR

* THE CRYPT *

If you've got the imagination
The Crypt has the accessories

TOYS LEATHER VIDEO
EROTICA



733 Fourth Ave
2820 Lytton
San Diego
(619) 231-4776

1310 East Union St
(206) 325-3882

2222 Broadway
Den.
(303) 292-4040



"The Legend Returns"

1170 CLUB

1170 N. Western Avenue
Los Angeles, California 90029
(213) 462-9685



Touché Chicago

VISITING SAN FRANCISCO?
STAY AT CALIFORNIA'S LARGEST EXCLUSIVELY ALL MALE GAY HOTEL



BAR
SECURITY
TELEPHONES
COFFEE SHOP
STEAMROOM
GREAT LOCATION

BROTHEL **HOTEL**
FIFTEEN HUNDRED SUTTER

LAT GENEVA SAN FRANCISCO 410-775-9440
VISA & MASTERCARD ACCEPTED



VIDEO

INDEPENDENTS & AMATEURS II

Let's work our way from the very top to the very bottom this time, in looking at independent and amateur video releases

Foreskin Fantasy, Adam and Company, 1984, features entire cast, 60 minutes, color and sound, Beta/VHS; \$79.95 (\$5 postage/handling), signed statement required; Adam and Company, 7985 Santa Monica Blvd, Suite 109/209, Los Angeles, CA 90046

the spread goes from a deserved 10 to an equally deserved zero.

You might expect that the very first feature from a new video company to be either pretty standard or pretty amateurish. That may be the rule, but there is an exception: a good case in point is *Foreskin Fantasy* from Adam and Company. These guys must have known that, most of the time, your entire future can ride on your first release; abundant thought and care went into the planning and execution of this highly-specialized one-hour project.

Almost equally divided into three separate and diverse vignettes, *Foreskin Fantasy* starts with a tone and a pace that is complemented but not contradicted as it unwinds, like three notes played in the same chord. And while the video centers around one particular sexual fantasy, foreskin, it manages to explore its fetish in remarkably different tableaus.

An art deco mirror faced with crystal and chrome objects reflects a sleek muscular man wearing white briefs and a white T-shirt sprawled out in a black leather chair, the entire landscape framed by plum-colored walls. These reflective and offsetting surfaces and colors focus the eyes to his skin, a seamless wrap of even tone and texture. Every movement becomes visually heightened by its stark (without being sharp) contrast. What he does is this: tears and pulls at his shirt and shorts, digs his admirable genitals out of his briefs, lovingly manipulates and caresses himself.

The tone of mystery established by this opening segment, in which we never see the entire person at one time, is reiterated in the visual devices used throughout *Foreskin Fantasy*: things are revealed, if at all, slowly and quietly, like the foreskin itself pulled back from the head of the dick. Later a package of photographs is unwrapped and spread out; the camera unveils characters inch by inch; arms and organs slip out from the folds of cloth and clothes. The mystery is augmented by an exotic set of environments—the aforementioned mirror/chair/walls; a Japanese robe that cloaks another non-person, exposing arms and legs and genitals, a timeless, colorless space occupied by naked men and naked mattresses thrown on the floor.



--*Danny Parks in Meat: The Movie*

erect, sheathed organs; close-up images reveal thick cords of semen roped from under equally thick, wrinkled foreskins

The music is faintly Japanese. The figure's hands caress his own genitals under the voluminous fabric. As he examines and re-examines each image, he reveals more and more of his own stirring expectations until, finally, he is laid back against his black robes on a black floor; his pale naked body unadorned except for the fleeting colors of a butterfly tattooed on the inside of his thigh, masturbating in time to a music that is both intensifying and steadily growing towards its own resolution. As he reaches the apex of desire, we see what his mind's eye sees: another mysterious unrevealed figure—is it him?—naked, grasping his organ like a hose, steady streams of golden urine splashing on the floor. The camera jumps

The execution of *Foreskin Fantasy* is very much an exercise in style, heavily borrowed from the French New Wave of Goddard and the stark simplicity of Carne, equally Japanese with the structure and flow of a flower arrangement or a watercolor; all of it polished with the gloss of high technology.

Foreskin Fantasy moves from the tone-on-texture landscapes of the first segment to a semi-surreal cultural sensibility in the middle vignette: a black lacquer table holds a handful of dead, dried long-stem roses capped with a square parcel tied with ribbons. Another unknowable figure, draped in a black kimono, kneels and bends toward the bundle, occidental hands untying ribbons to reveal a series of black and white photographs of various uncut men: soft, thick appendages hang between muscular thighs; hands grasp



Jim Foreskin Fantasy

between these two scenes, the standing man pissing and the prone man ejaculating the contents of his testicles. Then the screen turns black.

The final section of *Foreskin Fantasy* reveals all, against a grey backdrop seated on a stool, a sunglassed man wearing jeans stares at the camera while he unbuckles and unbuttons his pants, pulling his uncut cock out of the fly of his jeans. The camera caresses his semi-clothed body. Another figure walks into the frame, naked, his own uncut cock hanging like a lead weight between his legs. The camera brings into sharp focus sometimes-tender, sometimes-rough mutual manipulations; these two men stroke and squeeze and fondle each other; fingers pull at flexible foreskins. They explore with their hands and mouths and eyes. Completely disrobed both move to thin, overlapping, unadorned mattresses on the floor. More complex positions are arranged like icons in a temple. Another figure joins them, already nude, a tall black man with a legendary cock. Positions are arranged now in threes. The camera moves among them like a non-participating partner.

Adam and Company took a calculated risk in straying so far from the frameline of contemporary porn in making *Foreskin Fantasy* such a work of art; but, staying well within the parameters of their specific fetish, using the artistic aspects of their camerawork and design to accent that fetish, they have turned what could

have been pretentious into what is unquestionably singular and special.

If you've never heard of Old Reliable and his tough-talking, rough-looking collection of street punks, then you've never really been on the receiving end of hard-line verbal abuse. But if you think being called a "low-life, ass-sniffing, ball-licking, no-good cocksucker" is the sum total of Old Reliable's repertoire, you're mistaken. VT 12 is a two-hour collection of street boys beating off for the prurient interests of the camera. Each individual (the brochure for this video only names four of the dozen guys) either starts VT 12, Old Reliable, 1983, features entire cast 120 minutes color and sound Beta/VHS \$59 \$3 postage-handling, signed statement required, brochures available, Old Reliable 1626 N. Wilcox, Suite 107, Hollywood, CA 90028.

naked or strips down, does a minimum of flexing (or none at all), and settles into getting off: sometimes quickly, sometimes slowly, sometimes very slowly. The guys vary from the skinny, big-dicked hairless street hustler to the muscular hairy-chested ex-con. Styles vary; motivations vary—some guys show off their equipment inch by pulsing inch, others grasp hold of their meat like it was a life-saver and pound in short, fast, calculated strokes. Orgasms are unique signatures. Old Reliable readies for and captures each one with qualified attention to detail.

Because VT 12 is shot in direct video, it has the look of immediacy associated with both television and home movies—these are, after all, Old Reliable's home movies, a journal of the guys he's convinced to reveal their all for the video camera.

Awkwardness and arrogance sometimes go hand in hand, some guys get instant, aching boners and make short shrift of urging their loads into the open air; others use spit, oil, and porn magazines to help them achieve tumescence; one particular member unloads on top of a glass coffee table (his second discharge) while the camera steadily records from underneath.

Conversation is kept to an absolute minimum (once in a while you hear the cameraman give an instruction or sometimes a growl from the panting lips of the subject, a warning that "the load is coming"), sound is natural room sound, focus is usually eyes to camera/cock to viewer. Pure, unadulterated, unembellished, cock-off sessions; the viewer supplies the rest of the fantasy.

It stands to reason that not all these guys are heterosexual even if all of them appear to be heterosexual-identified. Some are more attuned to their own bodies than others, everyone is either well-hung or very well-hung.

The technical quality of VT 12 is very good; editing is minimal but concise. At two hours running time, this cassette is a real breakthrough in the price category as well.

Black Meat in Heat is only the second title released by Puer Eternus, an independent video company exploring black and interracial sexuality, and is a marked improvement in technique and quality over their first effort.

The setup of *Black Meat in Heat* is simple: four short segments each featuring a solo black man, each describing what turns him on, and each masturbating to orgasm. Like *Foreskin Fantasy* and *VT 72*, this cassette is geared to a more specific sexual fetish than the run-of-the-mill porn tape.

Black Meat starts with an ex-con who lays back on his bunk in a cell on Alcatraz and tells you how being in prison taught him to like sex with men. As he describes his particular turn-ons, he fishes his abundant equipment out of his prison-issue jeans and stokes it to ample orgasm.

Next is the young farm hand laid back on a bale of hay, working his meat out of his overalls while talking about how hard work demands relief at the end of the day.

Then it's off to the financial district, where a suited executive unreels the biggest organ among this quartet from his Brook Brothers slacks for the tape's longest, most elaborate segment.

Finally, a black man in black leather comes from the shadows to end the exercise, ripping off his studded cod-piece to reveal an unusually thick cock and mons-

ter balls. All he does is stand there and whip it—never says a word—and you get the point.

The camera work is very good (exceptional in the executive segment), the technical quality is above average, the individual men are interesting, the overall concept worthwhile, the sound average—maybe all that's missing is... more.

Meat: The Movie has a major problem and a number of minor ones. This is the second title from another very new company, Boys Town, and the major problem is that the advertising hypes Danny Parks as a co-star ("18 years old, 12 inches/7 inches around"); his picture is the main draw of the print ads. Danny Parks appears in about 5 minutes of the 70 minutes running time of this video in the shower, and never shows an erection—unless his cock doesn't stick out when erect. The print ads also say: "Incredibly..."

Meat: The Movie, 1984, Danny Parks, Joe Malone, Keith Owens, Butch Diggins, 70 minutes color and sound; Beta/VHS, \$79.95 (\$2 postage/handling); signed statement required Boys Town, 256 S Robertson Blvd, Beverly Hills, CA 90211

endowed Joe Malone and Danny Parks take on two hot studs..." Danny Parks never comes out of the shower. No one gets in the shower with him. He doesn't take on anyone in *Meat: The Movie*.

Meat begins with a very sexy young Latino in bed talking on the phone. Seems he's been sick. Deprived of going out and getting laid, he tells his phone-

mate about the dreams he's been having. Danny Parks is the first dream, but not for very long. Then another dream is about some guy that just showed up one day and took his clothes off and got in bed—we see the dream pretty much as described. Then there's another dream, this time a three-way between Joe Malone (another 12-incher), Keith Owens and Butch Diggins—and it is the bulk of the story.

Some of *Meat* is interesting, some is not. As for the two guys, Malone and Parks, on which everything hangs—giant cocks are valid vehicles for porn. Our culture, while paying lip service to any other number of individual qualities, is still in rapt awe of the oversized sex organ. But *Meat* does not make good use of the beef. Instead of letting the camera dote on either of these outstanding appendages they are treated as no more than just another dick. Only once does the video even come close to utilizing the equipment it has to offer, in the final three-way. There is a moment, shown in good close-up, when we watch Joe Malone's 12-incher disappear down someone's throat (I'm not sure whose). But a moment does not a movie make.

Sound is okay, tech quality is average for consumer equipment, editing is fine. Slo-mo sequences are below par. According to Boys Town, "Two focuses of Boys Town will be to come up with previously unphotographed models and sending the product out as fast as possible." Commendable, but a few other priorities wouldn't hurt.

John W. Rowberry



-from *Foreskin Fantasy*

Manufacturers of Fine Custom
Leathers for Over 10 Years

UNDERGROUND LEATHERS



Send for our
free Tilt Clamp
& Leather Brochures

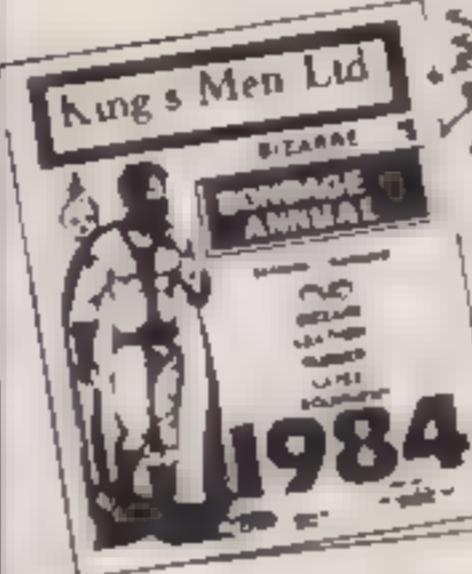
390 West St. NYC 10014

Specializing in
Leathers, Novelties
and S & M Products

Visit Our Store—
Watch our Craftsmen in Action
Wholesale/Retail

Leather • Latex • Poppers
Lubes • Gear • Plus...

- Our BIGGEST Catalog Yet
64 Full Pages, 8½ x 11
Magazine Format
- Toll Free Order Line
- New Computerized Ordering
Systems



64
pages!

\$4

King's Men Ltd.
Box 544
Avon, MA 02322



Carlos Fox
653 Washington St., N.Y. 10014
212/929 3536

*Send for the
new free catalogue of
complete recreational leathers*

THE DRUMMER SHOPPER

HOT BOOTS

20" Engineer Boots
with Vibram Soles
Other Styles Available
Catalogue 50¢ cash



SAFCO BOOTS

The best leather boots made by
the largest leather goods manufacturer
Write to Jim of Salco Boots
Dept. D-2041, Box 95129

Leather
Connoisseurs
prefer

SUPER CHAPS

Shown
by worn by
"CYCLE"
International
Mr. Leather 1983

Before you buy
CYCLE-CHAPS,
send \$1.00 U.S.
and mention this ad
for more details
and Order Form

DESIGNED
and developed by
the guy called
E

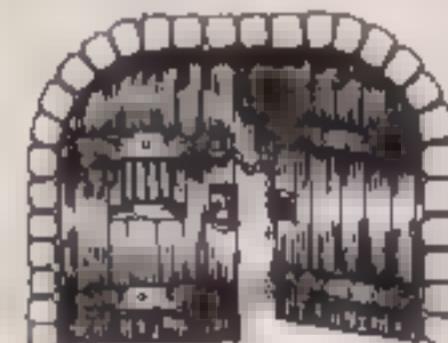
LEATHERMATE

213 462 2805

5720 MELROSE AVENUE
LOS ANGELES, CA 90038

DungeonMaster

The Male S&M Publication



Techniques - Equipment
Safety - Psychology
True Stories - Fiction
Classified Ads
Catalog of Unique Toys

Catalog & 6 Issue Subscription
\$12.00

Catalog Only - \$2.00

Age and Signature Required

Desmodus Publications

P.O. Box 6592-D
Chicago, IL 60680

FREE CATALOG



LEATHER LOVERS

How to get top quality leathers at savings of up to 50%.

Now you can have the finest, perfectly tailored leathers at a fraction of the regular cost. You might normally pay two to three times as much for anything comparable: vest \$36, chaps \$99, pants \$139, trooper-cape \$35, and much more.

WHAT'S THE CATCH? There is none. We cut out all retail commissions. You buy directly from us, we buy directly from the tanneries. We pass the savings on to you.

FREE CATALOG Send us your name and address and we'll rush your free catalog to you. Our easy-to-follow ordering instructions assure you of that custom-fit look.

OUR GUARANTEE You must be completely satisfied with the quality of any purchase or your money back. Period.

The Leatherworks Inc.

2908 SE BELMONT, DEPT. FS PORTLAND OR 97214
(503) 232-3280, STORE HOURS 11 TO 6,
MON. THRU SAT. — VISA/MC/AEX/BankCheck

BLACK LEATHER CAPS

SENTRY UNIFORM CAP CO.

104 New Lots Ave
BROOKLYN, NEW YORK 11212
Dealer Inquiries Invited



Gledhill Enterprises



Rebel n-One who revolts against
Because we are all rebels--
The Rebel Cap is available in
Small, Medium, Large & Xtra Large
Blue or Grey Suede—\$18
Black Leather—\$24
& Each plus tax \$2.00 shipping

2112 Lyric Ave
Los Angeles, CA 90027

Don't be
UP-TIGHT
because you like
to be up-tight

fetters

specialises in
lockable toys,
chastity belts
authentic police
& hospital restraints,
and custom-made
equipment.



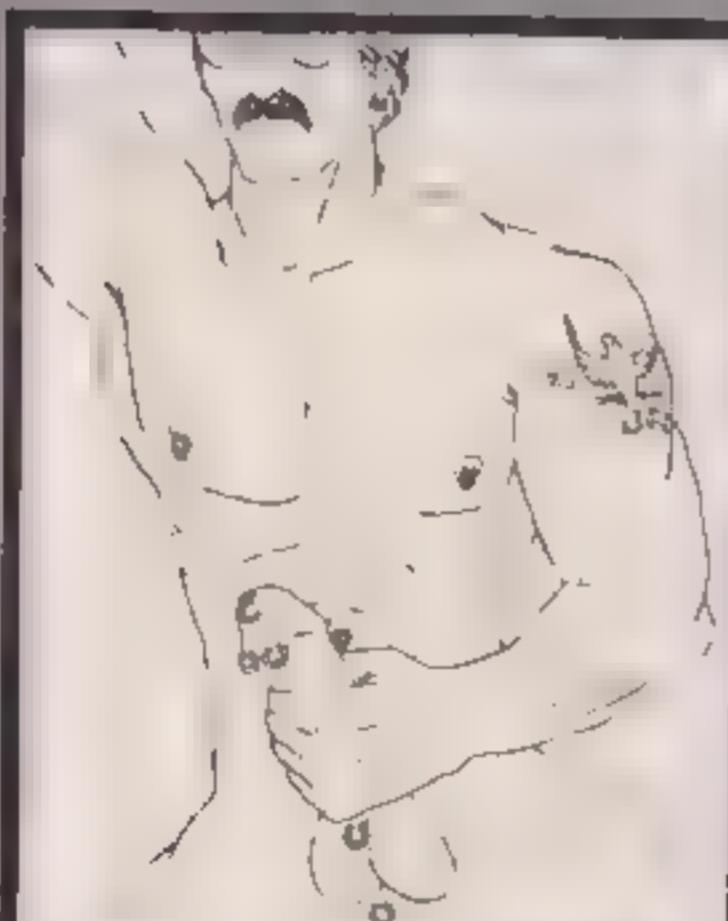
MAKE A NOTE

Our new USA mail order address is
263A W. 19th STREET, N.Y., N.Y. 10011
(Suite #101)

Send \$2.00 for illustrated brochure or if you have a
copy send it S.A.E. only for our Update Sheets

Strictly mail order only!

THE DRUMMER SHOPPER



Continuous Loop Rings & Barberis
14K Gold & Surgical Stainless Steel

Heavy Hardware

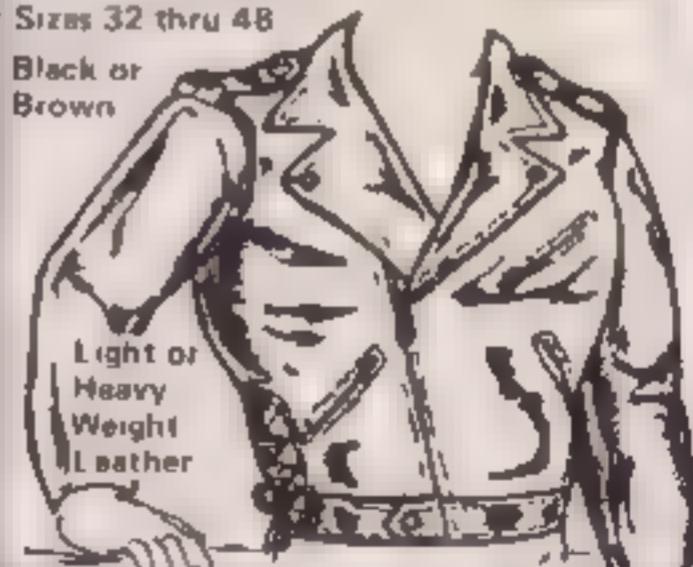
P.O. Box 37229
Houston, Texas 77249
(713) 462-4547

St. A. • Rock • F.G. • V.E. • L.M.E.

PROFESSIONAL Tailored Leathers by Taubers OF CALIFORNIA

Rack Price: \$225.00 Tailored Price: \$270.00
Sizes 32 thru 48

Black or Brown



CHIPS MOTORCYCLE JACKET

A TASTE OF LEATHER
336 SIXTH STREET
San Francisco 94103
(415) 777-4643

FOLSON

1974

1975

1976

1977

1978

1979

1980

1981

1982

1983

1984

1985

1986

1987

1988

1989

1990

1991

1992

1993

1994

1995

1996

1997

1998

1999

2000

2001

2002

2003

2004

2005

2006

2007

2008

2009

2010

2011

2012

2013

2014

2015

2016

2017

2018

2019

2020

2021

2022

2023

2024

2025

2026

2027

2028

2029

2030

2031

2032

2033

2034

2035

2036

2037

2038

2039

2040

2041

2042

2043

2044

2045

2046

2047

2048

2049

2050

2051

2052

2053

2054

2055

2056

2057

2058

2059

2060

2061

2062

2063

2064

2065

2066

2067

2068

2069

2070

2071

2072

2073

2074

2075

2076

2077

2078

2079

2080

2081

2082

2083

2084

2085

2086

2087

2088

2089

2090

2091

2092

2093

2094

2095

2096

2097

2098

2099

20100

20101

20102

20103

20104

20105

20106

20107

20108

20109

20110

20111

20112

20113

20114

20115

20116

20117

20118

20119</p

DRUMMERS

MOVIES

MIFUNE AND THE FORCE

The clean-cut pretty young men who pirouette and flick their swords a few times to destroy tens of adversaries at once are replaced by a filthy, scratchy, heavy-drinking Mifune.

—Tadao Sato, Japanese film historian

Toshiro Mifune's screen career spans two generations, escaping typecasting as a gangster only to fall into heavy-hero roles that foreshadowed and directly

so relentlessly frontal that Mifune often appears to be defending the very audience against diabolically vicious adversaries and milling mobs—massed production numbers of slave insurrection and firewood festival—a feat accomplished solely with his body, wit and will.

Mifune is grim and indefatigably wise and noble throughout. His *raison d'être* as General Rokurota Makabe is to protect the sole royal survivor of a defeated, overrun fiefdom, Princess Yuki—and the entire treasury in gold bars—on their flight through enemy lines to neutral territory. To this end he enlists the services of a pair of deserting conscripts—peasant farmers hopelessly and comically complicating the plot with their greed, deceit, disloyalty and cunning (*Hamlet's* grave-

fit in the additional Hollywood jocks, one supposes, to suit American teen appeal.

More direct copy/adaptations of Kurosawa/Mifune screen sagas are *Rashomon/The Outcasts*, *Seven Samurai/The Magnificent Seven* and *Yojimbo/A Fistful of Dollars*, none lighthearted enough to allow for the imaginative energy and enjoyment employed in *Fortress*. Here Mifune is a gang-in-one, total in chivalric morality and military ethic, and inevitably victorious. Among thieves, he is the king of thieves; among generals, the commander in chief.

Without the stand-ins and stuntpeople, Mifune on horseback or in hand-to-hand combat is a sight to behold. Weapons and protective devices are always natural and various, to fit the circumstances. They are never mechanical (coincidental, perhaps, but not magical), so that when he triumphs, the glory is his alone—gained, of course, to lay at the feet of his nominal superiors. On the edge of precipitous slopes, only he is steady enough to prevent the landslides that hamper everyone else. At a full gallop down a winding forest road, arms overhead passing sword from hand to hand, he slays three soldiers who discover their hideout (never innocents, though he is harsh with the dumb underlings who scamper off with the gold every time he turns his back, and firm with the foolhardy princess). When he is embarrassingly merciful to a conquered peer, he offsets the man's disgrace by drawing him honorably over to their side.

The lance battle alone is worth the admission price, worth even the occasionally overlong dwelling on humorous (non-Mifune) dialogue. He is bursting with confidence and pre-fight adrenaline for the confrontation with General Tadokoro (Susumu Fujita), a worthy opponent. The preparation is a battle won before it begins as he chooses his weapon from among the ring of armed enemy warriors, intimidating them both for the drama of it and to soften them for his later escape, win or lose. They square off, crouched in a sumo attack stance, thighs akimbo, knuckles balanced on knees. When they close, it is with astonishing agility, and the lances cleave the air with pile-driving force in the delicate convolutions of the calligrapher's brush. Each stroke and its follow-through is accompanied by the percussive toned instruments of Noh drama and hoarse attack cries. The tension and the beauty are exquisite; it is a song and exhilarating scene in a long and ultimately satisfying film.

The ending of *Fortress* is a prevision of the lush robes and lordly manner we will find Mifune in 23 years later, as the warlord Toronaga in the NBC miniseries, *Shogun*. Just one of his 130 film roles (the best are labeled *Made in Japan*) that are a collective nostalgia, an idealized gestalt from an alien cultural tradition. There is no question that the Force is with him.

—Penni Kimmel



Toshiro Mifune (right) in *Rashomon*: the stuff of legends

influenced Clint Eastwood and Charles Bronson characters, eventually transcending his own stereotype by the sheer power of his personality to become an archetype of international stature—a legend beyond his time. Director Akira Kurosawa (his discoverer and mentor) and others have described Mifune as "something of a roughneck," a "trapped savage beast" of amazing energy, "direct, bold, with a keen sense of timing and fine sensibilities," uncommonly economical of gesture for conventional Japanese dramatic style. His is the one-man image that brought Occupied Japan's movie industry to the fore, and one of the strongest screen presences in international film history.

Stripped bare from mid-thigh to legging top, wristband to narrow breastplate harness, Mifune is in his prime of psyche and physique in the restored 1958 full-length 16th-century adventure drama, Kurosawa's *The Hidden Fortress*, which recently had its uncut U.S. premiere at San Francisco's Castro Theatre. This first use of cinemascope technique in Japan is

diggers on the loose with major roles). The princess herself is a pretty tomboy, arrogant, petulant, spoiled and sexless, afflicted with the forced voice of Kabuki theater gender disguise—her late daddy raised her to be a son. She, in turn, frees another young woman from hateful prostitution to become her servant, and the band of five set out on multiple harrowing adventures, each escape narrower than the last.

When the General refuses to show grief for his sister, deliberately sacrificed in place of the princess (the smothering of romantic love and emotion and expendable non-heroes are part of the idealized samurai tradition being honored/spoofed in this film), the princess stamps her little foot and demands he "stop being so noble!" Her persona is so entirely Princess Leia, and the yokels such perfect models for R2D2 and CP30 that it comes as no particular surprise that *Fortress* is acknowledged by George Lucas as an inspiration for the *Star Wars* series—Mifune's role was seen as Obi-Wan Kenobi, more along the lines of an aristocrat, omnipotent "Dirty Hairy": diluted to

DRUMMER BOOKS

SEX, SEX, SEX

Our subject today, students, is sex. Sex in prison. Sex on campus. Sex as the subject for a tongue-in-cheek reference book...

First, *Sex Behind Bars* (Gay Sunshine Press, PO Box 40397, San Francisco, CA 94140, 237 pp., paper, \$10). This is an odd duck of a book. Packaged as pornography, it aspires to social commentary, and falls into an uncomfortable category between. The author is Robert N. Boyd, a convict serving time in Nevada. One would expect his writing to have the tone of authenticity, and it does, for the most part, but it is also curiously lifeless.

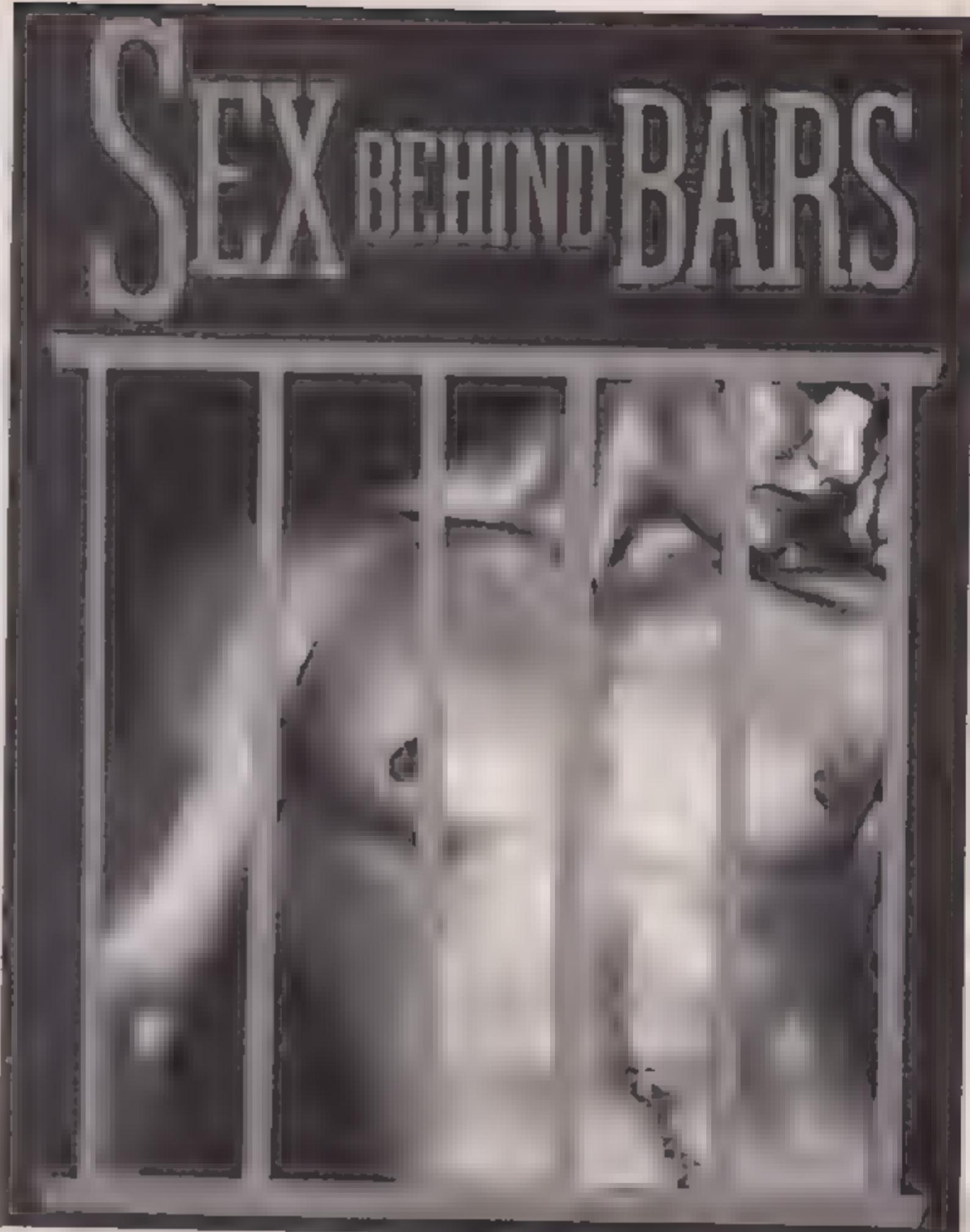
Sex Behind Bars is a combination of essays and short stories—the bulk of the book is fiction, but the first 85 pages consist of a series of brief articles describing the general ambience of prison sexuality, including definitions of prison slang and sex roles.

The chapter on "Prison Slaves" is especially disappointing. Boyd begins: "While doing time at Nevada State Prison in Carson City, I saw things I had previously considered to be products of fiction-writer's imaginations. A young guy, whom I'll call Quinn, found himself pressured into becoming the slave of a convicted murderer..." Now this is a deliberately titillating opening, appealing to prurient interests; but when it comes to actually describing this eye-opening reality, Boyd gives the general gist—X fucked Y, who was forced to suck off Z—and leaves out the kind of lurid details that might make his account of more than run-of-the-mill interest.

Boyd's fiction, on the other hand, is clearly intended to be one-fisted reading. Whether it succeeds or not will depend on the reader, I suppose, but I found it pretty pedestrian stuff. Authenticity is the keynote—Boyd claims his fiction is absolutely true to life, so we shouldn't expect to find him spinning wild fantasies for our amusement. In the end, unfortunately, it doesn't seem to much matter whether or not these pieces are about real people and events (and thus deliberately limited in invention), because there's not much psychological depth in Boyd's writing. His prose, passable for the most part, tends to go limp whenever his characters grow hard. "Steve's cock was already fully extended, jutting out from his body like a pole, as thick as a tennis racket handle

Tommy's had shriveled up because of the icy fingers of fear which gripped his body," etc. A lot of these pieces were originally published in magazines like *First Hand* and *Blueboy*, which may give you an idea of the overall tone.

As erotica, *Sex Behind Bars* may or may



not appeal, according to taste. As a work of prison literature, it falls far below the standards set by serious convict authors like Nick DiSpoldo and George Jackson, not to mention Jean Genet.

Away from the grim, gray world of the prison yard and into the ivy-draped dorms of America: *The Sex Lives of College Students* (Dell, 499 pp., paper, \$3.95) is a book that will probably be of little interest to anyone except students who are infinitely interested in trivia about their peers and who have nothing better to read.

The author/compiler, Jay Segal, Ph.D. tells us in his dedication that he spent ten years on this project. I wish he'd come up with something more captivating to read. There's little theory or revelation here—a setup paragraph is followed by brief comments drawn from various case histories. Much breadth, little depth. And, while Segal's findings indicate that "approximately one out of every twelve students experienced sexual activity with members of the same sex," only three (!!) pages out of 499 deal directly with

homosexuality.

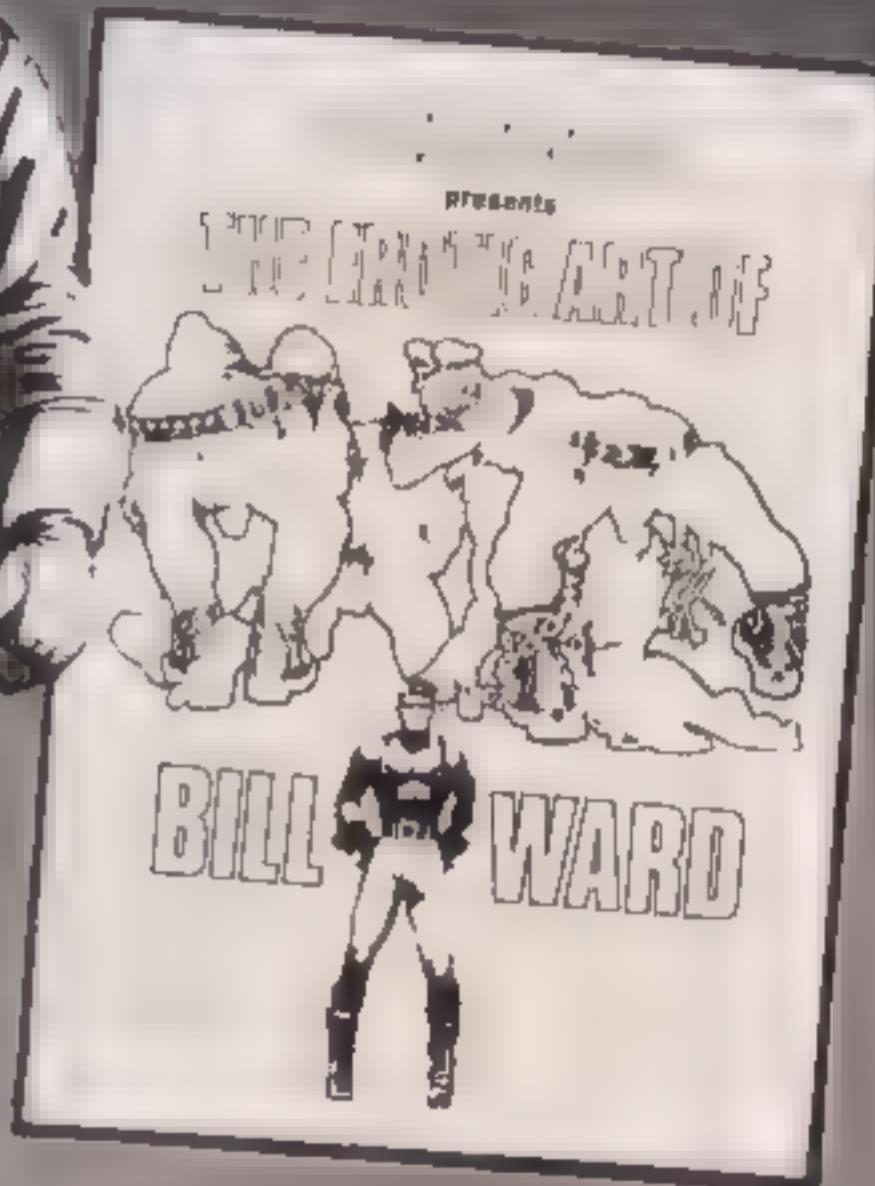
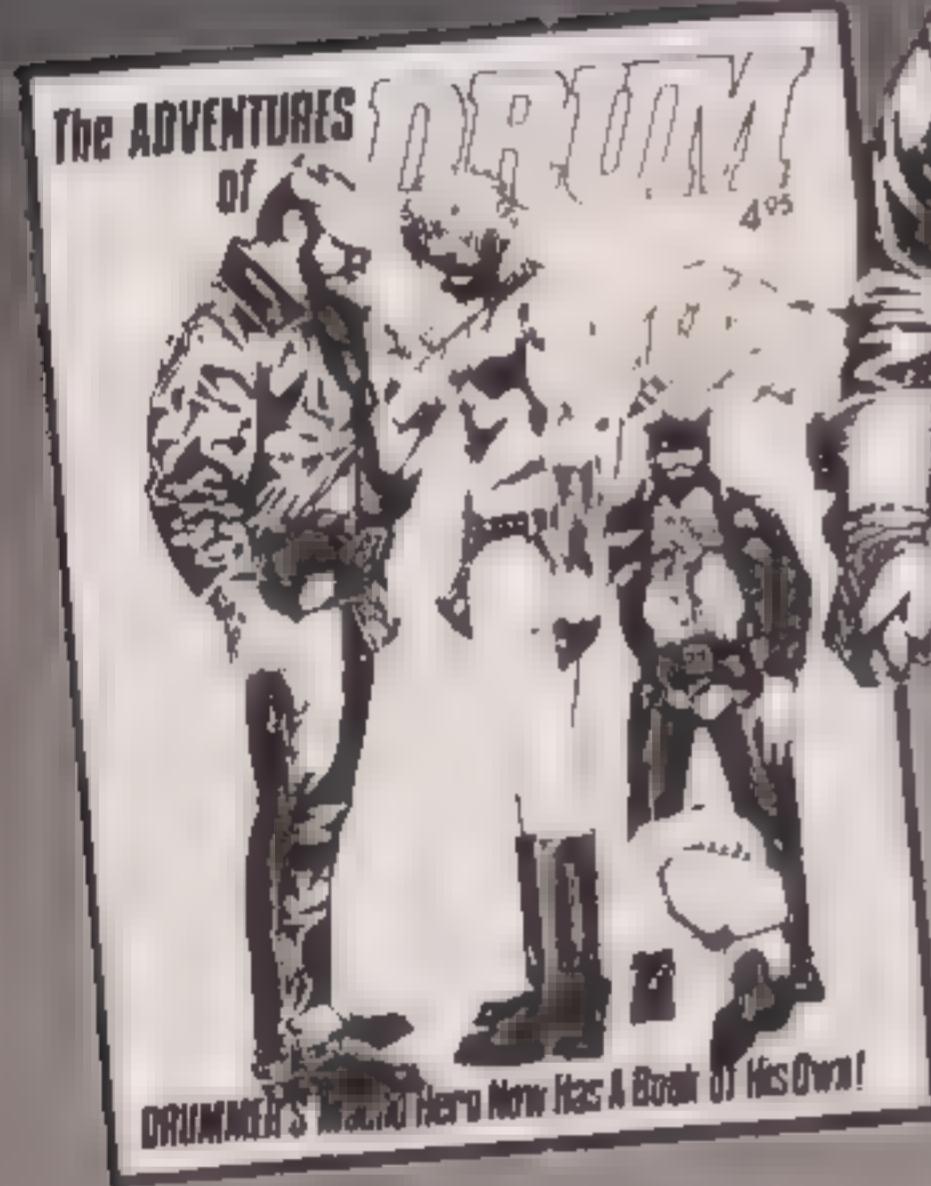
In sharp contrast, gay subject matter—or at least gay trivia—abounds in *The Book of Sex Lists*, compiled by Albert B. Gerber (Ballantine Books, 301 pp., paper, \$3.95). For those endlessly addicted to reading lists, this book should satisfy. It's intended to be breezy, entertaining, occasionally outrageous, and apparently not too strict about accuracy (The book's list of "The Ten Best-Hung Porno Movie Stars and Their Measurements" is the stuff that myths—not facts—are made of. Much as we love Jamie Gillis, he hasn't got that legendary nine inches, and if Ron Pacheko ever had nine inches in his hand, it's because he was holding on to John Holmes—who's listed at 14.5 inches. Something's got to be done about rampant inflation in the porn industry.)

Overall, though, Gerber's heart is in the right place. His attitude about sex, including gay sex, is positive, egalitarian, and supportive. He also has a sense of humor and even a sense of camp. You could read worse books while sitting on the john...

-Aaron Travis

Sit on it, Superman! Cram it, Captain America! **HERE COMES DRUM!**

ONLY U.S. APPEARANCE—APRIL 4, 1984
BILL WARD IN PERSON!
STUDSTORE • 960 FOLSOM ST. • SAN FRANCISCO



THE ADVENTURES OF DRUM

An AWESOME collection of the fun and turmoils by Eng and master artist illustrated by Joe L. Eng, nine big sexy full page adventures that explore the most famous garage hero of the day, with a supporting cast you have to see to believe.

The Adventures of Drum will keep you spellbound hour after hour, page after page, and each episode of Drum's crazy life is told firmly in one hand.

4.95

THE EROTIC ART OF BILL WARD

There are still a few cherry copies left of this first look at the erotic world of Bill Ward. It includes some of the earliest Drum adventures, as well as his eroticizing series and much more. Sixty-nine big pages.

Write them off

6.00

ALTERNATE PUBLISHING

420 1/2 MILE 1 SAN FRANCISCO CA 94107

please expand my mind send me The Adventures of
Drum \$4.95 each

Send me the Art of Bill Ward \$6 each

Add \$1.00 shipping California residents add 6 %

tax

Name

Address

City

State

Zip

Telephone () A. MATERIALLY Exp. Date

1/2/84

Signature

MAN TIRE LTD.



Leather Gear Provided by The Stud Store (317) 801-3456

Phone-Fuck with the Newest and Best Service Available!

Call: (213) 851-9601 or 855-0624

Erotic Swimwear, Photo Sets, and Poppers Available

Totally Gay Owned and Operated
You must be 18 yrs. of age to use this service

Credit Cards and Money Orders Welcome
Bi-Lingual Callers Available

IN PASSING

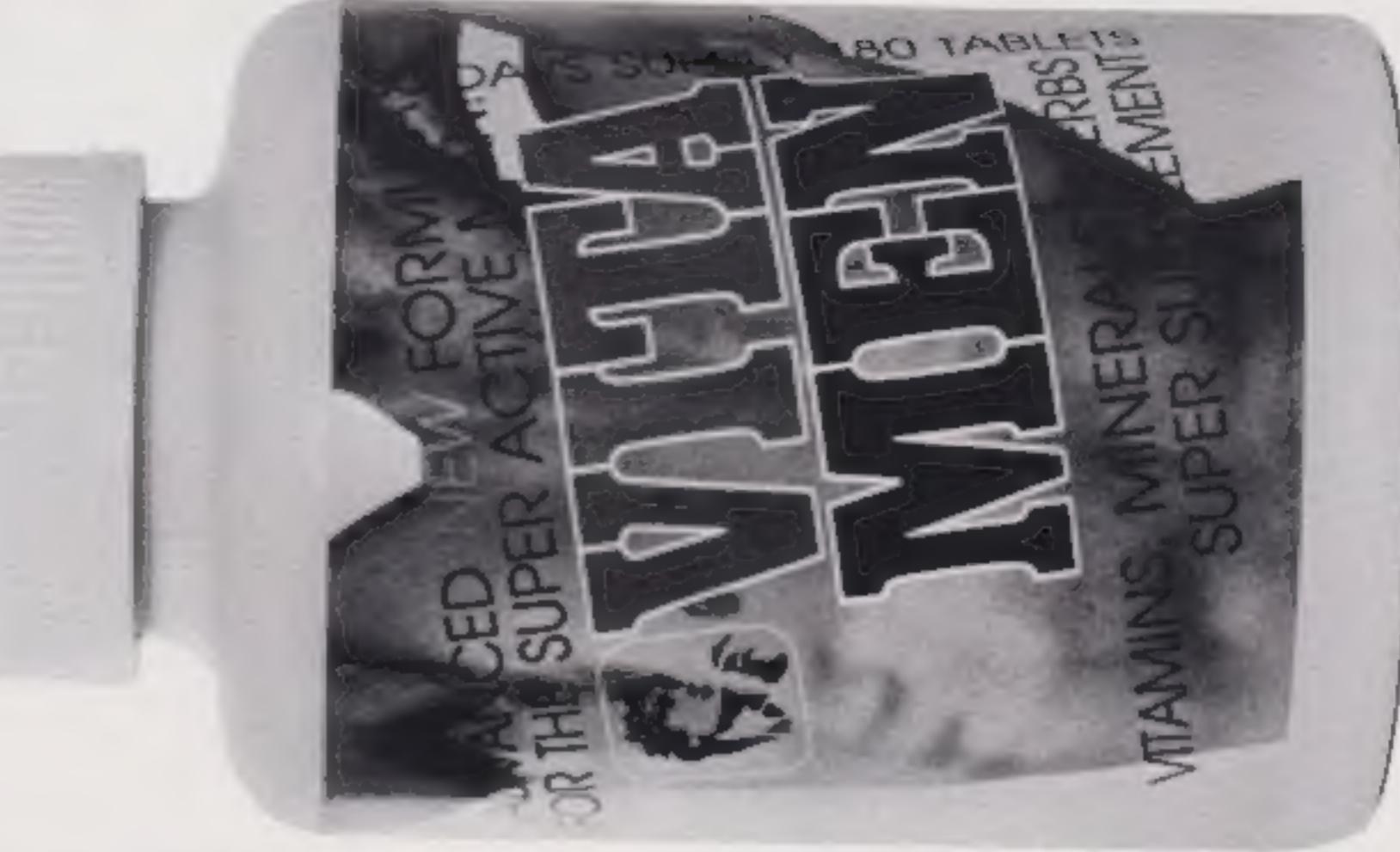
Photo by JIM WIGLER



Anyone exposed to any of R.F.M.'s books is acquainted with the term 'peg boy', which denotes a young slave required to sit on wooden pegs of increasing dimension as part of the training. We had never actually seen a real peg boy until someone brought one by recently. When he stripped, we found his tit-rings were connected with a leather thong to his large, doubled-over cock, similar to Roman custom. And it seemed obvious that his anus had been stretched to accommodate virtually anything his master wanted to put in it. It was claimed that he could pick up silver dollars with it, but as there weren't any around, we had to miss that part of Show-and-Tell.

NEW PACKAGE

A NEW LOOK FOR AN OLD FRIEND! VITA-MEN now comes in a new white bottle with a smart new label. Gone is the plain brown bottle and the black and red label. But more important than the new package is what is in it. We challenge anybody to give you a better or more advanced formula of vitamins, minerals and herbs designed for men. Get it and take it. It's important!



NEW IMPROVED FORMULA! \$25

ADVANCED NEW FORMULA
FOR THE SUPER ACTIVE MAN!



VITA-MEN

VITAMINS, MINERALS, HERBS
SUPER SUPPLEMENT

NEW SUPPLEMENT!



SIX TABLETS CONTAIN:

VITAMINS	POTENCY	%RDA*	POTENCY	%RDA*	
Vitamin A (Beta Carotene)	10,000IU	200%	GTF Chromium	200 mcg	***
Vitamin A (palmitate)	5,000IU	100%	Zinc (Amino acid chelate)	100 mg	667%
B1 (Thiamine)	100 mg	667%	Copper (Amino acid chelate)	4 mg	100%
B2 (Riboflavin)	100 mg	500%	Manganese (Amino Acid Chelate)	20 mg	***
Niacin	50 mg	250%	HERBALS		
B3 (nicotinamide)	100 mg	500%	Ginseng	25 mg	***
B5 (pantothenic acid)	150 mg	1500%	Saw palmetto	150 mg	***
B6 (pyridoxine)	100 mg	5000%	Sarsaparilla	50 mg	***
B10 (lethal)	100 mg	***	Echinacea	300 mg	***
B12 (cobalamin concentrate)	200 mcg	3333%	Lemon Balm	125 mg	***
Vitamin C (Sago Palm)	1000 mg	1667%	Taraxacum	20 mg	***
Vitamin E (d-alpha Tocopherol)	400IU	1333%	Uva Ursi	25 mg	***
Vitamin D3	100IU	25%	Spirulina	25 mg	***
Folic Acid	400 mcg	100%	Bee Pollen	100 mg	***
Biotin	100 mcg	333%	AMINO ACIDS		
Choline (bitartrate)	200 mg	***	L-Lysine	750 mg	***
Inositol	125 mg	***	L-Phenylalanine	25 mg	***
BioFlavonoids	200 mg	***	L-Glutamine	25 mg	***
Hesperidin	50 mg	***	L-Citrulline	25 mg	***
Rutin	75 mg	***	L-Tyrosine	25 mg	***
Octacosanol	250 mcg	***	D,L Methionine	100 mg	***
MINERALS			L-Cysteine	30 mg	***
Calcium (Amino acid chelate)	500 mg	50%	ACTIVATED GLANDULARS		
Magnesium (Amino acid chelate)	300 mg	67%	Prostate tissue	50 mg	***
Silica	500 mg	***	Thymus	10 mg	***
Vanadium	75 mcg	***	Adrenal	50 mg	***
Iodine	225 mcg	150%	DHEA Complex (Dioscorea Villosa)	200 mg	***
Iron (Amino Acid Chelate)	20 mg	***	*** No U.S. RDA established for these ingredients		
Potassium aspartate	55 mg	***			
Selenium (Amino Acid Chelate)	150 mcg	***			
Molybdenum (Amino Acid Chelate)	50 mcg	***			

*No U.S. RDA established for these ingredients.

A REMARKABLE ACHIEVEMENT!
An exciting powerhouse formula designed for your Immune System. Developed by the doctors and lab who give you VITA-MEN.

VITA-MEN LABORATORIES
964 Folsom Street
San Francisco, CA 94107

- Send me ____ month's supply of VITA-MEN @ \$25.
- Include ____ month's supply of IMMUNITABS @ \$11.95.
- Send one of each for \$35.

NAME _____

ADDRESS _____

CITY, STATE, ZIP _____

Enclose my check or money-order.

Or charge it to my VISA MASTERCARD

No. _____ Exp. _____

Signature _____

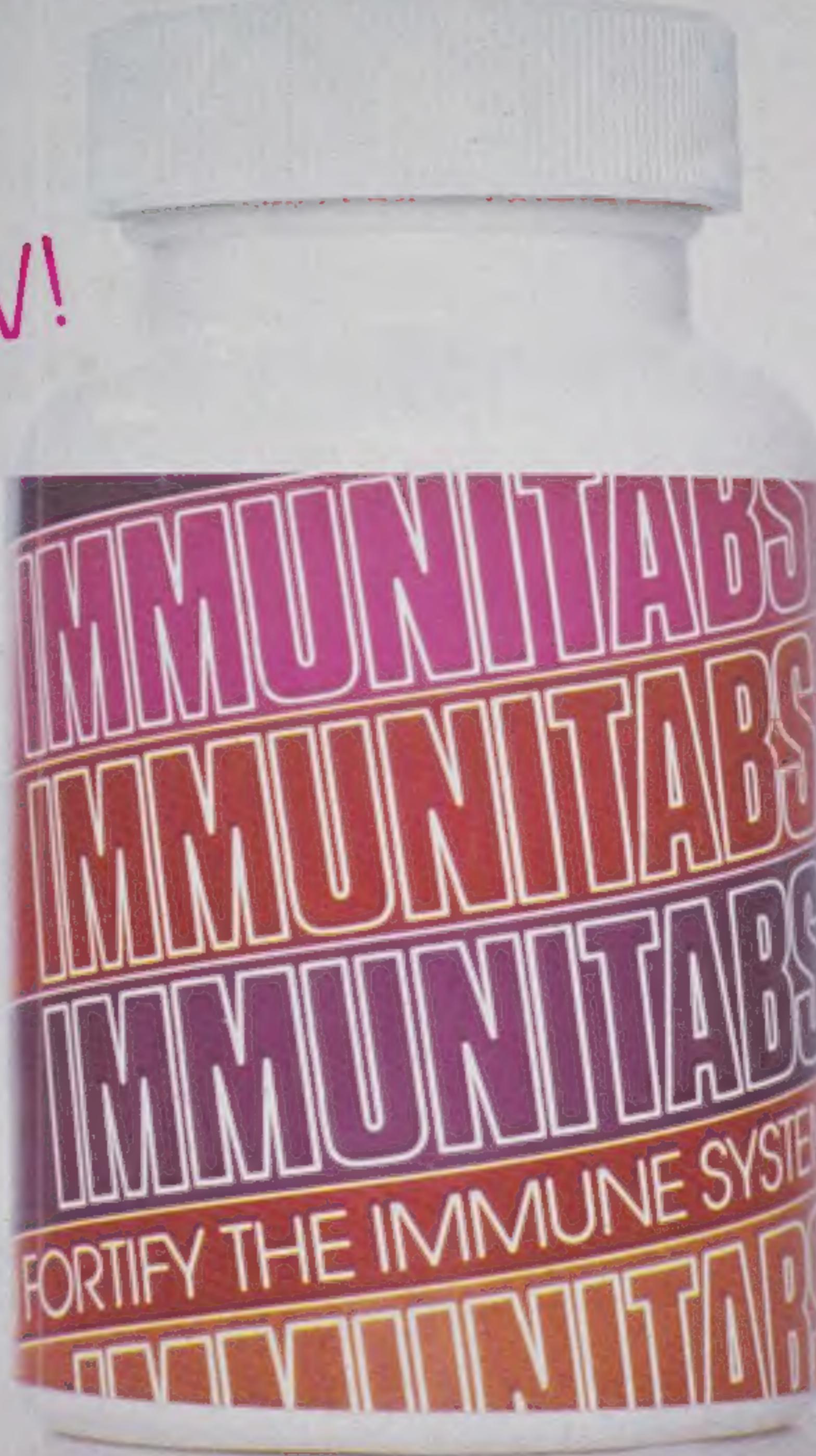
WE MODESTLY PRESENT
A MAGNIFICENT ACHIEVEMENT

NEW!

The IMMUNE SYSTEM is your body's front line defense against disease and infection.

When that system is not in top shape, you become vulnerable.

Those of us whose habits include late hours, smoking, drinking to excess, along with a catch-as-catch-can diet with far too many junk foods and an occasional dose of antibiotics play havoc with our immune systems.



The same doctors and lab who developed VITA-MEN, producing the finest mega vitamen-mineral-herbat formula available for men, now offer you the amazing new IMMUNITABS formula. Whatever else you may be taking, include IMMUNITABS along with it. Considering the formula and the quality, the price is modest enough. Isn't your immune system worth it?